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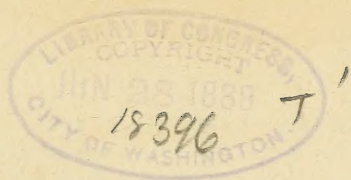
Your Friend.
John B. Fitch

JOHN B. FINCH.

HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY

FRANCES E. FINCH AND FRANK J. SIBLEY.



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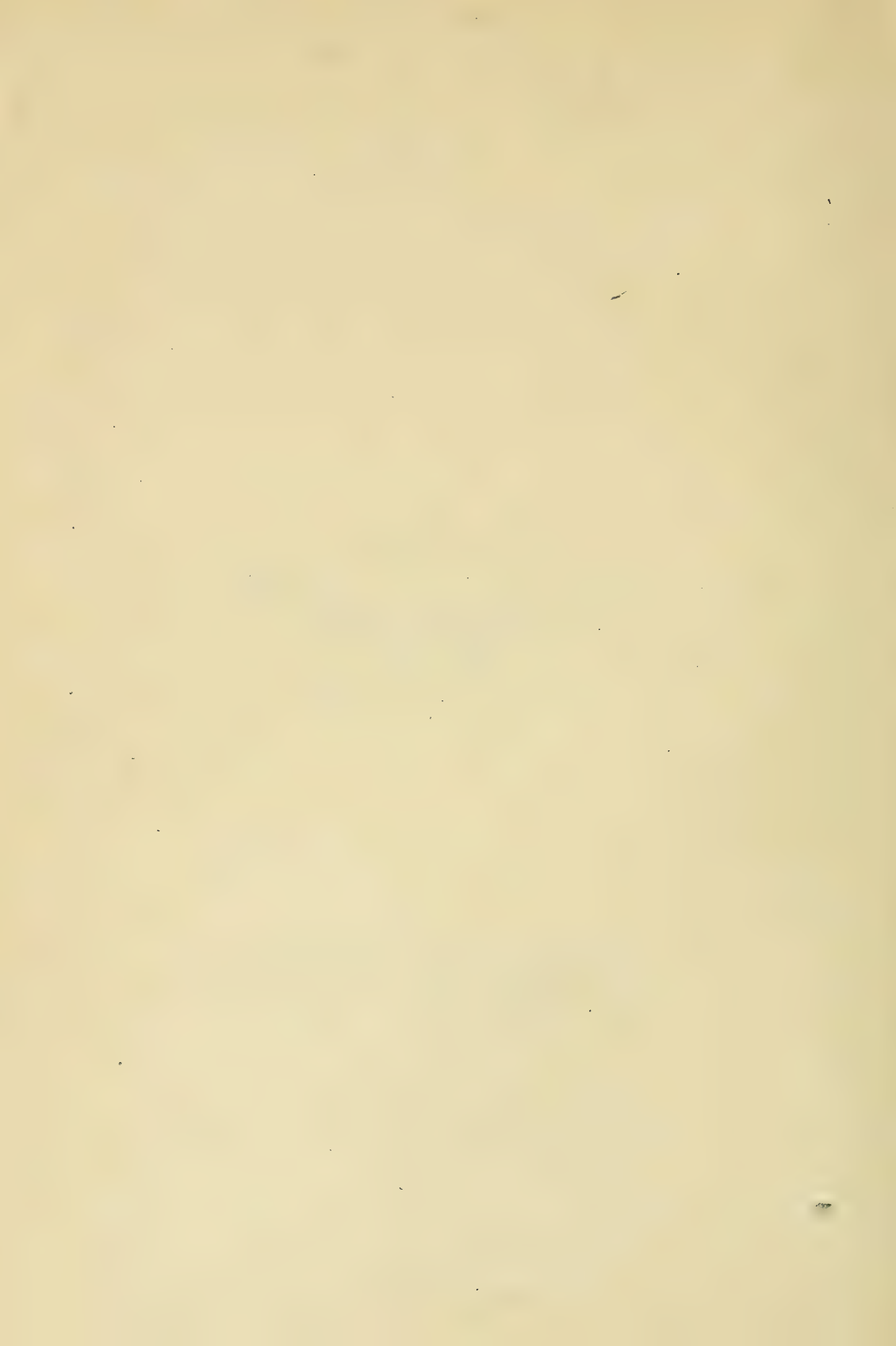
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TO
MY ONLY CHILD,
JOHN DE LEON FINCH,
"TRUE PORTRAIT OF THY FATHER'S FACE,"
THIS BOOK
IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

F. E. F.

*Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long.
So shalt thou make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.*

KINGSLEY.



PREFACE.

GRATEFUL thanks are due to many friends for their kindness in furnishing facts and data for this history of John B. Finch. The father, brothers, and sisters, and his boyhood's school-mates and friends have been especially kind in carefully collecting the dates of events in his early life.

Loving friends of his later years have laid their loyal tributes of affection plenteously on the altars of memory, and poetry's tenderest strains have trilled the threnodies of sorrow over the silent clay, mingled with their pæans of gladness for the beatitude of the ascended soul.

These votive offerings are acknowledged through the pages of this book, and are woven into the story of that great life of patience and pain, of toil and triumph, of devotion to duty, that placed him in the van of Jehovah's marching squadrons till

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

Grace E. Finch

Frank J. Sibley

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JOHN B. FINCH.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

DEAD in his splendid prime,
The master of surging speech ;
Silent the lips that were strong for truth,
Tender and touching for Home and Youth,
Pleading the Cause of each.

Dead in his manly grace,
The leader we loved so well,—
Silent his form at the battle's fore,
Still are the hands that our standard bore
Bravely till swift he fell.

Dead in his loyal faith,
The friend of our faithful trust,—
Hushed is the heart that was true and leal,
Tender the touches of love to feel,
Fading so soon to dust.

Dead at the conflict's front,
The knight who could know no fear ;
Silent the forces he led to-day,
Hushed be our hearts as we pause to lay
Garlands upon his bier.

Orator, friend, farewell,
Knight of the Right, good-by !
Willing to fall in thy splendid prime,
Fighting for God and His Cause sublime,
Death, like a neighbor, nigh.

Tears for the Right, bereft,
Tears for the knight gone down !—
Smitten and sore in the battle's brunt,
He has but won at the surging front
Victory's fadeless crown !

INTRODUCTION.

It is an act of rare heroism and royal friendship combined that gives us temperance people the present volume.

“ Out of my stony grief, Bethel I’ll raise,” was the solemn thought of Mrs. Finch as she entered upon the work of preparing this memorial, and Brother Sibley, with all a brother’s kindness, has devoted himself to the sacred task of helping her whose heart was hurt so sorely.

We who sit in our pleasant homes, turning over these attractive pages, must read between the lines if we would know how much more is meant than meets the eye. We must study the handsome face of him who was Prohibition’s peerless orator ; we must muse upon his great achievements and his generous heart, ponder the words of her who was his life companion : “ He was just as much greater at home, than is the average man, as he was confessed to be greater abroad ;” we must then study the picture of his lovely Refuge, purchased with the coinage of his own affluent brain, and then think what it was to sit down in that grief-enshrouded home, whose firmament was robbed so ruthlessly of its bright particular star, and try to tell the story of the past. I often think the highest proof of the heart’s

indestructibility is that even here, clogged by the flesh, it can bear so much and yet not break.

As a man, Mr. Finch was to his friends sweetness and light, to his foes wormwood and gall. As a leader, he held official relation to one million temperance men and women—the largest number ever led by one man. His name was familiarly spoken in eight languages by his adherents. He was Prohibition's chief logician. His sword-marks are in every State where the fight has been, and his reply to D. Bethune Duffield, in the Detroit Opera House last spring, has not been matched in the annals of temperance debate.

Handsome, graceful, of mellifluous utterance and winsome manners, good gifts were lavished on his birth; his mind was quick as lightning, his memory magnificently stored, his will invincible. He marshalled argument and pathos, humor and fact, sarcasm and illustration, into phalanx solid as the Old Guard.

Elsewhere among these pages I have had so much to say of the life, the character, and work of our departed leader, that further mention of them would be inappropriate here. I responded to Mrs. Finch's invitation to write an introduction to this book because it came from a valued friend and comrade in the temperance army, and because I would fail in nothing that could express my sisterly regard and admiration for him who passed so swiftly beyond the reach of earthly praise or blame.

I have always been a devotee of books pertaining to biography. More than any other single influence outside the hallowed ministries of my own home, the reading of biography has mortgaged me to the endeavor to lead a good and helpful life. Doubtless every one who is making a similar attempt has shared a similar experience. A famous general, on being asked how it was that he could ride up to the cannon's mouth, replied : " At first I could not ; it is the courage of having done the thing." Next to this is the courage of having seen that a thing can be done by some one else, whereupon Imagination, the angel of the mind, seizes upon the experience of that other and makes it one's own. Thus may many an untried but adventurous young spirit win from the brave and regnant life of John B. Finch the courage to

" Break its birth's invidious bar,
And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
To breast the blows of circumstance,
And grapple with its evil star."

Frances E. Lee

REST COTTAGE, EVANSTON, ILL., January 1, 1888.

THE LIFE OF JOHN B. FINCH.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

O child ! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city ! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed
Like a celestial benison !
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

Longfellow.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

Milton.

WILLIAM FINCH, father of John B., was born in Pitcher, Chenango County, in the State of New York, October 24th, 1819. October 28th, 1844, he married Emeline A. Fox, whose home was in the adjoining township of Lincklaen, where she was born February 10th, 1825.

The father and mother of William Finch were born in Schoharie County, N. Y. They removed to the western part of Chenango County in 1816, and passed the remainder of their lives in the township of Pitcher.

The mother of Emeline Fox, though of Connecticut birth, was of French descent, her parents having emigrated to America only a year or two previous to her birth. Her father was born in France, came to America about the beginning of the war of the Revolution, joined the Continental Army, and fought for independence till that memorable struggle closed. He died, aged sixty-five, in Lincklaen, the same year Emeline was born. As far as is known, all the ancestors of William Finch and Emeline Fox were farmers.

John B. Finch first saw the light in a humble farm-house in his mother's native town of Lincklaen, March 17th, 1852. In a family of eight children he was the third son. With that matchless beauty of language which makes her lightest word a poem, Frances Willard said :

“He had the happy heritage of these hard conditions—obscurity and poverty. But, passing by the palace with its cradled princes, Fortune paused within his humble home and emptied out her horn of plenty upon that royal head.”

When John was two years of age his parents removed to Union Valley, the adjoining town to Lincklaen on the south-west. Here they remained for nine years. Until he was twenty, all the years of John's life were passed in the quietude of farm life, ten to twenty miles from the railroad

or from any large village. Boys and girls reared on the farms among the rugged hills of Chenango County had few opportunities to learn by actual observation of the great world and its mysteries.

An occasional excursion to neighboring picnic grounds ; a climb up some rocky ledge ; a journey to a hillside "berry patch ;" a day's angling along some streamlet or in the nearest mill-pond ; a hunt that never resulted in finding game—these were the principal sports that furnished amusement to the boys among whom our great worker was reared.

At three years of age he suffered a severe attack of scarlet fever, which left the body feeble and the constitution impaired. As he developed physical vigor so slowly, the pet name "Bird," cooed over his cradle by the anxious mother, seemed peculiarly appropriate, and no other had been given him, till one day he surprised the family by the bold declaration :

"Bird ain't no good name for a boy. I'm goin' to be named John."

This quiet assumption, full of dignity and determination, so won the brothers and sisters that they immediately adopted that name in their conversations with the little brother, and even the father and mother laughingly and proudly assented to that addition to a name which their bright boy was destined to immortalize.

Too fragile to endure the labors and restraints of the

school-room or the rude sports of the play-ground, he early learned to depend much upon himself for amusement, and to find in the books his mother had taught him to read that companionship which his slender strength forbade his seeking among the children of his years. When the care-burdened mother could catch an hour's release from the ever-pressing household duties, she would read aloud to her pale, delicate boy, lying on his bed and listening eagerly and intently.

The slender resources of the family would not permit the purchase of a supply of books full of absurd songs and impossible tales supposed to be adapted to childish tastes and capacity. In their place the mother and the boy read such books of history and biography as their own home afforded and the neighbors could lend to them. Fortunate poverty, that permitted the mind to be filled with the story of great lives and great deeds rather than with the rubbish of some dreamer's fertile imagination.

The father and mother were members of the Congregational Church, and the children always attended Sunday-school, either the Congregational or the Methodist, whichever was nearest their home in the different towns in which they lived.

The mother's deep piety permitted no neglect of Christian teaching in those long vigils by the bedside of her feeble boy. With the histories of modern times she wove the wondrous story of God's providences, lingering long

and lovingly by the manger-cradle in Bethlehem, treading reverently along the shores of Galilee, and weeping by the thorn-crowned sacrifice in Gethsemane.

At the age of ten John began attending the country school nearest his home. But the foundation for his education had been laid long before by the loving mother's teaching—laid so deep and strong that the school-room and the recitation were but minor incidents in the search for that store of knowledge which he was bound to win. For four years in Union Valley and Pitcher he continued to attend the district schools near his home. His attendance was often sadly interrupted by lack of suitable clothing, yet he never "fell behind" his classes. Lessons were never so long nor so difficult that he failed to master them. A single term was sufficient for his accomplishment of the ordinary work of two. Teachers wondered when and how his lessons were learned, and were greatly attracted by his quick, almost intuitive perception. Physical feebleness was more than counterbalanced by extraordinary mental strength.

The years of home seclusion had not produced timid or retiring habits in the boy. Just as his whole mind was centred on his school-room tasks, so his scant physical strength was all put forth on the play-ground. His companions said he was inclined to be "masterful," but they readily accepted his dictation when they found that it meant new and unique devices for their amusement.

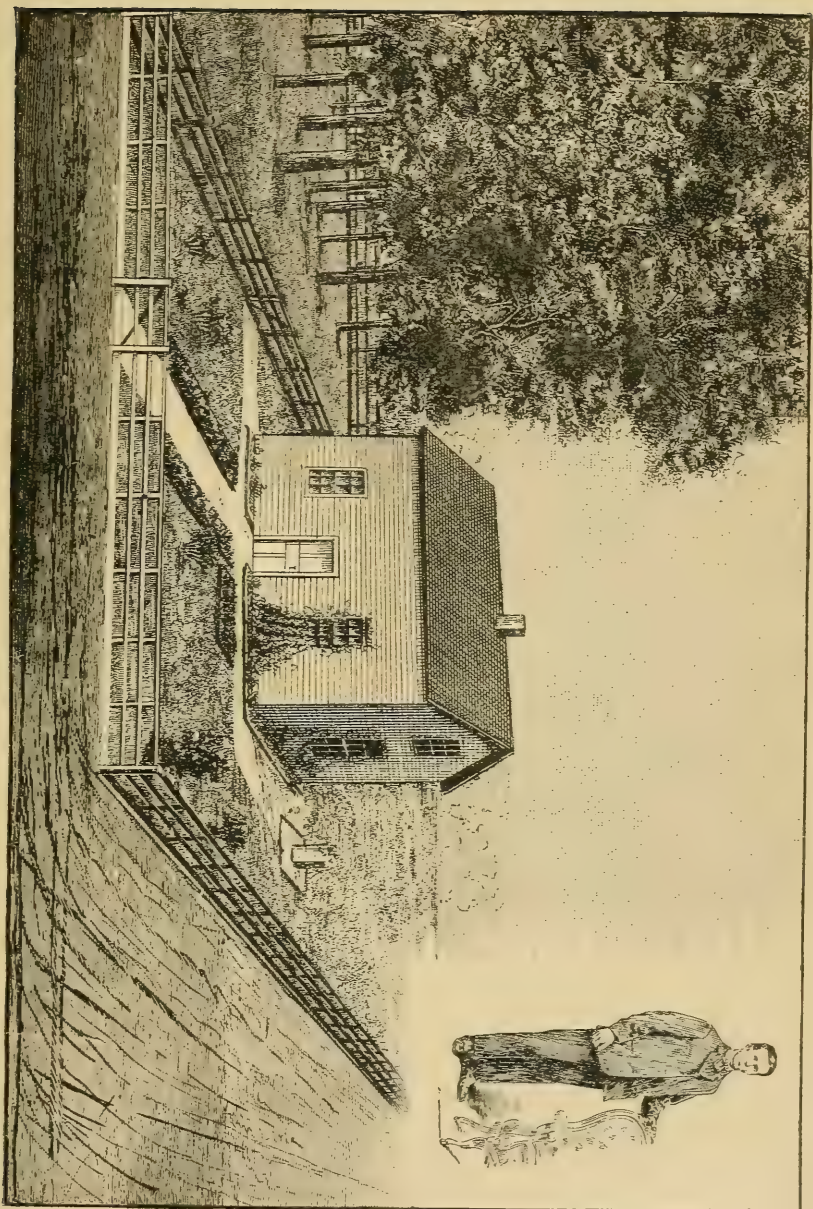
With the impetus of these sports and the farm labors now frequently required, the body began to develop more vigor. The intense love for his mother which had been nurtured during the years of her tender watching over his sick-bed now began to manifest itself in outward acts. He would thoughtfully anticipate her requirements, bringing a plentiful supply of wood and of water, and relieving her of many of the more burdensome household tasks. For her he was never too weary to work, his feet never too tired to run upon errands.

If the way seemed too hard to the young soul that sometimes must have longed to slip the leash of fate and break forth into the realm of its ambitious dreams, the mother's smile brought back the sunshine of content, and gilded every cloud.

One year at the district school the brightest boys and girls had been selected, our John among the rest, to recite and "declaim" on the last day of the term. His shoes were old and patched and worn, and he very much desired a new pair for this important occasion. Sore at heart because of the stern necessity that compelled her to deny this reasonable demand, the mother tenderly turned the boy's thoughts away from his disappointment with the words :

"Never mind, Johnnie, do your best, and they'll look at your head, not at your feet."

Directed thus from earliest childhood, it was natural that



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN B. FINCH—JOHN B. FINCH AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

all the boy's aspirations should lead him in the direction of mental culture and intellectual development. While yet a small boy he gravely told his seniors that he would "be somebody in the world."

Natural history studies were his favorites. Biography and ancient history had been deeply perused in early years with his mother's patient aid. To mathematics he gave such careful attention that he was enabled to pay part of his tuition in some of the higher schools by teaching classes in mathematics. Of grammar he seemed to have a ready mastery. For the modern languages other than his own he cared little, studying only what seemed imperatively necessary to attain that comprehensive education for which he was so earnestly working. He studied Latin and Greek to give him broader ideas of the structure and formation of his own language.

But in natural history and botany he found a well-spring of unfailing delight, and no boy or man was better acquainted with the fauna and flora of that region. He chased the small game of the woods, more to study its habits than for the pleasure of killing, and he knew the haunts and ways of every furry denizen of the forest for miles around. Equally ardent was his pursuit of flowers, and no triumph of his later life ever filled his soul with greater pleasure than the discovery, in those boyish days, of some new or rare floral specimen in field or forest.

His mother loved flowers, and cultivated the prettiest of

shrubs and vines around her home. John spaded the flower-beds in the spring, and helped to sow the seeds and care for the growing plants during the summer. These labors stimulated his interest, and watching by his mother's side for the daily development of the tender shoots, intensified that interest into a passionate fondness for all the beauties of leaf or bloom in the vegetable world.

The aptness at retort which was a marked characteristic of his public life was developed when a child. Stopping one day at the country "store" on his way from school, he was accosted by a clergyman whose austere manner had made him very unpopular with "the boys."

"Well, John, what do you intend to make of yourself when you grow up?"

"I shall *try* to be a lawyer. If I fail in that, I'll *try* to be a horse-jockey, and if I can't succeed in that, I'll be a minister," was the reply.

Rapid progress in his studies during the few weeks he was able to attend school each year soon carried him to the limit of instruction provided in the common schools, but fell infinitely short of filling the measure of his desire for an education. How to continue the pursuit of knowledge became an absorbing question. The father was toiling early and late to provide the means of support for his large family. Domestic cares encompassed the mother's whole life. The slender income sufficed only to minister to the family's most urgent necessities. There was not much to

hope for from the parents, much as they desired to aid John's laudable ambitions.

In this perplexing situation his older brothers and sisters came to the rescue. In the neighboring village of Cincinnatus an academy flourished. Thitherward all the studious and intellectual boys and girls of the surrounding country turned their longing eyes, happy if only for a single term they might be permitted to wander in its "classic shades." Some of John's brothers and sisters were at work, earning small sums. Uniting their little savings, they made out a sum sufficient, with careful economy, to pay the expenses of the coveted term in the academy. A small room was rented and furnished, and provisions were supplied from home and carried to Cincinnatus in a little trunk, which the father still preserves.

On each Monday morning he set forth, with his little trunk of provisions in his hand, and walked to the village of Cincinnatus, a distance of five miles. At the close of the week's school days, on Friday evening, he patiently trudged home again to renew his supply of provisions and to spend the Sabbath with parents, brothers and sisters.

At the end of a single term the small resources were exhausted, and it became necessary for the young man to seek by his own labor the means for further education. His hopes had been too long centred upon intellectual pursuits to be surrendered now. He therefore determined to

“work his own way,” devoting all he could save of his earnings to the expenses of his education.

At the close of his first term in the Cincinnatus Academy, he made application to the trustees of a small country school in the town of German for the position of teacher. Here he taught the winter term of 1868-69. The salary was small, but it enabled him to return to the academy for the spring term of 1869.

In the summer of 1869 he worked on a farm near his home. The labors of haying and harvesting were a very severe strain upon a constitution never vigorous, but with Spartan bravery and determination he performed his tasks. He never afterward attempted to work at farm labor except occasionally for a single day at a time. After harvest time was passed, he returned to Cincinnatus, to expend his earnings in gathering further stores of knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG MANHOOD.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Longfellow.

There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student.
—*Goldsmith.*

FOR his first eighteen uneventful years John B. Finch lived, toiled, and studied in the country townships of Chenango and Cortland counties. Hampered by an impaired constitution ; fettered by lack of means to pursue his studies ; hindered by frequent demands from home for the performance of various tasks ; retarded in intellectual development by the narrow range of study and the slow progress of classes in the common country schools, a less determined young man would have yielded to despair or settled stolidly into the drudgery of a life of manual labor. That he persistently battled against such odds, and won, illustrates his extraordinary force of character. At eighteen he had far outstripped his school comrades, though none of them had to contend with the obstacles he met at every

step. His brothers and sisters looked upon him as an intellectual prodigy, and were willing to make any sacrifice in their power for his advancement. His father and mother watched his development with honest pride, and felt grieved and pained at their inability to help him toward the realization of his highest ambitions.

He had been so often interrupted in his academic course by the necessity of working to pay his way, that he now determined to pursue his studies for some time to come during the leisure he could obtain while engaged in teaching. Not finding an opening in any of the public schools near his home, he concluded, in the summer of 1870, to teach a private school in the little village of East Pharsalia, six or seven miles distant. One of the first men he approached concerning his plan was Samuel A. Coy, whose daughter he afterward married. This gentleman writes :

“I was in front of my house. He introduced himself and stated his business in a business-like manner. I invited him into the house, but he excused himself by saying that he was anxious to complete the enumeration of the pupils he would be likely to get, as soon as possible. I asked where he had attended school, and the conversation ran on educational matters and the principles of good teaching.

“I saw, or thought I saw, in the brief conversation with him, that he was a youth of more than ordinary ability and talent, and as I became better acquainted with him I was confirmed in that opinion.”

The necessary number of pupils for a good private school were obtained, a building rented, and the teaching promptly begun. After a few days' attendance, one of the more advanced pupils was asked :

“ How do you like your new teacher ? ”

“ He understands his business,” was the reply, “ and attends to it strictly. In explanation he can't be beat. Whatever he knows he can explain so that everybody else can understand.”

In this school, as his pupil, he first met Retta L. Coy. As she was pretty, vivacious, and unusually intelligent, the handsome young school-master was greatly attracted to her, and when later in the year he taught a district school in the neighboring town of Preston, he paid her frequent visits, and their acquaintance ripened into a warm, mutual attachment.

Retta Coy was born February 17th, 1852. She early developed a great love of books and study, and before becoming a pupil in the select school had already been a teacher in the district schools for five terms, commencing when she was but fifteen.

On the eighth day of January, 1871, the marriage took place. Both bride and groom were too earnest in their pursuit of knowledge and too ambitious to win in the life race to idle weeks away in their honeymoon, or to waste their hard-earned dollars in a costly “ bridal trip.” Perhaps a soberer or more sensible journey was never made by

newly-wedded lovers. In Deposit, in the adjoining county of Broome, Laurel Bank Seminary was attracting the attention of advanced students. Thither Mr. and Mrs. Finch went as soon as his winter term of school was finished, and devoted themselves arduously to their studies.

Although attending but a single term at this institution, the time was so advantageously employed that on their return to Chenango County, they were both able to obtain situations as teachers in the high school at Smyrna.

Mr. Simons, with whom they boarded when they commenced teaching at Smyrna, recently remarked to a friend :

“ Mr. Finch was a perfect man while he lived with me. In all our business relations he did exactly as he promised. I believe he wanted to do just right by every one.

“ We often talked on temperance. He abhorred the use of intoxicants by any one with whom he came in contact. He said he had begun at the foot of the ladder and was going to the top round, and was going there on the temperance line, fighting the rum demon.”

At the close of the winter term at Smyrna, Mr. Finch and his wife removed to Norwich, in the same county. On the first day of April, 1872, he commenced the study of law in the office of Prindle, Knapp & Ray, of Norwich. During the summer he sold agricultural implements to help pay his expenses while pursuing his law studies.

In the fall Mr. Finch returned to Smyrna, and finding no vacancy in the Union School in the village, applied for a situa-

tion as teacher in the "old red school-house" one and one half miles south, and was eagerly accepted by the Board of Trustees. He taught the winter term of 1872-73, renting a dwelling near the school-house. In the spring he removed to a house on the "creek road," west of the village, and resided there while teaching the summer and fall terms in the Union School of Smyrna.

During the fall term he enlisted the interest of the larger boys in the project of planting trees on the school grounds, and by their aid he dug in the woods over thirty thrifty young sugar maples and planted them with great care. These trees are still growing and vigorous, and constitute a fine adornment for the grounds, and a grateful shade in summer. So careful was the selection of young saplings, and so well was the work of setting performed, that not more than one or two failed to grow, or ever required replacing. About the same time he helped the "boys" to gravel the walk from the school door to the street. J. P. Knowles says :

"I think the job was well done, as it has been a good walk up to the present, and I do not know of any repairs."

In the autumn of 1873 Mr. Finch and his wife both again obtained situations as teachers in the same school, this time in the Union graded school at New Woodstock, in Madison County, where they taught for about one year.

At the close of the fall term in 1874 Mr. Finch spent some weeks making temperance addresses at country

school-houses and in the towns of Schuyler and Chemung counties. While thus engaged he wrote from Millport to his wife, who was still teaching at New Woodstock :

“I speak on temperance in this village next Sunday evening. Pray for Johnnie that he may succeed.”

At Alpine, in December, he was suddenly prostrated. His wife and his brother came promptly to his bedside and attended him faithfully until he was able to be removed to the home of his father-in-law in East Pharsalia.

By the time he recovered Retta was seized with a very severe attack of heart disease, and his returning strength was taxed to its utmost limit by the unceasing vigils at her side. About midnight of the 20th of February, as he bent over her, watching anxiously, she looked up in his face with a smile and whispered, “Lift me up, Johnnie.” Tenderly the husband’s arms enfolded the thin and worn form, and gently he raised her till her head lay on his shoulder, and he looked in her face to ask if she rested easily. But the question was unanswered. Even as he looked a shadow came sweeping over the fair, pallid face, the light faded from the loving eyes, and the seal of silence was set forever on the lips whose words were music to him who watched and wept. Retta was resting indeed. Around the cottage the winter winds moaned and sighed, but she was resting in the summer-land of perfect peace. Night and darkness covered the cold clay, but the freed spirit rested in the soft sunlight of eternal day. Sorrow

and tears and breaking hearts in the old home, but Retta rested on the shadowless shore, in joy forever undarkened by gloom.

To the young husband the blow was swift and terrible. He could not believe that the great change had come to her whom he loved so devotedly. In the days before the burial he again and again clasped her in his arms, raining kisses on the cold lips, and crying aloud in the agony of his passionate grief, "O Retta, Retta, come back to me!"

In all his after years the memory of his young wife's last night on earth was inexpressibly painful. Sacredly shrined in his heart's holiest chambers the image of Retta ever remained. To a few of his nearest friends he sometimes mentioned her sadly and reverently. Only to her who shared with him the labors and triumphs of his later life did he reveal the depth of affectionate remembrance of his lost one, cherished in his loyal, loving heart.

After Retta's death he remained some months at her father's house, resting and slowly recruiting his strength, until May, when his father and mother removed to Cortland, and he again made their house his home, continuing the study of law with the firm of H. & L. Warren.

The death of his wife was a blow from which it seemed impossible for Mr. Finch to recover. His temperament was so ardent, his likes and dislikes were so intense, that this first love of his boyish years had permeated his whole being.

For months he brooded in silence over his loss. He cared for no companions, shunned society, and applied himself closely and incessantly to study till he was compelled to desist, a severe attack of typhoid fever prostrating him for some weeks.

After his recovery his old associations began to assert their influence, one of the first meetings he attended being a Teachers' Institute. The contact with the world roused him from the morbid condition into which he had been plunged by the loss of his wife. He was elected secretary. During the progress of the institute a discussion arose concerning some grammatical question, Mr. Finch taking one side and the professor in charge holding an opposite view. Numerous authorities were cited by Mr. Finch, and the prevailing evidence sustained him.

Up to this time the regular annual Teachers' Institutes, provided for by State law, had been the only gatherings of teachers held in the county. At this session of the Institute, Mr. Finch submitted a comprehensive plan for an association of all the teachers in the county, to hold meetings every quarter for the discussion of topics of interest concerning methods of teaching and school management. The topics were to be given out by the professor, written up carefully by the teacher he selected, and the paper read at the next meeting, after which there should be a general discussion of the whole subject. Mr. Finch was selected to prepare the first paper.

It seemed necessary that he should engage in some remunerative employment during the winter, and he therefore applied to the trustees to teach the district school at Texas Valley, a few miles southeast of Cortland and not far from the school he first taught.

In making the contract the trustees said to him :

“ Mr. Finch, we have some very hard boys in our district. Do you think you can manage them ? ”

“ Oh, yes, I’ll get along with them,” was the easy, sanguine response.

“ But they have ‘ put out of doors ’ every teacher we have had in four years, and we have had some strong men.”

“ They won’t put *me* out,” answered Mr. Finch, with determination gleaming in his eye.

“ Well, if you succeed in managing the boys this winter we shall be very glad.”

“ If you will stand by me I will teach the school and govern it.”

“ All right, you can depend on the trustees to stand by you.”

No doubt they felt some misgiving as they thought of the sturdy, rugged, full-grown young men from the farms, who attended their school, and then looked at the tall, slender, boyish-looking youth who, though twenty-three, appeared little more than sixteen. Nevertheless they said nothing, and accordingly school began early in November,

with Mr. Finch duly installed as teacher. More than a month passed quietly, the "big boys" making no outward demonstration, but ominously scowling at the unusual restraint.

The day after Christmas the storm broke. In a letter dated December 27th, 1875, Mr. Finch tells the story :

"I am happy this morning in thinking of the victory achieved in behalf of good order yesterday. The facts are these : I have eleven young men whose ages vary from seventeen to twenty-one years. They had said, long before I came here, that I could not teach the school. I have punished two of them before, and, prompted by revenge, the boys in question organized, and yesterday at recess in the forenoon the 'music' commenced. It is against the rules 'to fool' in the school-room, and in answer to my request to keep still, a large boy said it was none of my business. You can imagine the rest—black eyes, bruised noses, and other marks on those boys are plenty, while I was unhurt. The trustee said to me this morning, 'You will have no more trouble in this school. Go ahead.'"

The trustee's prediction, mentioned in the letter, proved true. For the remainder of the winter the school was quiet, and the former "unruly boys" were as obedient and respectful as could be desired.

This term closed about the middle of February. Soon afterward a spelling contest was announced in the Normal School at Cortland. All persons who desired were per-

mitted to participate. The prize to be awarded was a complete set of school text-books.

When the day of the struggle came Mr. Finch took part. The judges resorted to all the usual devices to puzzle the spellers, but he stood every test and triumphantly carried off the prize, much to the chagrin and mortification of some of the Normal pupils, who had confidently counted on victory for themselves.

The winter term of 1875-76 in the Texas Valley district was the last school ever taught by Mr. Finch. At intervals for seven years he had been engaged in teaching, and had won an enviable reputation as a successful instructor. He had invariably subdued the rebellious spirits who sought to disregard the master's authority, sometimes by physical force, but always by some means maintaining that ascendancy which is the key to success.

One of his old pupils says :

“He was wonderfully patient and painstaking with his pupils, explaining over and over again all difficult problems, and never appearing satisfied until the dull-est was made to comprehend every part of the explanation.”

Another who was under his instruction writes :

“There was never any petty meanness in his government, such as is common with some teachers. The younger and the older, the bright and the dull, the quiet and the noisy ones, were all treated with exact equality and justice.

If he had any favorites there was no indication of it that even the most sensitive could have observed."

Mrs. Anthony Volmer, who was under his instruction at the Union School at Smyrna, writes, January 6th, 1888 :

"As a teacher he was a splendid success. He had a happy gift of imparting instruction, a rare talent for organizing, and a very unusual tact in governing. I never knew a teacher who had so keen an insight into the minds of his pupils, combined with a readiness of explanation that made every difficulty vanish quickly. He led by his strong personal magnetism, combined with great patience."

His gentleness was a marked characteristic of his school work. Though firm in his determination to secure obedience to reasonable requirements, there was no tinge of asceticism in his disposition. His wonderful personal magnetism was as conspicuous in the teacher as in the platform orator. His pupils loved him, and in almost all cases they endeavored to do what he asked of them more to please him than from any other impulse. Their attention to duty was well rewarded. He was always ready to entertain them after lessons were learned, with stories from history, with which his mind was amply stored, or with a vivid description of some of the world's wonders.

He was the life of the play-ground. In all the out-door sports he excelled. Not one of his "boys" could run faster, jump further, or give a more daring "lead" in the game of "goal." The sceptre of control was laid down,

and he was a "boy" with the boys, without seeking or desiring to influence or command. Only when a wrong was being done to some of the smaller children did he, on the play-ground, assume the authority of master. Woe betide the big bully who attempted in his presence to ill-treat "the babies," as he always called them. He would protect little children, if necessary, with his life.

Before and after school hours, morning and evening, he pursued a course of college studies, and for the latter three years read law. His progress was nearly as rapid while teaching as while attending the academy and the seminary. There was no time wasted. If he could not follow all scientists in their mysterious explorations, he determined at least to stand in the gateways of knowledge and catch a ray of light from their lamps or a gleam of perception from their watch-fires as they camped on the confines of the "unknown beyond."

In every branch of learning he was an indefatigable student. He desired to know something, at least, even if he could not attain all that was to be learned concerning science, art, history and political economy. The mystery of human existence commanded his longest, most patient and persevering investigation. Concerning this he determined to reach the utmost verge of human knowledge, and, if possible, to develop undiscovered truths.

The days, months, and years devoted to study in such intervals as he could spare from other duties would not

have been sufficient to gather the vast amount of useful knowledge with which his mind was stored, had he not possessed a remarkably retentive memory and a quick, almost intuitive perception. With these endowments he was able to accomplish more with his limited opportunities and alone, than many others would have wrought with the constant aid of the best instructors in America's higher institutions of learning.

CHAPTER III.

BEGINNING TEMPERANCE WORK.

IN the year in which John B. Finch was born there came into existence an organization whose influence was largely instrumental in turning his thoughts toward the temperance question, and whose systems of work made his development as a leader possible.

It may be claimed for the Independent Order of Good Templars that it was the influence of that society which firmly and permanently fixed his attention upon the great problems, the settlement of which enlisted the best energies of his young manhood.

A devoted Christian mother had early trained him to loathe vice, and so deeply had the love of personal purity been instilled in his mind that he was not liable to fall into drinking habits or to use tobacco. Reared in the country, where the temptations of the legalized dram-shop are less felt, he grew almost to manhood without near contact with its contaminating influences.

Once, when a boy, in company with his mother, he visited a neighboring town. As they were passing a saloon a drunken man reeled from the door, staggering to the side-

walk just ahead of them. The mother saw the opportunity to emphasize her home teachings by the terrible illustration before them.

“ Promise mother again,” she said, “ that you will never touch the drink that makes men drunkards like that.”

“ Mother, I will never drink a drop of liquor, and when I’m a man I’ll shut up the places where they sell it.”

The mother warmly pressed the hand of her sanguine boy, little dreaming that in his manhood’s years, in hundreds of towns and hamlets, and even in some whole States, his efforts would be an important factor in the work of “ shutting up the places where they sell it.”

When only fifteen he was mainly instrumental in organizing a lodge of Good Templars in the town of Pitcher, where he lived. He was a faithful attendant and worker in this lodge as long as he remained in the vicinity. In the literary exercises and discussions at the lodge meetings he first began to understand his power as a debater.

In the lodge at Smyrna, which both he and his wife joined January 2d, 1872, he was recognized as one of the most valuable members. The records show that he took a prominent part in every meeting, being appointed on various committees, leading the debates, participating in the business transactions, and reading selections.

An old acquaintance who knew him as a brother in this lodge says :

“ His readiness of debate made him willing to take the

unpopular side of a question, and the decision of the judges was almost invariably on his side."

He debated in the affirmative on the question, "*Resolved*, That a free government may restrain personal liberty." The judges decided in his favor. One who has heard him in later years discussing the same question before vast throngs of people cannot help wondering whether, even in those early years, he had not grasped comprehensive ideas of the true intent of righteous government.

At another time we find him debating the question of woman suffrage, and winning the decision of the judges for the principle.

One evening he gave the lodge a lecture on "The Pronunciation of English Words." It was a very instructive lecture, and somewhat amusing, as it contained a few pointed "hits" at local bombast.

One evening a large sleigh-load of lodge members rode over to Poolville to visit a neighboring lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Finch being among the number.

James P. Knowles, who was one of the company, writes concerning this visit :

"Several of us made brief speeches, but we all recognized him as the ablest. On the return I sat by Mr. Finch, and we discussed poetry and poets. It was one of the pleasantest visits I ever had with him."

In September, 1873, several of the lodges in Chenango County united in the arrangement for a picnic in a grove

at Lyon Brook Bridge, four miles south of Norwich, where the former New York and Oswego Midland Railroad crosses a deep ravine. In this picturesque spot a large number of Templars gathered. There had been no programme arranged, but some of the more thoughtful members desired to improve the occasion by securing a speaker to give an address. After canvassing the assemblage it was discovered that no one was prepared. In this emergency, and in response to repeated requests, Mr. Finch came forward. Barely twenty-one years of age, and even more youthful in appearance, entirely without preparation, he commenced his first public temperance oration. Starting calmly and deliberately with a statement of the Good Templar platform of principles, he steadily advanced with his argument in vindication of these principles, sweeping away with his resistless eloquence the barriers of false logic reared by the enemies of the cause the Order represented, and closing with an impassioned appeal to all his hearers to work with ever-increasing zeal to save the fallen and to remove the drink temptations from their paths.

It was a fraternal Templar band who listened, true-hearted men and women, boys and girls, who would have solaced even a failure with brotherly and sisterly compassion. But they were not prepared for this marvel of success—a surprise no less to the speaker than to them.

From this time forward the occasions when he was called

upon for temperance addresses became more and more frequent.

When his pupils in school asked him to select their declamations and recitations, he wrote suitable essays or orations on the temperance question for them to memorize.

His attendance at his Good Templar lodge was regular and constant, and he always furnished some entertainment for the members—usually an extemporaneous address on some phase of the temperance question. He illustrated all his arguments by citations of evil effects in the community, with which every member must have been familiar. His investigation rapidly led him to understand that the responsibility for the evil results does not rest wholly with the proprietor of the drinking-places, and his denunciation of the citizen who would give his sanction to them was scathing.

In May, 1876, soon after the closing of his last term of school, he was married to Miss Frances E. Manchester, at her home in McGrawville, N. Y.

Professor R. T. Peck, of Cortland, a life-long acquaintance and friend of Miss Manchester, furnishes a brief sketch of her history and antecedents.

“Miss Frances E. Manchester was born in the town of Solon, Cortland County, N. Y., May 21st, 1852. Her great-grandfather, Captain Stephen N. Peck, was among the first settlers of the county, where the family has since resided, and his brothers were Elder Nathan Peck, a Baptist clergyman of Cortland for many years, and Elder John Peck, a Baptist missionary of wide repute in New York City. Darius Peck, a cousin,

was late judge of Hudson City, N. Y. The family comes in direct line from Deacon William Peck, born in London, England, in 1601, who became one of the charter members of the New Haven Colony in 1638. Frances is the daughter of Whitcomb and Lucelia Manchester, residents of Cortland County for many years. Like many women of our land who have attained influence and prominence in literary circles, on the platform, and as leaders of charitable, missionary, and temperance work, she had little to depend upon in early life, in obtaining an education from books, save her own resources. The premature death of her mother laid almost insurmountable obstacles in her pathway, but with that energy characteristic of her life work, she obtained sufficient education at the home district school and by private study to become a teacher at the age of nineteen. For five terms thereafter she taught school in the vicinity of her home, took a course of study in the Cortland State Normal School in 1875, and further prepared herself for the teacher's vocation at the McGrawville Academy.

“ During these latter years she formed the acquaintance of John B. Finch, to whom she was united in marriage May 31st, 1876. This event opened a new era before her, and presented a wide and varied field of labor seemingly suited to her ambition. From that time until the death of Mr. Finch, her work was inseparably connected with that of her husband.

“ Mrs. Finch joined the Good Templars soon after her marriage, and for three years following travelled with her husband, interested herself in temperance work, and acquainted herself with many of the best authors. In 1879 she was elected General Superintendent of Juvenile Temples of Nebraska, and during that year organized a number of Temples.

“ In 1880 she did some work in connection with the ‘ Woman’s Suffrage Reform,’ began the study of elocution, and gave many select readings and valuable papers and poems before appreciative audiences throughout the country. Encouraged in these endeavors, and desirous



Frances E. Finch

of making her efforts of greater value to others, she, in 1883, entered the School of Oratory, North Western University, at Evanston, Ill., from which she was graduated in June, 1884. In 1886 Mrs. Finch extended the greeting of the world's Good Templars to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention at Minneapolis, and during the past two years she has been officially connected with the Good Templars of the district of which Chicago is the centre.

"Mrs. Finch is a woman of broad views and unprejudiced opinions. She possesses that versatility and adaptability to society and circumstances that well fit her for the great work of temperance reform. The death of her husband has placed upon her new and grave responsibilities, so that, in whatever field of labor she may be engaged, her many friends will follow her with their sympathies, and welcome her success in all her undertakings."

About the beginning of the year 1876 Mr. Finch received a commission as Deputy Grand Worthy Chief Templar for the State of New York from R. E. Sutton, then the Chief Executive of the Grand Lodge of New York. On the evening of April 26th he organized a lodge at McGrawville, in Cortland County. This began an active Good Templar campaign which resulted in the organization of twenty-nine lodges before the meeting of the Grand Lodge at Saratoga Springs in August of that year. Eight of these lodges were in Tioga County, seven in Chemung, ten in Tompkins, and four in Cortland.

Such rapid and successful work was quite a surprise to old members of the Grand Lodge. There were many obstacles in the way, but he met and overcame them all. It had been usual to suspend aggressive work for the Order

during the heated term, but Mr. Finch pushed the campaign in midsummer with results commensurate to the energy he put into it. A difficulty with which he had to contend was found in the fact that lodges had existed and slowly died in every town visited. To those who had become lukewarm or disheartened by past failures he gave new inspiration and hope. To people who had never understood Good Templary he gave such thorough explanations of the methods and possibilities of work through this instrumentality that he everywhere created great enthusiasm for the Order. County lodges, composed of delegates from all the subordinate lodges in each county, were organized where they had not already been in existence, and the old organizations were greatly strengthened.

The Tioga County Lodge presented him a gold-headed cane, and Chemung County a fine silver tea-set suitably engraved. The Tompkins County Lodge presented him with a handsome Grand Lodge regalia.

At the session of the New York Grand Lodge in 1876, Mr. Finch, accompanied by his wife, made his first appearance in that body as a representative of Cortland Lodge. He was selected to deliver the principal address at the Opera House public meeting on the first evening of the session. In the deliberations of the session he took a prominent part. Here he first became acquainted with the leading temperance workers of the State.

During the remainder of the year and the early part of



JOHN B. FINCH AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR.

1877 he was engaged in lecturing for the Good Templar lodges in Western and Central New York and in organizing new lodges. In this work he continued steadily successful, greatly encouraging and strengthening Good Templary in every section of the State he visited.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge, the chief governing body of the Good Templars for the world, held its twenty-third annual session at Portland, Me., in May, 1877. Mr. Finch had become so intensely interested in Good Templar work that he desired to be fully identified with every part of the system.

"Puss," he said to his wife, calling her by the pet name he always used, "we must go to Portland."

"How will you get the money to pay your expenses?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll make some lecture engagements going and coming, and will pay our way out of it," was the easy, confident reply.

"I do not think we can afford it, even if you can do that," she replied. "I will remain here while you are gone."

"But I want you to go," the husband persisted.

"No, Bub, it is not best," Mrs. Finch said, as she crushed the pleasing thought of the enjoyment the session might bring her.

"Well, Puss, I must go, even if I go alone. I shall probably make this temperance work my life business, and

in order to succeed I must get acquainted with the workers and the work in all its branches."

The question being settled, he at once planned to make the trip pay his expenses. An arrangement was made with one or two prominent newspapers to write for them daily full reports of the proceedings of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge sessions. Appointments to lecture were made for cities where the workers had before asked for his services. Some engagements were unexpectedly offered after the close of the session, enabling him to more than realize his expectations of "paying his way."

An incident which occurred on the way to Portland illustrates Mr. Finch's ready and ever-active sympathy with suffering and misfortune. A lady, who was a representative to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, lost her pocketbook containing railroad and steamer tickets and all her money. Discovering the circumstances, he generously donated a large share of the money necessary to replace the amount lost, though his own funds were not sufficient to pay his fare home.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge elected him to be one of its official reporters, thus making his letters for the press doubly valuable.

At Portland Mr. Finch learned most fully the details of the division in the ranks of the Order, which occurred the previous year at the session in Louisville, Ky., by which a

great proportion of Templars of Great Britain separated themselves from the original society.

He gave addresses at Saco and Biddeford, in Maine, and at other points on his way home.

Mrs. America A. Brookbank, the present Right Worthy Grand Superintendent of Juvenile Temples, mentions her first acquaintance with Mr. Finch in the Portland meeting, and her later association with him in Good Templar work :

“ He came to the Portland session of Right Worthy Grand Lodge a young man, full of vigor and intense earnestness in the work of the Order and the cause of humanity. As a member of the Literature Committee of which he was afterward Chairman, and also having served on his Executive Committee, my regard for him as a Christian and as a philosopher has strengthened as the years have gone by.

“ He was a friend to the children, and the Juvenile Temple had his warmest sympathy and best counsels. His earnest words and constant devotion to this department of Good Templar work will live on, although his hands are folded to rest. No one can fill his place.”

Dr. Oronhyatekha, one of the most sagacious and trusted friends and advisers of Mr. Finch in his last years, gives some interesting reminiscences in the *International Good Templar* :

“ Brother Finch’s first appearance in the Right Worthy Grand Lodge was in 1877, at Portland, Me., the first session held after the great split at Louisville. He came as a visitor from Rochester, N. Y. During the session he acted as a reporter for one of the daily papers published in the city.

“ His reports were considered by some a little too full and detailed,

and there was some talk of bringing him before the bar of the house. When he came to me for a brief sketch of myself, I said to him : ' Brother Finch, you had better not say anything about me, for if you say anything favorable of me, you may be hauled up for it by the dominant party in the Right Worthy Grand Lodge ; and if you say anything bad about me, I'll have your scalp sure.' It seems but yesterday, I remember him so well standing before me with a scornful smile on his manly though youthful countenance, as he replied, ' I guess they won't try to muzzle the press.' The next session was held in Minneapolis, Minn., and he appeared as one of the representatives from Nebraska, and at once took a commanding position in the debates of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge. Then followed the sessions at Detroit and New York, at both of which Brother Finch served on the Finance Committee. He had already established himself as one of the leaders in the councils of the Supreme Body. During the session at New York, in 1881, he moved the appointment of the Literature Committee, which was carried, and the following were named as the first Literature Committee : John B. Finch, Nebraska ; James Black, Pennsylvania ; George B. Katzenstein, California ; A. J. Chase, Maine ; John O'Donnell, New York ; Lillie J. Disbrow, Connecticut.

He retained the chairmanship of this most important committee till he was elected Right Worthy Grand Templar. The following year, at the Topeka, Kan., session he began to show his individuality, and we find this unprecedented record : ' Moved by Representative Finch, of Nebraska, to proceed with an informal ballot for Right Worthy Grand Templar. Carried.' This unusual course led to the election of his friend, Brother T. D. Kanouse. The next session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge was held in Charleston, S. C., and an examination of the records will show that no one in the body took a more active part in its deliberations. It is related that at this session Colonel Hickman successfully opposed one of Brother Finch's schemes, but though defeated he was not conquered. Taking advantage, at a later stage of the session,

of the temporary absence of the colonel, he succeeded in having the matter reconsidered, and then adopted by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, to the great chagrin of the colonel. The following year the Right Worthy Grand Lodge session was held in the Palmer House, Chicago. It was at this session that Mr. Finch's friends first brought him forward as a candidate for the Templar's Chair, but he was defeated, though lacking only three votes of an election. The writer of these reminiscences was a candidate for Right Worthy Grand Counsellor on the same ticket with Brother Finch, and was elected mainly through his personal exertions. Immediately after the election, Brother Finch came to me to offer his congratulations, and said, 'Now you must prepare yourself, for we will run you for the chair next year.' I replied, 'Under no circumstances will I stand in your way. The Order needs you, and you must again consent to run next year.' The next session was held in Washington, in 1884, and Brother Finch was elected Right Worthy Grand Templar by a large majority. He was re-elected by acclamation at Toronto, Richmond, and Saratoga, and we are sure could have held the chair against all comers for an indefinite time, for each year he became stronger in the affections of the members of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge. It would seem that Providence raised up John B. Finch and gave him specially to the Good Templars, to effect the reunion of the Order. We feel satisfied that no other man could have kept in hand the apparently conflicting elements, and eventually have succeeded in harmonizing them in a united body. Now that we have been reunited, we feel sure that there are no forces existing in the Order that could again sever the bonds that unite us in the one world-wide international society. This grand work of itself would have proved an enduring monument to the memory of our noble and self-sacrificing chieftain."

At Minneapolis, Minn., the Right Worthy Grand Lodge held its twenty-fourth session in 1878. The Grand Lodge

of Nebraska had elected Mr. Finch as its representative at that session. Mrs. Finch accompanied him, and relates the interesting incidents of the journey. Visiting Fort Snelling and the Falls of Minnehaha, he recounted the history and the legends connected with them, vividly picturing the past, and adding greatly to the enjoyment of the coterie of Templars who surrounded him.

He loved nature, and all that was beautiful in natural scenery quickly caught his attention. He desired to see and learn all that could be discovered in nature, art, or science, and it was an especial delight to him to visit the scenes with which he had become familiar in his early years by reading and study.

In the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, of which he was now for the first time a member, entitled to all the rights and privileges of debate, he took an active part, never missing a minute of the morning, afternoon, and evening sessions, and never being late in arriving. This was a prominent characteristic of all his connection with Good Templar work. When the hour for opening a meeting arrived he was always present, and when the gavel fell at closing he was in his place.

From 1877 till the time of his death he missed no session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge nor of the Grand Lodge of his own State. His comprehensive grasp of the whole subject of temperance in all its relations to society, his quick perception of defects in any plan or system of

work, his rapid recognition of the value or worthlessness of remedies proposed—all combined to make his membership in Good Templar governing bodies a most desirable aid in perfecting their methods and achieving their aims.

CHAPTER IV.

RED RIBBON WORK.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose ; he has found it and will follow it.
—*Carlyle.*

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away ;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.

Whittier.

IN the years 1876 and 1877 there was a widespread and enthusiastic revival of some of the methods of work which had proved temporarily successful in the old Washingtonian movement. Slight changes in plan, and possibly improvements, were made, but it was substantially the moral suasion effort of 1840 to 1847 repeated.

In the hands of broad and liberal leaders the Red and the Blue Ribbon systems became valuable agencies for the promulgation of temperance sentiment and the dissemination of correct ideas concerning the reform. But even where the broadest liberality pervaded the leadership, the inevitable reaction which followed the periods of "Ribbon" excitements in the villages or cities where revival meetings were held, often affected disastrously the older organizations,

which had fought for years, patiently and almost single-handed, the moral battles of the community. Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and kindred societies, giving the whole power and strength of their membership to aid the new movement, sometimes found that when the enthusiasm of nightly public meetings had died away, it was more difficult than before to arouse the people to take up the plodding, self-denying routine work of the fraternal temperance bands. Indeed, many members of these societies were borne along on the wave of revival excitement, like the drift on the inflowing tide, only to be stranded at its ebb upon the sandy shores of disappointment or despair.

If this disastrous result was possible under wise and liberal leadership, it was almost certain under the management of narrow and illiberal men, who here and there took the chief places in the new movement. Men of this stamp were ignorant of the great principles underlying the temperance reform, and occasionally one of them imagined, or assumed that *his* method alone had the sanction and approval of Heaven, and that therefore it was his duty to malign and overturn every organization and system of work except his own. Such influences were more potent to destroy than to build up. The astonishing results of a few days or weeks of work in a city so wrought upon the people that many of them were ready to believe that all other methods of work were ill-judged and even sinful, if some Blue Ribbon apostle so declared.

Another danger in the new movement soon became apparent. In their eagerness to roll up huge lists of pledge-signers, a few workers had adopted a loose and easy pledge, which might mean abstinence from all alcoholic beverages or only from distilled liquors, according to the interpretation put upon it by the easy consciences of half-converted toppers.

Most of the workers in the old temperance organizations felt that it was neither right nor wise to oppose a movement so vast in its possibilities for good, because a few of its teachers were misguided and bigoted. That there were Blue Ribbon leaders who entertained false views of what true total abstinence consisted, an editorial which appeared in the *Western Brewer* about this time clearly indicates.

“ Mr. Murphy says : ‘ The German can go to the beer garden and come home perfectly sober after drinking all day. He is really the most sensible drinker in America.’

“ Now then, Mr. Finch, you say the Murphy pledge ‘ allows the German, who believes his lager is not intoxicating, to indulge as much as he pleases.’ Talk about a German who *believes* his lager is not intoxicating ! Don’t he *know* it is not intoxicating ? And does not Mr. Murphy know it also, and does he not say so, like an honest man ?

“ Mr. Finch is a good man in his way, but who made Mr. Finch the judge of lager, or of what constitutes true temperance ? Observe that all the other pledges are particular to forbid malt liquor by name. Mr. Murphy’s pledge does not ; and he evidently means it shall not. Mr. Finch evidently does not like Mr. Murphy’s pledge. So much the better for the pledge. There is an irrepressible conflict between the true temperance men who act ‘ with malice toward none and charity for all,’ and

the professional temperance men who act with charity for none and with malice toward all who oppose them. The partnership between them is dissolved. WELCOME, FRANCIS MURPHY."

It will be remembered that the pledge used by the early Blue Ribbon workers, and referred to in the *Western Brewer*, read :

"I, the undersigned, pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from all *intoxicating* liquors as a beverage, and that I will by all honorable means encourage others to abstain."

This construction of the meaning of the pledge began to be generally accepted. No authoritative denial of its correctness came from the Blue Ribbon leaders who used it. With such a feeling pervading the public mind, the question what attitude they should assume toward the movement became a serious one with men whose broad charity and fervent zeal in the cause was a spur to constant effort in its behalf.

These conditions Mr. Finch fully appreciated as he looked over the field early in 1877. Weighing carefully yet rapidly the opposing arguments, he determined to undertake "Red Ribbon" work, not along the lines with other workers already occupying the same field, but in harmony with the ideals fixed in his mind by the uncompromising teachings of Good Templary, the society he had loved so long and for the advancement of which he had recently so zealously labored.

Accustomed to the solemn and binding obligation of that Order, he adopted for "Red Ribbon" meetings

"THE CHRISTIAN TEMPLAR'S PLEDGE.

"I solemnly promise, GOD HELPING ME, that I will NEVER make, buy, sell, use, furnish, or cause to be furnished to others, as a beverage, any spirituous or *malt liquors, wine, or cider.*

"I also promise to do all in my power, in all honorable ways, to discountenance the use of these beverages in the community."

Timid people feared that a pledge so rigid in its exact-tions would be rejected by many who might otherwise be brought under temperance influence. But Mr. Finch scorned compromise.

"I'll *make* that pledge win without the change of a letter," he said. "I may not get as many signers as I would if I used the weak pledge, but those I do get will be worth having. I won't use a pledge with loopholes in it. I would just as soon have a man drunk on whiskey as on cider or beer."

The Good Templar lodges of Western New York, where the Ribbon excitement was at its height, determined to inaugurate a similar work in their several communities. Mr. Finch was selected as the representative and leader of the Order in this new line of work. For a month or more

he was employed in the villages of Munroe County under the auspices of the Good Templars in the pledge work. He used the "Christian Templar's pledge" with uniform success. In the village of Bergen, with a total population of less than six hundred, at the first meeting one hundred and fifty signed the "iron-clad" pledge. In a single evening six hundred and twenty-five persons, or more than one third of the population of the village, signed this pledge in Brockport.

The first severe test of the strong pledge was made in Batavia, N. Y., in April, 1877. The rapidly-growing reputation of Mr. Finch had gone before him. Added to this, the popular mind was full of the excitement that was then sweeping over the whole country.

Mr. Finch laid the foundations of his work deep and sure. He began by a calm, logical presentation of the claims of total abstinence, its benefits and blessings to the individual, and through individual development, its profit to society. Every evening he advanced the arguments along the lines of his life training, until the hearer was confronted with the question :

"If abstinence is best for the individual and for society, what right has the saloon to exist?"

No fear of failure in getting signers, no timorousness lest popular disapproval should greet him, deterred John B. Finch from his scathing denunciation of the institution which scattered rum-wrecks everywhere and made Red

Ribbon revivals necessary in order to save a few of its half-destroyed victims.

Notwithstanding this radical departure from established methods of moral suasion and pledge work, the interest and enthusiasm steadily increased. On the fourth night a larger audience gathered in the hall than the room had ever held before, and after that time no building would hold the multitudes who sought admission.

The ninth evening the pledge roll mounted to two thousand signatures in a village of only four thousand population. It was the iron-clad pledge, "life-long in its duration."

After sixteen nights in Batavia he commenced an engagement of two weeks in Buffalo, N. Y., which proved equally successful.

Always giving utterance to the most radical declarations, even to conservative audiences, his reasoning was plain and his arguments so strong that the most prejudiced hearer was compelled to admit his premises and accept his conclusions.

While employed in pledge-gathering work he remembered the old organizations that had "borne the burden and heat of the day." In every city and village he visited in his Red Ribbon work he directed the attention of the new converts to the existing temperance societies, and explained the benefits of membership in them. He invariably left these organizations stronger than he found them. He urged the society workers to gather up the results of the

revival meetings, and use all their efforts to make reformed men feel at home in the organizations. So strongly was this thought impressed upon the minds of both the old workers and the new pledge-signers, that permanent good results followed.

As in the previous year, he devoted the summer months to the organization of Good Templar lodges. In each locality he visited he conducted "Ribbon" revivals for a few days, and then established a lodge to carry on the work after his departure.

During the latter part of the year 1876 and most of 1877 Mr. Finch was accompanied by his wife in his visits to the different parts of the State where he was called to lecture.

One afternoon in September he entered the room where Mrs. Finch was seated, and, in his bright, breezy, and direct style of beginning a conversation, exclaimed :

"Puss, let's go to Nebraska."

Mrs. Finch could scarcely have been more astonished at a proposition to journey to Kamtchatka. Success was crowning his efforts in New York ; every obstacle was disappearing from his path ; from neighboring cities he was receiving an increasing number of applications for his time ; his reputation as a worker was daily extending ; loyal friends were rallying around him ; no brighter prospect of future usefulness could have been asked or expected.

It was natural that Mrs. Finch should inquire what had led him to this change of plan.

“ Oh, they need the right kind of Red Ribbon work in the West,” was Mr. Finch’s reply.

“ Have you had any calls to go out there ?” his wife asked.

“ No.”

“ Have you corresponded with anybody in that State ?”

“ No.”

“ Do you know any of the people ?”

“ No one intimately.”

“ Has your work in New York ever been heard of in Nebraska ?”

“ Probably not.”

“ How will you get money to go ?”

“ Earn it on the way.”

“ How do you expect to gain a foothold in that State ?”

“ Oh, easily enough,” he laughingly answered, and his eyes sparkled with the brave, sanguine spirit that no doubts could daunt or difficulties defeat. Then, growing more serious, he continued, “ Puss, I can win *anywhere*, because I am doing work that *must* be done.”

Had Mrs. Finch opposed the project he would have hesitated and perhaps abandoned the plan, but as soon as her surprise was over she answered :

“ Very well, I am ready to go.”

Her firm belief that all truth is from God, and that He gives to those who lean upon and trust Him special guidance, leads her to act promptly and decisively, without

argument or delay. This was one of the occasions when the way seemed to open clear and plain, and all doubts disappeared as suddenly as they came.

The decision was made. In the two or three weeks that followed Mr. Finch lectured in Niagara, Orleans, and Monroe counties in Western New York. By the third day of October he had saved a sufficient sum to purchase tickets to Nebraska for himself and his wife, and on that day they commenced the journey.

Two days later they arrived in Nebraska City with just seven dollars as the total of their possessions. They attended a meeting of the Good Templar lodge on the evening of their arrival. At that meeting the acquaintance with some of the earnest Templar workers was made. On the following day the Good Templar leaders introduced him to all the clergymen of the city, to whom he unfolded his plans for a Red Ribbon revival. They cordially approved, and the next day, Sunday, October 7th, was fixed for the beginning of the work.

Only two days elapsed after his arrival in the State, unknown and unheralded, before he had inaugurated, with the cordial co-operation of all the moral elements of the city, the most successful temperance revival ever conducted there.

He attended the Methodist service on Sunday morning. At four in the afternoon and at eight in the evening all the churches united in a meeting at the Cumberland Presby-

terian Church. In his first address Mr. Finch boldly declared his position. He denounced the liquor traffic as an unmixed evil, harmful alike to the individual drinker and to society as a whole. The license system could in nowise mitigate the evil or save society from its ravages. License was only a bargain with an enemy, a compromise with a public crime. Compromise was always a victory for wrong. Truth, righteousness, and justice always surrendered some principle when they consented to a compromise.

The courage of these radical declarations can better be understood after an observation of the conditions of public sentiment and business relations then existing in Nebraska City.

One of the largest distilleries in the State was in active operation, and was pointed out with pride by many of the business men as a commercial enterprise of vast importance to the development of the city. An extensive brewery, which manufactured vast quantities of beer for shipment to all parts of the State, was almost equally an object of pride to the same class of men. Saloons of every grade, from the lowest criminal "dive" to the gilded palace of sin that pandered to fashionable passion and aristocratic vice, flourished in every part of the city. Although these evil institutions did not have the sanction or approval of the moral elements of the community, the grip of their political and social power was felt by all the people. Business men especially were careful to avoid any expressions of disfavor

to the traffic, lest they might be assailed and ruined by the relentless persecutions of the malignant and merciless rum power. The terrorism which silenced the people extended to the churches, and in some pulpits closed the lips of the pastors.

Very little aggressive temperance work had been done before Mr. Finch's advent, most of the speakers who had previously visited the city having belonged to the milder, moral suasion type of workers.

Outside of the Good Templar Lodge, which was by no means a strong body at that time, it is doubtful if ten men in the whole city would have admitted that the principle of prohibition for the whole drunkard-making business was correct in theory or possible in application.

On the morning following the first lecture the *Daily Nebraska Press* said :

"After prayer by Rev. W. A. Hanna, the Hon. John B. Finch was introduced. Five minutes after he commenced speaking the conviction was fastened upon every hearer that he was listening to one who was thoroughly in earnest, and that boldness in speaking the truth was with him a settled principle. This earnest boldness on the part of the speaker is surely refreshing. He said the discourse was for Christian hearers, who composed the principal part of his audience, and it was so pointed that scarcely a person in the entire congregation felt there was much chance to escape the terrible woe pronounced in the lesson read."

The Sunday evening topic was "The Misunderstanding of the Nature and Effect of Alcohol." The *Daily News*

reporter caught and preserved some strong sentences from this address :

“To claim that stimulants are necessary for man’s existence is to claim that, at the creation, God did not know the wants of the creatures He made.”

“The greater part of man’s ills have come from disobedience to Divine law, and the substitution of stimulants in the place of drinks prepared by the Almighty has caused more crime, sin, and misery than any other violation of law.”

On Monday evening the address was on “Moderate Drinking.” He commenced with the startling announcement :

“There are no moderate drinkers. The term receives a different definition from each exponent—one claiming that it means one glass, another two, another three, each man claiming that the number of glasses he drinks is moderate.”

“All liquor drinking is drunkenness in various degrees. Any man who drinks intoxicating liquors as a beverage is in some degree a drunkard.”

“The sophistries, ‘What I drink will do me no hurt,’ and ‘I have brains enough to drink or let it alone,’ are the devil’s decoy ducks, which have led many a noble youth into paths of disgrace.”

“No man believes he is a drunkard until he attempts to reform.”

“The moderate drunkard is a more dangerous man in the community than the common drunkard.”

On the third evening the church was filled. The local newspapers expressed their surprise that a temperance speaker had succeeded in attracting so large an attendance. For the first time public attention was arrested. Mr. Finch

canvassed the subject of "Drunkards, How Made and How Reformed."

It had been decided to continue the meetings for one week. The interest and attendance nightly increased. No room could be secured that would accommodate the people. Before the end of the week it was determined to hold the meetings through the second week. The pledge roll grew larger every day. When the series of meetings closed it was found that more than sixteen hundred names had been enrolled.

Soon after his arrival in Nebraska City Mr. Finch wrote a letter to an Eastern paper, for which he was a regular correspondent, describing the social conditions and giving some plain statements which might have severely wounded the local pride of sensitive people. A copy of the paper containing this letter having fallen into the hands of certain saloon-keepers, they made a persistent effort to embitter the people against the writer of it, and by thus arousing popular resentment, to break up the meetings and destroy the influence of the speaker. But these devices of the enemy signally failed. The work went on uninterruptedly, and when the last meeting of the series was ended the cause of temperance was more honored and the saloon more despised than ever before in the history of the city.

Lincoln next claimed Mr. Finch's attention. Before the close of his first week in Nebraska City very urgent invitations had been received from Lincoln temperance men, ask-

ing him to visit their city immediately. He had named October 14th as the date on which he could commence a series of meetings for them, but the earnest desire of the people of Nebraska City that he should remain with them longer induced him to postpone his visit for one week.

On Saturday, October 20th, accompanied by Mrs. Finch, he arrived in Lincoln, and was tendered a splendid reception at the Commercial Hotel.

While the State capital was at this time cursed by twenty-seven saloons, whose power was felt in the community, there had always been a few dauntless spirits in the temperance ranks who bore the banners of the cause valiantly.

The day following Mr. Finch's arrival in Lincoln was Sunday, and had been fixed for the opening meeting. He attended the Methodist service in the morning, the Young Men's Christian Association meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening opened the series of meetings in the Opera House.

Hon. H. W. Hardy, ex-Mayor, in a letter briefly reviewing this and later work, thus forcibly expresses his first and later impressions concerning Mr. Finch and his Red Ribbon and other temperance work :

"I first met John B. Finch October 21st, 1877. I was first impressed with his youthful appearance, so fresh, so fair. My second thought was, 'He bears no scars of drunken debauch, no signs of wild oats sown.' That was a relief. So many of our temperance workers bear the Cain marks, which reformation cannot wholly efface.

“He gave his first lecture that evening. Before he had half finished my vote was unanimous that he filled the bill. From that time on he always stood first in the temperance heart of Lincoln. He took up his home here, and no wonder that we loved him most, because we knew him best. The dirty tongue of slander wagged against him, but it had no effect here, unless it was to strengthen the love we bore him. When he died the whole city was in mourning. Oh, that he could have lived, as did Wendell Phillips, to see his labor crowned with success—the intoxicating bowl and the slave chain both buried in the same half century!”

Edward B. Fairfield, then Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, became acquainted with Mr. Finch during these meetings, and has written concerning him :

“I knew Mr. Finch well, and was glad to know him as my friend. And no one could know him and not esteem him very highly. His abilities on the platform were matchless. His speeches, I think, were always extempore, and yet his sentences might have fallen into stereotype plates, with no need of reconstruction. They were very effective, blending strong argument, high moral tone, keen wit, and irresistible humor. His self-command was superb, while his self-consciousness was scarcely perceptible, and never obtruded itself in any offensive way. In his death the temperance cause has lost its most effective advocate, and Prohibition its ablest champion.”

The first series of meetings in Lincoln continued every night for three weeks with unabated interest. On the week-day evenings meetings were held in the largest of the churches, and on Sabbath the people gathered at the Opera House. It mattered not what place was selected, no audience-room in the city could furnish even standing room for all those who sought admission.

As in his previous work, he taught the most radical doctrines, and while pleading with the drinker and the drunkard he never forgot to hurl the anathemas of just indignation and wrath against the licensed pitfalls society permitted to be placed in their pathway, making reform ten times more difficult, if not entirely impossible. Some of the lectures of this course were so highly appreciated that a universal demand for their repetition was made. His address "To Girls," given in the Opera House Saturday evening, November 3d, was one of these ; on the following evening it was repeated in the same place to a vast concourse of people.

November 11th the closing meeting in the Opera House was held. The *Lincoln Journal*, in its report of it, said :

"The Opera House was crowded as never before. Every seat on the lower floor and in the galleries was taken, and all the chairs from the stage were brought out. Over two hundred, unable to find seats, stood up, and many, unable to gain admission at all, went away. Mr. Finch took the platform and made the most eloquent, impassioned, and argumentative discourse that he has yet given. His remarks were mainly upon the so-called right of the saloon-keepers to sell that which destroys the reason of men."

On Monday evening the Methodist church was filled with the reformed men and old temperance workers, who had become very much attached to Mr. Finch during his stay in the city. Tearful "Good-bys" were said and blessings devout and heartfelt were showered upon him.

The results of the three weeks of work had far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine friends of the cause. Over twenty-one hundred persons, or more than an average of one hundred each evening, had signed the pledge. A large number of drinking men were permanently reformed. Ten years later, many of these reformed men could be found in Lincoln, sober, honorable, and prosperous citizens, respected by even the men who remember their earlier dissipation.

A Red Ribbon Club was organized on the most substantial basis. Under the skilful management of George B. Skinner, who has been for more than ten years its president, the interest has been steadily maintained, and regular weekly meetings have been held almost without interruption. The Lincoln Red Ribbon Club still flourishes, perhaps the oldest and most successful club in the United States.

In establishing the Red Ribbon Club Mr. Finch did not forget the Good Templar Lodge and kindred societies. Large accessions to their membership were obtained through his influence.

A children's temperance society was organized, and during the progress of the revival a daily morning prayer-meeting was held.

From Lincoln Mr. Finch carried the campaign to Seward, where results were more speedy and marvellous than at any point in the State previously visited. On the fourth

day of the revival the gratifying announcement was made that two saloon-keepers had closed their doors and gone out of the business. In the single week in which meetings were held over one thousand signed the pledge. The village contained but twelve hundred inhabitants, and therefore some of these pledge-signers were gathered from the surrounding country, where the enthusiasm of the work had reached. Farmers from ten, fifteen, and twenty miles away came to Seward every evening, and after the close of the service, which often lasted until eleven o'clock, drove to their homes.

During the remainder of the year 1877 and all of 1878 he continued the revival work in Nebraska, except for the months of June and July of the latter year, when he travelled in Wisconsin under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars.

Throughout Nebraska, in the larger cities, in the smaller villages, and in the country hamlets, the work was uniformly successful, hundreds of the hardest drinkers signing the pledge and uniting with temperance organizations.

In this work he never followed the beaten tracks and regulation grooves. He never adopted a plan simply because that plan had some time been prospered elsewhere, or because it had been generally accepted as best. He gathered the fruits of his campaigns into Good Templar lodges, Red Ribbon clubs, Temples of Honor, or kindred societies, either of which he organized, as seemed best

adapted to meet the special requirements of the communities in which he worked.

In all the larger towns he remained about ten days or two weeks, and in the smaller villages from five to seven days.

An incident at York illustrates the absorbing interest which these meetings aroused everywhere.

The City Hall was in the second story of a large frame building. The architect and builder had not provided sufficient strength of timber to support without deflection the great weight of the throngs of people who gathered nightly. The dangerous condition of the building was freely discussed by the citizens on the streets and in their homes. But even the fears for personal safety did not deter the same throngs of listeners from assembling each evening.

At another town, in his meeting one evening the plastering on the side walls parted, indicating that the floor had settled several inches. The wild impulse to rush from the building seized the audience. Before they half realized their danger, and while most of them were yet sitting, Mr. Finch comprehended the situation, and raising his voice, called out :

“ Don’t move, as you value your lives. Sit perfectly still. Let those nearest the door leave the room first. Go one by one and step lightly.”

The order was obeyed implicitly and a serious catastrophe averted.

At North Platte, then on the far frontier, some disturbance was feared. It was a resort for "cowboys." The vast grazing regions on every side of the town were wholly unsettled except by the "ranchers" who owned or attended the large herds of cattle. North Platte was the supply depot for all the ranches within a radius of a hundred miles to the north, west, and south. On the occasions when they visited the town for the purchase of supplies or to load cattle for transportation to market, it was the nearly universal custom of the cowboys to indulge in a prolonged debauch. In these cases it was not uncommon for a band of these drunken horsemen of the plains to ride through the streets spurring their ponies to a furious run, and firing their revolvers at every living being in sight, out of doors or within. If there were no men, women, or children to be seen, the dogs, pigs, and chickens became the targets for their shots. Sometimes they rode on horseback into the saloons, and after driving the bar-tenders out, proceeded to coolly shoot the necks off all the decanters on the shelves. Nobody dared dispute the cowboys' dominion. Saloons outnumbered all legitimate business enterprises combined more than three to one. Next after the cowboy the rum-shop reigned supreme. Between these two controlling forces there was little comfort for the Christian citizen, and less hope for the radical temperance reformer.

Contrary to all expectation, Mr. Finch's meetings at North Platte were not only undisturbed, but were marked

by a degree of wild enthusiasm unequalled elsewhere. The houses were filled, and hundreds gathered around the windows, standing on boxes, barrels, and quickly constructed platforms, waving their hats and shouting their applause. Cowboys from far and near came nightly to listen, and hundreds of them left their names inscribed on the pledge roll.

From the date of this revival the moral status of North Platte has steadily improved. Though still cursed by saloon dictation in its political affairs, the old *régime* of rioting and disturbance has been succeeded by the reign of law and order.

In Omaha he commenced a series of meetings September 12th, and closed November 10th, 1878, making fifty-eight consecutive speeches. All the following week was devoted to the organization of Red Ribbon clubs and Good Templar lodges in various parts of the city, and on the next Sunday, November 17th, he delivered two addresses, making sixty in the series. The Omaha *Republican* reports one of the earlier meetings of this series :

“Last night the fifth regular temperance meeting was held in the Baptist church. The large audience-room was full. Seats were at a premium, many standing during the entire evening. Mr. Finch was in his happiest mood and delivered a telling address, which was again and again interrupted with applause. His explanation of the reasons for wearing the Red Ribbon was forcible and to the point. He said and proved by apt illustrations that every honest temperance man should wear it. First, because the saloon-keeper opposed the wearing of it.

Second, to stimulate his own zeal, and to be counted on the right side. Third, to assist the weak and trembling victim of the cup. He predicted that the saloon-keepers would soon put it on in ridicule, wear it for a time, and then, as the movement progressed, take it off and try to compel or drive others to take it off. A majority of so-called or self-styled temperance men who excuse themselves from wearing the ribbon, simply lack moral courage to wear it. The object of this movement in Omaha is to save men and prevent young men from falling. The way to save drunkards is by individual effort. This effort must be put forth by every true man and woman. This work is not Finch's work, it is the people's work, and he is here to assist them, not to have them assist him. The moral people of Omaha are responsible for the moral condition of the city. If every church and Christian in the city had always done their duty there would be no need for an extra temperance movement. The only question to be settled is simply, 'Is there a necessity for a temperance reformation in Omaha?' Every man and woman who says 'Yes' to the proposition should don the ribbon and go to work. The thing to learn at the outset is that the drunkard is a brother, and go with the spirit of love for him and pity for his condition, rather than recrimination for his errors and sins. These thoughts were illustrated in the way that Finch can alone illustrate, and the effect upon the audience was shown by the large number who went forward and enrolled themselves among the temperance ranks at the close of the meeting.

"The meeting will be held to-night at the same place, and it will be necessary for you to get there by eight o'clock if you want a seat. You can't afford to stay away."

Nowhere was the hostility of the saloons more pronounced and bitter than in Omaha. The dram-shop had too long dominated that city to relax its grip at the behest of a Red Ribbon "fanatic."

From early in the '50's Omaha had been the terminal

point of Western settlement, and the initial point of Western adventure. When the "gold fever" lured thousands of men to the trial of the unknown dangers of the lonely plains and frowning mountain-passes, in their search for sudden wealth, Omaha became one of the points of departure for the long and tedious journeys. Beyond, there were neither towns nor settlements. Long trains of white-covered wagons daily wound their way over the Omaha bluffs toward the "trail" upon the level prairies that stretched away to the westward for hundreds of miles, bare, monotonous and uninviting.

In those days Omaha was a pandemonium of evil spirits. The saloon bore regal sway. No one dared attempt its uncrowning, or to break the sceptre of its sovereignty.

While it is true that many good men made the perilous journey of the plains, a vast number of men from the worst element of human society followed the trail leading toward the land of gold. For these, Omaha furnished the last opportunity for the gratification of their lusts and passions for many weeks. Gambling, prostitution and drunkenness held high carnival day and night.

Before the visit of Mr. Finch great changes had been wrought. The country beyond had been settled by sober and industrious farmers. Legitimate trade had increased, and as the railroads reached further and further westward, much of the vicious and criminal floating population was borne beyond the boundaries of the "river city."

But while population and pursuits had rapidly changed and improved, the terrorism of the hundred and fifty rum-shops still remained. As night after night, under the magical power of Finch's eloquence, the crowds of old-time drinkers came forward and signed that strong pledge of life-long abstinence, the rage of the saloon-keepers knew no bounds. Open threats of violence were bandied on the streets. The very air seemed loaded with the menace of murder and assassination.

The few brave, loyal, and determined temperance workers armed themselves heavily and sent a detail of several armed men to accompany Mr. Finch wherever he went. At the urgent solicitation of friends, he purchased revolvers for both himself and wife, which they habitually carried.

Threatening letters came through the mail, others were delivered by messenger boys, and at different times, upon rising in the morning, they found murder-hinting missives which during the night had been placed under the door of their sleeping-room; which was on the second floor of a quiet boarding-house. These letters were evidently written with the hope that they would intimidate Mr. Finch and his friends, and prevent any further encroachments upon the domain of the drunkard-makers. Many of the missives were written in blood, with the emblems of murder and death conspicuously displayed. On one sheet found under the door, a skull and cross-bones, with a coffin had been sketched, below which was written in red characters :

“JOHN B. FINCH,
if you don't leave town in three days
THIS WILL BE YOUR FATE.”

Ruffianly men dogged his footsteps whenever he appeared on the streets, day or evening.

Through all the storm of rage his work aroused in the drinking-places Mr. Finch remained undaunted. Addison says, through one of the characters in “Cato :”

“The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.”

And Mr. Finch, conscious of the righteousness of his cause, looked to God for protection and went boldly forward.

The year 1878 was one of unremitting labor for Mr. Finch. Over forty weeks of Red Ribbon revival work in Nebraska, with scarcely a single evening for rest ; nine weeks of Good Templar “tent meetings” in Wisconsin, in many instances conducting three services daily ; visits to the sessions of Nebraska Grand Lodge in January, the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, the head of the Order throughout the world, in Minneapolis in May, and the New York Grand Lodge at Utica in August ; active participation in the deliberations and discussions of the morning, afternoon, and evening sittings of these bodies, from which he could hardly refrain ; occasional single speeches made

by special request in the cities of other States—these manifold labors were crowded into the narrow limits of a single year. In 1877, 1878, and 1879 he averaged more than one speech per day for the three years.

As might have been expected, the constant tension of mind and body in these ceaseless efforts sometimes proved too much for human endurance. At one time he fell exhausted and fainting at the close of his speech. At another time he was ill for nearly three weeks, scarcely leaving his bed during the day, and yet during this whole time, in spite of the protestations of wife and friends, he gave an address full of life and fire each evening. Few persons can realize the amount of will power and nervous energy required to perform such tasks. His indomitable zeal and intense interest in the salvation of men from the drink curse sustained him in these almost superhuman efforts.

One spring day he accompanied some friends on a horseback hunting excursion. The wild pony which he had ventured to ride became frightened at the discharge of a gun and threw him, inflicting quite severe injury. Lamé and sore from the fall, he stepped upon the platform at the hour for his evening meeting, and addressed the people as usual.

The magnitude of influence for good in any moral effort may be estimated from the degree of hostility it arouses among the vicious and immoral classes. If the Christian soldier batters down the enemy's walls of defence; if he tears from before the hosts of sin their bulwarks of deceit;

if he drives them from their positions, he will hear their curses growing louder and deeper as their defeat grows more certain.

Measured by these standards, Mr. Finch achieved marvels of success for truth and humanity. In a few cases saloon-keepers were converted in his meetings. Excepting these men, the entire liquor interest throughout the State cursed, maligned, persecuted, and hated John B. Finch. No malediction was too awful, no denunciation too bitter for their malignant tongues to utter against him. Threats of personal violence and injury were freely indulged by the degraded devotees of rum, and their interested instigators. The vilest calumnies were hatched in the saloons and peddled on the streets by conscienceless slanderers.

As the venom of the murder-mills increased, one of the beautiful compensations of God's providence gave him requital for his devotion to his work and for the bitter hostility he had aroused. A cordon of loyal, loving friends drew closer and closer round him, ready to shield him from harm. Faster than foes multiplied, the warm, true-hearted legions of friends increased. For every whisper of detraction from his enemies, they breathed upon him a benediction. Into every wound the poisoned dagger points of malice made, they poured the balm of an unwavering trust and confidence. If violence or crime raised its guilty hand to strike the leader, a friendly host stood ready to avert the blow. Seeing these ever-vigilant defenders gather, the

would-be assaulters and assassins restrained their murderous impulses, and confined their attacks to defamation and detraction of Mr. Finch, and to such abuse and injury of his friends and co-workers as they dared, openly or secretly, to inflict.

In one village the barns and an elevator belonging to a gentleman who had been prominent in the local Red Ribbon work, were fired by a drunken incendiary instigated by the saloons.

At the meeting the next evening Mr. Finch said :

“Fellow-citizens, we must go on with this work. We cannot sacrifice principle for a few barns and elevators.”

In other towns free drinks were furnished to all the drunken loafers who could be influenced to go to the meetings and create disturbances.

In one of the larger towns, where the rum-shop had ruled almost unrestrained, a hooting mob gathered about the church, hurling stones through the windows, battering the doors with heavy timbers, and greatly terrifying the people. The attack was made by the German saloon-keepers and their German allies, whose ideas of “personal liberty” embraced the notion that they had the right to sell and drink all the beer they pleased, and mob or murder any man who sought to limit such privileges.

A large number of Irishmen, many of them poor laborers, had been converted in these meetings, and were present on the night of the attack. They arose in a body at the first

warning. One brawny Hercules called out, as he made for the door :

“ Go roight an, Mester Fench, the b’ys will tind to the Dutch.”

Another zealous convert shouted :

“ If yez will say the wahrd, we’ll clane out ivery rum-hole in the town.”

With such a sturdy band of defenders the mob had not courage to contend, and scattered in every direction, no doubt filled with the idea of Goldsmith, that

“ He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.”

After this no further disturbance was attempted, though the beer barons scowled their sullen hatred and muttered curses, “ not loud, but deep.”

In sunshine and in storm ; in the face of foes most pitiless ; against opposition unscrupulous and determined ; in fields of labor that first seemed utterly hopeless ; everywhere and at all times that duty called, Mr. Finch calmly and imperturbably responded to the call, ready to do all that human heart and hand and brain could do, leaving the results with God.

Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Boston, says :

“ John B. Finch was distinguished by his cause, but his ‘ honor was not won until some honorable deed was done.’ And his deeds now honor him, but he will ‘ shine in more substantial honors,’ as time reveals the measure of influence he continues to exert. He was a young

man, but he had little of that 'fever of reason' which we call youth. He spoke the language of men. It was his manly strength and manly art which led men to love him and men to hate him.

"These three things distinguished him, as I understood him. He was devoted to his work, skilful and honorable about it, and happy in it. His devotion to the temperance reform was evident to my mind from the changes it wrought in his mind. He submitted to follow his conscience, no matter where it led him. His skill displayed itself in his statesmanship. Honorable methods were natural to him ; temptations which threatened him only exalted him. The delight which he took in his work possibly showed that he was a young man. 'Every street,' says Bulwer-Lytton, 'has two sides : the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side ; he will be the younger man of the two.' Mr. Finch walked in the sun."

While the press was nowhere very heartily sympathetic with his work, the daily newspaper reports of its progress show some of its interesting features.

The Falls City *Globe and Journal* comments on the conversion of a saloon-keeper :

"Wes. Ralston, proprietor of the Senate Saloon up to the hour of its death, donned the Red Ribbon on Thursday, and signed the pledge of the Red Ribbon Club, which reads as follows : 'I, the undersigned, for my own good, and for the good of others, promise, God helping me, never to use, sell, or cause to be furnished to others as a beverage, any spirituous or malt liquors, wine, or cider.'

"There can be no doubt but that the coming of Mr. Finch has done our city great good, and the movement that his work among us has started will not likely cease until much or quite all of the evil that intemperance has already caused and is yet causing in our beautiful and

growing city is entirely removed, and the sources of it uprooted and destroyed. Larger audiences than ever before gathered upon any occasion in this city crowded the Methodist Episcopal Church for the first two or three evenings of the course, until it became necessary to exchange the church for the court-room in order to accommodate the vast throngs that nightly gathered to hear the famous eloquent lecturer. There could not have been less than twelve hundred present at the lecture on last Sabbath evening ; they filled the court-room to overflowing, crowding its aisles and packing its seats until every mite of space that could possibly be utilized, either for sitting or standing, was taken up."

One of the chief aims which Mr. Finch sought in all his work was permanence. He determined to guard against reaction by every wise precaution that could be adopted. He always urged the importance of the continuous moral and intellectual development of reformed men, and the necessity of providing rooms where they could meet together every day, or at any interval of leisure, and find pure and ennobling associations and surroundings. The *York Republican* mentions some of this practical work :

"The great event of the week and of the season has been Mr. Finch's lectures. The largest hopes and expectations of the temperance people have been more than realized. Audiences of four to seven hundred crowded the City Hall every night, and were held in the most wrapt attention to the very end. In fact, the interest increased from the very first meeting. People from all parts of the country were in attendance, and the hall, 50x60, was packed till there wasn't standing room, and many had to go away.

"The results are most satisfactory. Eight hundred and sixty-six persons took the pledge and donned the Red Ribbon, and have gone to work

in dead earnest to get their friends to go with them. Last night three-dollar shares, to the extent of nearly four hundred dollars, were sold for a library and reading-room, to be established in York, free to all, under the auspices of the Red Ribbon men. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good done."

The *Nebraska Herald* reports the library enterprise inaugurated in Plattsmouth :

"Mr. Finch, the great temperance Red Ribbon man, closed his labors here on Sunday evening last by talking to an audience which packed Fitzgerald Hall full. No more can it be said that only nigger minstrels or a school exhibition can induce Plattsmouth to turn out in force. A pale, overworked temperance lecturer brought them all out, old and young. That's saying a good deal for Mr. Finch.

"Further, over six hundred and eighty-six persons have taken the Red Ribbon and signed a pledge to abstain from all alcoholic drink as a beverage, and \$384.53 in cash was raised, which, after paying the expenses, leaves two hundred dollars for the purchase of a library and the establishment of a reading-room."

The Red Ribbon library and reading-room found a warm advocate in Mr. Finch. In Beatrice, Crete, Sutton, Hastings, and other cities money was raised in his meetings to put in operation these beneficent institutions in their communities. The *Saline County Union* said of the work in Crete :

"Mr. Finch closed up his work here on Tuesday night. He spoke four nights in the church and seven at the Opera House besides Sunday afternoon, making twelve able and exhaustive lectures on the various points that came up.

"The work closed with the organization of the Crete Red Ribbon Club, with a library and reading-room in connection.

“Mr. Finch’s lectures have been practical and convincing throughout. At length a prophet has arisen in the temperance agitation who has found the true way to handle it. His arguments are *facts*, not personalities ; his appeals are to the fitness of things, not to men’s passions. The end is that, while coals of fire are heaped upon some heads, it is not the speaker, but the facts that do it. And facts are stubborn things to combat.”

During the first three years of Mr. Finch’s temperance work Mrs. Finch constantly accompanied him, assisting in all his meetings by recitations and select readings, which were always highly appreciated and commended. She often relieved her husband by conducting the morning prayer-meetings which he always inaugurated in connection with his Red Ribbon work. The effort was made to bring the pledged men to understand that there is an Arm stronger than human on which they might lean for help in every hour of weakness, a Saviour who helps when earthly aid is refused.

Mr. Finch’s great success in pledging men and in keeping them loyal to their obligations may be attributed to his teaching them the measure of their own weakness, and the imperative need of Divine guidance and strength to sustain them in their hours of temptation.

Dr. S. H. King, of Lincoln, Neb., one of the most prominent co-workers with Mr. Finch, thus summarizes his Red Ribbon work :

“The earlier labors of John B. Finch in the Red Ribbon movement in Nebraska and adjoining States were unprecedented in the accomplish-

ment of permanent good for temperance, and ultimately Prohibition. His work in this line, inaugurated and carried forward in this State, though it has been largely superseded by the organization of Prohibition clubs, was the school in which not only the individuals composing the Prohibition Party of to-day, but also that larger element which favors the principle, but still clings to the old parties, were educated up to an honest conviction of Prohibition as a policy for the best interests of the State.

“ While Mr. Finch never omitted any of the essentials comprising the Christian’s duty and the obligations due from man to God, his efforts partook more of that practical form—his duty to his fellow-man, his duty to State and nation, performed with a view of bringing the greatest good to the greatest number.

“ His success in leading men to reform lay in his graphic and forcible manner of presenting the various evils growing out of the use of intoxicants, the effects upon the individual physically, socially, and morally ; and as the individual is the unit of society, its evil effects must be shared by the whole people, the innocent suffering with the guilty. So that when men were led to see that to abandon the use of intoxicants was the best course for them as individuals, they were at the same time convinced that such a policy was best for the State.

“ Coming to Nebraska at a time when her people were lethargic on the subject of temperance, when every town and hamlet was cursed with dram-shops under the license system, the abundant fruits of his labor in the Red Ribbon work were the subject of remark and astonishment to even the most zealous and hopeful.

“ His first engagement at Lincoln, the capital city, was for seven nights.

“ Many wondered what any speaker could find to say on this one theme for seven consecutive lectures that would interest the same people. The seven lectures were delivered, the interest increasing until no audience-room in the city was large enough to seat those who came to hear. At the close of the first week, arrangements were made to continue the

meetings for another week, and before that ended the interest had so increased, and signers to the pledge were so numerous, that the meetings were continued during the third week. The twenty-first or last lecture of that series was delivered on Sunday evening at the Opera House, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, hundreds being turned away unable to gain admittance. This illustrates the inexhaustible fund of information, the unlimited scope and variety of his arguments, and the boundless resources at his command as a public speaker.

“He delivered upon the platform to Lincoln audiences in all ninety-one addresses. The last of these was on the evening of November 1st, 1886, the night preceding the State election. The Republicans held their final rally at the Opera House the same hour. Their meeting was preceded by a street parade—torch-light procession headed by a band of music to enthuse the masses and draw the crowd. They also engaged the heaviest orator of their party in the State, at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars.

“After all this effort their audience numbered less than five hundred, while the attendance at Finch’s lecture was two thousand. Such was the high estimation in which the speaker was held by the citizens in the town where he resided eight years.

“The political results of this movement are beyond computation ; some, however, are visible. The Nebraska Legislature of 1881 came within one vote of submitting to the people a prohibitory constitutional amendment, which measure cost the liquor ring much alarm and many thousand dollars to accomplish its defeat. The same Legislature enacted the present high-license law, which was then regarded as a long stride and a great victory for temperance.

“Mr. Finch’s labors during his residence in Nebraska may be said to be national, for they were confined to no one State for any long period. Kansas and Iowa were, however, large recipients of his labor.

“How much the former is indebted to him for constitutional Prohibition and the latter for her prohibitory statute can never be estimated.”

CHAPTER V.

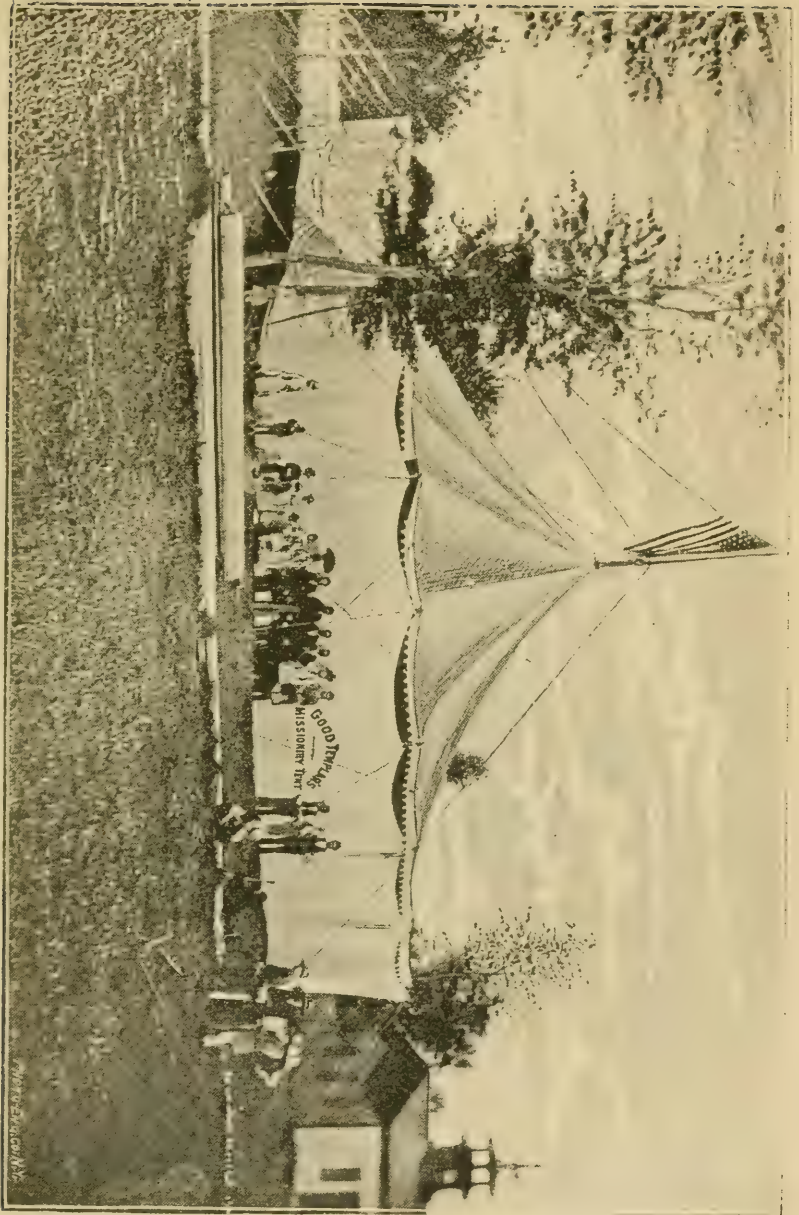
THE GOOD TEMPLAR MISSIONARY TENT.

"I am proud of the Order of which I am a member. Looking at its battle-scarred flag, and back over the long and glorious route it has travelled, I see hope for the future. I see the time coming when our organizations, our forces, shall stand together on the heights of victory and shout over the redemption of the land from the dread curse of intemperance. And when that day shall come, and drunkenness and misery and outlawry shall cease ; when happy homes and happy wives and children shall no longer fear the encroachments of this terrible curse—then, Brother and Sister Good Templar, take our flag, the flag of Good Templary, with its motto of faith, hope, and charity, and furl it, and lay it away, honored and revered, to be kept with holy things."—*From a speech by JOHN B. FINCH AT DECATUR, ILL., March 31st, 1882.*

In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

Whittier.

THE Grand Lodge of Wisconsin has long been known and recognized as among the most active and aggressive of Good Templar jurisdictions. Its leaders have been



GOOD TEMPLAR MISSIONARY TENT.

talented, earnest, and conscientious men, ever watchful and prompt in attention to its interests.

The Grand Lodge executive determined to carry on a vigorous summer campaign in 1878. They purchased a large tent of sufficient capacity to seat more than one thousand people. A strong man was employed to take charge of the canvas and see that it was properly raised and the seats arranged under it, and after the close of each series of meetings, that it was packed and shipped to the next point where it was to be used.

The services of Mr. Finch were secured for the months of June and July. Two days were devoted to the work in each locality visited. In special cases one or two extra days were given.

Three services were held in the tent each day, Mr. Finch being always present at each, and delivering addresses in the afternoon and evening.

Wisconsin has a large German population, some counties being almost entirely occupied by that race. Very little had ever been accomplished in the direction of securing their attention to the subject of temperance. The beer saloon flourished everywhere among them, practically unrestrained and unassailed.

In the cities along the rivers, where spring freshets bring the "log drives" from the timber regions, a motley crowd gathers to work in the mills. Every nationality is represented by its worst specimens of character. Perhaps in no

part of the world is the brutalizing effects of beer drinking more marked than in the lumber towns and mill cities of the pineries.

When spring opens and the lumber camps are abandoned till the next winter, the vicious current of life in the saw-mill towns is re-enforced by accessions from the "woods," of men whose rude life, far away from the restraints of social order, has fitted them for any disorderly deeds their drink-maddened minds may plan. Most of these men find employment in the mills, which run to their fullest capacity through the summer months. During work hours they are at their places, but

"When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

The large numbers of these half-savage men, banded together by the mystic ties of long association, educated in the dram-shop schools of crime, with brains steeped in liquor, and every moral sense stupefied by their continuous potations, make them a dangerous class in any city. The timidity or complicity of the official guardians of the law often enables these depredators to escape punishment for acts the most outrageous, indecent and criminal. It is not uncommonly remarked that the mill-hands "run the town."

Later years have shown marked progress in moral development and regard for law in many of the cities where Mr. Finch found the lawless elements in undisturbed possession

and in the zenith of their power. German saloon-keepers and German brewers furnished the necessary stimulus to inflame bad passions and incite their victims to open acts of violence and often to bloodshed.

The advent of Mr. Finch into cities where the dram-shop sovereignty seemed secure aroused the fierce wrath of these envoys of Moloch. They scowled their hate as he passed them on the street, and threatened personal violence.

The Templar tent, with its flag floating before their eyes, was a daily rebuke that stung them almost to madness, and the brave, strong words of Mr. Finch, with his keen dissection of the liquor crime, his unanswerable arguments for abstinence, and his statesman-like plea for prohibition filled them with ungovernable rage.

The liquor men did not always confine themselves to invective. Juvenal says, "There is great unanimity among the dissolute." (*Magna inter molles concordia.*) It seemed to be the determination of the saloon sympathizers in every town to inflict serious injury on the people gathered in the tent. In spite of the watchfulness of the guards, which it was found necessary to station on the outside, the stay-ropes of the great tent were repeatedly cut, and almost superhuman exertions were sometimes required to prevent the huge canvas from falling and crushing or mangling scores of people under the heavy centre pole. In the providence of God no such calamity was permitted, but the pitiless rage of the rum-sellers and their

besotted minions, who could coolly plot a wholesale slaughter was manifest to all the people, and sank the liquor business lower in their estimation.

Drunken men often disturbed the evening meetings, their persistency and sometimes their unguarded expressions betraying the instigators who had plied them with liquor and hired them to perform the shameless service.

Mrs. Finch usually gave one or two temperance recitations at each meeting. One night she recited the old poem, "I've Drank My Last Glass," and was interrupted by an intoxicated man, who muttered a vulgar oath and yelled, "I no drink my last glass." Quick as a flash the husband sprang to his feet and stood beside his wife. His eyes blazed with indignation, and it was fortunate for the drunken wretch that he was beyond Mr. Finch's reach in the dense crowd. Although there were many emissaries from the saloons in the tent, and all of them were bent on mischief, Mr. Finch demanded :

"Some of you men who can reach him roll that beer-cask outside before we proceed. I will do it, if necessary."

A muscular friend of good order obeyed the command, and no further disturbance occurred that evening, though many expected the stinging rebuke from Mr. Finch would be the signal for a general onslaught by the liquor forces.

The result of the two months' work was a large gain in Good Templar membership and in the public esteem in which the Order was held. The memory of the tent and

its great gatherings of absorbed listeners, and the many conversions to virtue and sobriety made in the meetings, lingers yet among the people.

The Good Templar tent campaign of 1878 was so successful and produced such good and lasting results that the Grand Lodge executive determined to conduct a similar series of meetings in the summer of 1879. Mr. Finch and Colonel John Sobieski were employed, and in company they visited a large number of towns. The bitterness manifested by the liquor people the preceding year seemed to have grown intenser. Threats of violence were louder and more open, but none of them were executed.

In one village in the lumber district the meetings opened with a speech from Colonel Sobieski in the afternoon and from Mr. Finch at night. The Brewers' Congress had held its session in Philadelphia a few weeks before, and Mr. Finch spoke of it as the beer brewers' big drunk, adding :

"I say *drunk* because they never adjourn without a beer-and-brandy, wine-and-punch banquet, at which most of their members get 'boozy.' "

"You voz von ——— liar !" called a voice from the audience ; "if you don'd shut ub, I lick ——— out of you."

Colonel Sobieski was presiding. He rose and said firmly :

"You must not interrupt the speaker."

"He mustn't lie, den," answered the disturber.

"Silence, sir !" thundered Sobieski, who had now located

the man, "and take that cigar out of your mouth or leave the tent."

The man, who proved to be the proprietor of one of the breweries in the village, muttered a low curse and became silent. It was ascertained afterward that he was not a naturalized citizen. Although not then aware of this fact, Mr. Finch, in resuming his speech, commented severely upon the foreigner who comes to this country to escape from the despotisms of Europe, and forthwith seeks to set up a despotism of drunkard-makers, before he has become a citizen of the commonwealth that offers him a refuge and protection.

"How contemptible," said Mr. Finch, "is the poor wretch whose lips have always been sealed by the iron hand of an emperor when he attempts to silence free speech in America! Coming from a country where he had nothing and could get nothing, he finds here not only an asylum from oppression, but a generous nation offering him her choicest gifts, if he will reach forth the hand of honest industry to grasp them. How mean the man who receives so much and returns so little, who seeks to set Gambrinus on a beer-keg throne, and compel American freemen to bow to his drunken majesty's imperious mandates!"

The next day a drunken priest had an attack of *delirium tremens*, and ran through the streets yelling like a demon. In commenting on the events of the day, as was always Mr.

Finch's custom, he alluded to the horrible spectacle of a drink-crazed priest, and said :

“ He professed to be a minister of religion, but as he ran along the street he looked more like a barrel of swill.”

After this the liquor men and some of the priest's followers openly proclaimed their intention to mob the tent and drive the speakers away. Hearing this, Mr. Finch arranged that Sobieski, himself, and the tent manager should walk the entire length of the town every morning, going up on one side of the street and returning on the other, thus passing before the doors of each one of the seventy saloons. They were never molested in these morning strolls, although a frowning, low-browed, bleary-faced crowd of men was often found on some street corner near a saloon.

Twenty-four hours after the tent was packed and shipped and the speakers had departed the brave (?) defenders of the dram-shops were heard and seen blustering about town with guns on their shoulders and big revolvers in their belts, hunting for “ Finch and Sobieski !”

In Oconto two of the saloon-keepers were members of the City Council, and very influential in that body. The presence of the tent in town, and Mr. Finch's lectures made them furious. While they made no violent demonstration, as they repeatedly threatened, they levelled at him a vindictive resolution which one of the saloon-keepers introduced and the City Council obsequiously passed. Full of

bitterness and bad grammar, it fell harmless upon its intended victim, and made its originator a butt of ridicule even among his patrons and boon companions.

The Oconto *Reporter* of August 16th published the resolution under the following derisive head-lines :

“ ’TIS DONE !

THE RESOLUTIONER HAS RESOLUTIONIZED !

THE NORTH WARD REPRESENTATIVE IMMORTALIZED !

GROWLER GROWLS A GROWL THUSLY !

“ *Resolved*, That the Common Council, irrespective of nationality, creed or station in life, hail temperance in all its ramifications as a harbinger of peace, prosperity, and happiness, to the human race, (nevertheless) said Council shrinks not from denouncing as a fraud, a cheat and hypocrite, that arab itinerant Tramp and carpet bagger ! whom invade our peaceable city on a day of last week, dubbed with the garb of sanctity and temperance that he might the better disseminate the seeds of discord and sectarian animosity among law-abiding citizens ; whom know they are right and bound to go ahead, the language of the Tramp to the contrary,

Notwithstanding !

(*Signed*)

JAS DONLEVY.”

This ridiculous display of spite aroused the indignation of the citizens and served to emphasize Mr. Finch’s decla-

rations and keep them in the memory of the public. Under the lash of popular condemnation the sycophantic Council beat a hasty retreat, repealing the resolution at the next meeting after its adoption.

At New Lisbon a saloon-keeper named Wright was a leading politician and a great favorite among the drinking boys and men of the town. He was a large man, broad-shouldered and brawny-fisted, with a reputation among "the boys" of being a dangerous man when aroused, a terrible fighter who always whipped or killed "his man."

Wright reported, though he afterward denied it, that Colonel Sobieski came into his saloon, after speaking on temperance in the church on Sunday evening, and treated the crowd assembled there. Mr. Finch was at the tent when some of the young men brought him the report. He emphatically declared, "It is a saloon lie, and you may tell Wright that I say so."

The young men protested against the bold declaration, because they feared Wright would be desperate, no one in the town ever having dared to contradict him. Mr. Finch laughingly answered :

"Where does this valiant drunkard-maker bury his dead?"

A violent rain-storm compelled the people to abandon the tent that evening and to hold the service in the church. Mr. Finch was the speaker, and denounced in unmeasured terms the cowardly slanders promulgated by the saloon-

keeper. Colonel Sobieski had already, in the afternoon meeting, made an unqualified and emphatic denial of the story. After the evening audience was dismissed some friend hurried forward, and in a whisper informed the speakers that Wright was waiting for them outside the church door. Mr. Finch only laughed, and taking the arm of Colonel Sobieski, followed their host to his home. As the family sat chatting with their guests a knock was heard at the door, and saloon-keeper Wright appeared on the threshold. Catching sight of Mr. Finch he angrily exclaimed :

“ What made you say I kept a low, dirty saloon, where a decent hog would die of cholera in three minutes ?”

Colonel Sobieski stepped promptly forward, and calmly replied :

“ Mr. Wright, Finch didn't say that ; I said it.”

“ You, Finch, what do you mean by attacking me in public ?” roared Wright, paying no attention to the colonel's remark.

By this time Sobieski's indignation at the man who had so wantonly and falsely accused him burst forth.

“ You charged me with having treated a crowd in your saloon Sunday night. You knew it was false, and I publicly declared it false. You can quarrel with me, for I have denounced you as an infamous liar and the keeper of a low, vile doggery not fit for a hog to die in.”

Wright met this attack with unexpected coolness. His

anger was all against Mr. Finch. He replied to Sobieski :

“ I didn’t say *you* treated in my saloon.”

“ What did you say ?” asked the colonel.

“ I said that a certain temperance man in this town came into my saloon and treated the crowd.”

“ You said that ?” exclaimed Mr. Finch, now for the first time taking part in the conversation.

“ Yes,” answered Wright.

“ Well,” said Finch, “ a man who will take another man’s money and then say that about him behind his back is a disreputable scoundrel. Sobieski didn’t say that ; I SAY IT.”

Wright clenched his fist and hissed between his set teeth, “ Mr. Finch, you would not say that out in the street.”

Mr. Finch laughingly replied, “ Oh, yes, I would. It is a failing of the Finches that they say the same things out on the street that they do in the house.”

“ All right, I’ll meet you to-morrow on the street.”

The Honorable Senator who had offered his hospitalities to the temperance workers now sternly addressed the angry rum-seller :

“ Do you dare to come into my home and insult my guests ?”

“ I beg your pardon,” said Wright, turning to go, adding sneeringly as he looked at Mr. Finch, “ I suppose I’ll see you.”

“ Oh, yes,” was the indifferent reply ; “ I’ll be around where you can easily find me.”

The next morning friends were earnest in urging the lecturers to avoid being seen on the street, but they did not heed the advice. They first drove to the post-office, then up and down the various streets of the town, then to the grounds where the tent was being packed for shipment, and back through the principal streets.

A crowd of roughs occupied the sidewalk in front of Wright’s saloon.

“ Let us drive very slowly,” said Mr. Finch as they passed the place. They drew rein, stood still a minute or two looking at the sullen assemblage, and then drove on.

No demonstration having been made when the opportunity was offered, it was suggested that the saloon men were waiting till the hour of departure to attack Mr. Finch and Colonel Sobieski at the depot, which was outside the corporation limits, and therefore beyond police surveillance. Whether or not this was their intention, the plan was never executed. Wright and a few of his cronies were upon the platform, but said nothing and made no attempt at assault.

An amusing result of this whole controversy transpired soon after. Wright’s great reputation as a fighter and dangerous man, of which he had been so proud, was forever lost. The little boys on the street laughed at him, and the stories of his prowess, which before had been heard by his associates with a respect akin to awe, were now

openly ridiculed. He could not endure constant derision, and therefore sold his New Lisbon saloon and moved to the northern part of the State, where he opened a small hotel.

More than a year afterward Colonel Sobieski was traveling in North Wisconsin and stopped one night at Wright's hotel, not knowing that the proprietor was the old New Lisbon saloon-keeper. Wright recognized him and made himself known, saying :

“ I came very near licking that fellow (Mr. Finch) who was with you at New Lisbon.”

“ You did ?” asked Sobieski solemnly.

“ Yes,” answered Wright ; “ the only reason I didn't was because I had a great many friends among the temperance men in that town.”

In the great beer city of Milwaukee the tent was pitched on the lake shore near the Northwestern Railway station. The location afforded an opportunity for the thugs, that always infest a large city, to readily escape after an attack, which they threatened.

A State Senator, elected from Milwaukee, a prominent member of one of the city churches, had used all his influence at the session of the Legislature the previous winter, to defeat the submission to a popular vote of a prohibitory constitutional amendment. In a speech in the Senate he attacked the principle of prohibition from the standpoint of a Christian and a temperance man, to which names he persistently professed to be entitled. A few timid temperance

men begged Mr. Finch not to criticise the action of the Senator for fear of rousing his friends to seek some terrible revenge. Mr. Finch answered :

“ I am here to express my honest convictions. If I do less I am not worthy of the respect of any honest man. I believe the liquor traffic is wrong and ought to be prohibited, and that the man who, in the name of temperance and Christianity, opposes the suppression of the drunkard-mills, is ‘ stealing the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in.’ ”

Selecting an evening when the tent was filled to overflowing he showed, by most convincing argument, the inconsistency and dishonesty of a member of the Legislature who professed to be a temperance man and a Christian, and yet opposed the submission of an amendment allowing the whole of the voting population of a State to settle the liquor question by the peaceable arbitrament of the ballot.

The keen, incisive logic and the scathing rebuke to hypocrisy, stung the Senator and his saloon friends almost to madness. The liquor men organized to mob Mr. Finch and destroy the tent, and would have accomplished their purpose had not the authorities detailed a strong police guard to preserve order and protect life. With his usual fearlessness Mr. Finch declared that a guard was not needed, but the chief of police insisted upon sending them, and by that act no doubt prevented murder.

At Mineral Point the arrangements of details for the

tent meetings were carefully made by Phil Allen, Grand Chief Templar, under whose direction the entire campaign was conducted. A written permit was obtained from the mayor to erect the tent on grounds belonging to the city.

From the morning when the meetings opened great enthusiasm and excitement prevailed. To the saloon-keepers it was "wormwood and gall" to see the people so stirred by moral influences and so thoroughly awakened to the demands of duty.

A German named Schilling was the proprietor of a hotel and saloon in the city. One afternoon an idler at his bar asked him :

"Won't Finch and Sobieski bust your business if they keep on getting signers to the pledge?"

"—— them !" was the answer, "they are vorking for money, choost as I sell viskey for money."

The words were repeated on the street, and came to the ear of Mr. Finch just before he stepped upon the platform for his evening address. Little did Schilling expect that his sneering words in the afternoon were to be made the text of the evening discourse. Mr. Finch commenced his address by saying :

"Mr. Schilling, the saloon-keeper, says we are working for money, just as he is selling whiskey for money. If you pay money to Mr. Sobieski and to me for work that we do, you have a right to inquire what will be the effect upon society of the work for which you pay. If men pay money to Mr. Schilling for the work he does, they have also the right to ask how his work affects the people. If our work produces

the same effects as his, we shall all deserve the same measure of praise or blame. If his work produces good results and ours evil, then he is justly entitled to the money he receives, and we are defrauding the people out of every dollar they pay to us. But if our work brightens the home, purifies the life, and lifts sinning souls from their shame into the peace of God's approving smile, then we honestly earn our compensation. And if, for the money paid Mr. Schilling, he scatters blight for the home, fills human lives with vice and crime, and sends souls to a drunkard's hell, then he no more earns his money than does the highway robber and the midnight assassin."

Then followed a word-painting in Mr. Finch's matchless style ; a young man was pictured, the bloom of health upon his cheek, the fire of noble ambition in his eye, his soul pure and unstained by evil. From the fairest home in the city he takes the dearest daughter for a wife. He builds a cottage and crowns her queen of love's new empire. Years pass ; baby footsteps patter on the floor, and to the honored word, husband, he adds the sacred name, father. Love and peace have their abode in that happy household, and no shadow of coming sorrow falls across its threshold. One day a companion invites the young husband and father to drink at Mr. Schilling's bar. He goes there more and more frequently. Mr. Schilling gets the money that formerly went to beautify the home, where the neglected wife now fights a brave battle with despair. Bitter tears wash the roses from her cheeks, gaunt poverty looks through the broken window-pane, and hunger sits an uninvited guest at the table where generous plenty once heaped

her stores. A bloated-faced, bleary-eyed man clad in tattered garments reels through the broken gateway and opens the door. He heaps curses upon the woman who has loved him tenderly and loyally, and tells her that the cottage is no longer theirs, and that a comfortless cabin in the outskirts of the city must henceforth be their home. The cottage has been emptied of its adornments long ago, and they have filtered through the pawn-shop into Mr. Schilling's till, and now the cottage itself goes with the rest.

"Tell me," demanded Mr. Finch, "what has this public plunderer given to the man and his wife and his child for the treasures of which he has robbed them?"

Then he portrayed the man signing the pledge, returning home sober, regaining his lost character, buying back his bartered home, restoring its forfeited treasures, bringing the roses of joy to the wasted cheeks of the wife, and the smiles of returning hope to her eyes as she looks on husband and child frolicking together in happy forgetfulness of the days of desolation.

"If all men work for money," continued Mr. Finch, "which man honestly earns his wages—he who makes lives purer, or he who makes men baser? he who makes the home bright with happiness and comfort, or he who darkens it with wretchedness and want? he who lifts man into a heaven of peace, or he who drags him down into a hell of passion and sin?"

The fiery eloquence, the vivid description, the home

application, the sharp contrasts, the intense earnestness of the speaker, carried the audience by storm.

Many saloon men were present at the meeting, but for once they were unable to stem the tide of adverse sentiment that set in against them. They left the grounds gnashing their teeth and vowing vengeance, but scarcely knowing how they were to strike down their brave and determined foes.

Gathering in the saloons, they hatched a plan which they agreed to put into execution on the morrow, and from which they expected great success.

The mayor was absent from the city on the day the tent was set up and for several days thereafter. Unaware of the fact that he had granted a permit to the temperance people for the use of the city grounds, the liquor men had determined to have them ejected by legal process. Applying to the city attorney for aid in carrying out this plan, they were much chagrined to learn that under the laws of Wisconsin it might consume six months to complete an ejectment process. Failing in this direction, they made preparations to put up a bar on the grounds, and proclaimed their intention to sell beer in the evening close beside the tent, threatening Mr. Finch with assassination if he dared to interfere. When informed of their intention Mr. Finch quietly remarked :

“ There will be no beer-selling on the grounds.”

During the afternoon several empty barrels and some

planks were taken to the grounds and set up within a few feet of the entrance to the tent. Colonel Sobieski arrived before the people had begun to assemble and saw the preparations for beer-selling. He had just pulled down the planks and kicked over the barrels when a drayman drove up with a load of beer.

“What are you going to do with that beer?” he demanded.

“I was ordered to leave it here,” the driver responded.

“You must not unload it here.”

“I don’t dare haul it back.”

“Dump it in the road, then.”

“No, I am a-goin’ to leave it here as I was paid to.”

“If you unload one keg here I will have you arrested in less than half an hour.”

“Well, I don’t want to git into any trouble ; I’ll just drive back.”

As the people gathered for the evening service there was a general feeling of uneasiness concerning the next move of the liquor men, many of whom were inside the tent and many more gathered on the outside. From city and country throngs of listeners came, filling every seat and aisle, and, after the sides of the tent were lifted, crowding around the outside as far as the eye could penetrate the darkness.

Mr. Finch gave the address. He summed up the wrongs and injuries of the liquor traffic, and in the very faces of men who had sworn they would kill him, he hurled his de-

nunciations of their destructive and crime-breeding business. Coming to the place that night with assassination written in their hearts and hate gleaming in their eyes, they stood for two hours, speechless and motionless, listening to the man they hated and hoped to destroy as he unfolded the horrible story of their crimes. Bravely, unhesitatingly the young orator plunged the sharp scalpel of investigation into the quivering consciences of his would-be murderers, and held up to public scorn and execration their evil purposes and lawless aims.

This boldness utterly paralyzed the men who sought his life. Sullenly and silently they marched away with the quiet citizens when the meeting closed.

But the brewer of the city was determined that the impetus to crime should not be wanting. As soon as he learned that the drayman had not been permitted to leave the first load of beer at the tent, he sent two wagon loads to an open lot on the opposite side of the street to be dealt out in free drinks.

A disorderly mob already surrounded the beer-kegs when the evening exercises closed. It was augmented by the accession of all the desperate characters who had lurked around the tent. Oaths, threats, and foul language filled the air and "rendered night hideous."

One of the local temperance leaders, who learned that the mayor had returned late in the evening, hastened to his home to inform him of the disorder and the impending

peril. Although not a man recognized as specially friendly to temperance, the mayor arose, and dressing quickly, went out and found two constables, and with them hurried to the scene of disturbance and at once dispersed the crowd and averted the danger that threatened from an infuriated mob maddened by unlimited potations of beer.

The entire tent campaign was more or less fraught with peril, but Mr. Finch gave no indication at any time that he recognized a danger. He never swerved a hair's-breadth from a plan he had made or a path he had chosen because of threats or opposition.

“ Dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true ;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.”

Colonel Sobieski, who saw much of him and knew him intimately, pays this beautiful tribute to his great genius :

“ Taking him all in all, he was the greatest man of our reform. He was our Paul, for in his masterly work, ‘ The People *vs.* the Liquor Traffic,’ he laid down the principles on which we must fight our battles and win our victories. He was our Luther, for he stood in his old party protesting against the spirit that ruled it, and when protestation failed, he led the new and better party. He was our Wesley, for by his eloquence, indomitable spirit and organizing power, he fixed our party on such firm foundation that our future success is assured. He was our Bayard, fearless and reproachless.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE INCEPTION OF HIGH LICENSE.

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
Shakespeare.

ONE of the results of the great Lincoln revival which Mr. Finch so successfully conducted in 1877 was the setting in motion of a plan of regulation for the liquor traffic which never received his approbation, although for several years he used his best endeavors to secure from its adoption the benefits which its friends claimed would certainly follow.

Like many other communities, Lincoln contained a large number of people who could not be moved by any moral upheaval of society. Their archetypes, the Scribes and Pharisees, wrapped in their pretentious robes of self-satisfaction, cavilled and questioned, but would not gather with the multitude to see the Master's matchless miracles. But even this querulous, unconverted host had felt from afar some influence of that fiery enthusiasm which stirred the moral life of the city, and led many a vice-tainted spirit out into the morning light of Divine forgiveness. The

opposers of radical temperance reform saw that more rigid repression of dram-shop evils would be demanded by the newly aroused public sentiment. They feared that a demand would be made for the entire suppression of the saloon business. Had such a demand been urged by the united influence of the Church and the temperance forces, at once and persistently, the city might have been forever freed from the contaminations of the dram-shop. But while the liquor power had been seriously shaken, and waited results with anxious expectancy, the temperance element was not yet ready to take full advantage of the great moral victory already won. These conditions were favorable to compromise, and the city ordinance requiring the payment of a fee of \$1000 for a saloon license was the result.

While Mr. Finch and his most earnest co-workers were never satisfied with high license nor willing to accept it as an ultimate end, they were led to hope that the rigid enforcement of such an ordinance would secure to society temporary relief from some of the more grievous burdens of the dram-shop system. They therefore interposed no objection to the scheme, but rather aided to secure a rigid enforcement of its provisions. That they were greatly mistaken in their conception of the near and the remote consequences resulting from the operation of this policy many of its original friends have since confessed, Mr. Finch often and publicly declaring that his work for the passage

of the high-license law was the most serious blunder of his life.

That his ultimate aim and hope was always the entire overthrow of the liquor power was made plain in every speech. The Good Templar Lodge of Lincoln adopted the following resolutions at their next session after the close of the revival meetings of 1877 :

“ Resolved, That as temperance workers, we tender our heartiest thanks to Hon. John B. Finch for the faithful, able, and successful service he has rendered our cause in this city.

“ Resolved, That we gladly recognize and earnestly commend Mr. Finch’s UNCOMPROMISING DEVOTION TO THE DOCTRINE OF PROHIBITION, AND THAT WE HEREBY GIVE OUR UNITED TESTIMONY TO THE FIDELITY AND ABILITY WITH WHICH HE HAS SET FORTH AND DEFENDED THE POLICY OF PROHIBITORY LEGISLATION.”

“ Resolved, That our sympathies and earnest prayers shall follow him and his estimable companion as they go from us to labor in other localities in our State, and that, hailing them as true representatives of our noble Order, and advocates together of the grandest cause that ever enlisted human heart or tongue, we shall ever commend them to Him who is pledged to care for His children and who will infinitely recompense all their faithful labors.”

In the year 1879, Mr. Slocumb, a representative in the Lower House of the Nebraska Legislature, introduced a bill embodying the principal features of the Lincoln high-license city ordinance, and extending its application to the entire State. In this bill the license fee for cities of over ten thousand inhabitants was fixed at a minimum of \$1000, while the minimum fee required for all other cities was

placed at \$500. County commissioners, by resolution, or municipal councils, by ordinance, were permitted to establish *higher* rates for licenses, but must not reduce the fees below the sum named in the State law. The other provisions of the bill introduced by Mr. Slocumb were similar to regulations prescribed in the license statutes of most of the other States.

In the legislative session of 1879, very little attention was given this bill. It was looked upon by some members as a huge joke, by others as the scheme of a visionary, and by the entire body as an impracticable measure.

The same year, the Kansas Legislature submitted a prohibitory constitutional amendment, the first ever put before the people of a whole State, for adoption. The absorbing campaign for the adoption of "the amendment" in Kansas aroused the temperance forces of the whole nation, and they watched the contest with intense interest.

Nebraska, so close upon the borders of this moral battleground, felt the thrill of enthusiasm animating the earnest souls in the sister State. After the adoption of the Kansas amendment by a vote of the people at the November election in 1880, Mr. Finch, who at the January session of the Grand Lodge had been elected the official head of the Good Templar Order in Nebraska, gave his whole time, and used the entire machinery of the Order to secure the submission of a similar amendment in his own State. In this work the

Christian ministers and churches and all the temperance societies were heartily enlisted.

During the two months intervening between the State election and the meeting of the Legislature, he was constantly engaged in public meetings, lecturing but one evening in each town, and everywhere urging the importance of the amendment and the necessity of active and vigilant effort in its behalf. To those portions of the State which he could not reach, he wrote hundreds of letters to the workers explaining the work demanded of them and pleading for prompt action.

Before the session convened, he had arranged to have scores of letters, written by influential constituents, sent to each member-elect of the Legislature. These letters demanded the submission of the amendment. Petitions signed by thousands of citizens were sent in, to be presented to the Solons at the proper time.

When the Legislature met, Mr. Finch called the most influential temperance men in the State to the capital, rented rooms for headquarters of all workers, and maintained constant communication with the members of the House of Representatives and Senate who were most favorably disposed toward the amendment bill.

The Grand Lodge met during the first week of the legislative session. Mr. Finch had used every effort to make this the largest, as he felt it was the most important, gathering of Good Templars ever convened in the State. The

sanguine enthusiasm of their leader had spread among the lodges, and they nearly all were fully represented.

Mr. Finch was unanimously re-elected ; very strong resolutions in favor of the amendment were adopted, and all the expense of the petitions that had been sent out, the maintenance of headquarters, and the expenses of workers to remain in the city till the fate of the bill was decided, were cheerfully assumed by the Grand Lodge. The body adjourned and the members went to their homes filled with encouragement and high hope of success.

Mr. Finch labored night and day for the passage of the Prohibitory Amendment Bill, waiting till the adjournment of House or Senate, late at night, to meet some members and arising early to secure interviews with others before the House convened in the morning.

Close observation gave him a clear insight into the hearts of many members who believed they were concealing their intentions from his keen gaze. Some days before the final vote was taken he wrote in his diary :

“ I think the bill will be beaten. Political cowards and knaves are at the bottom of the whole fight against us.”

But, like William of Orange, he was ready to fight the battle just as earnestly and bravely when anticipating defeat as if he had been certain of victory.

Before the committee of the House he made an elaborate argument, meeting and answering every objection that had been raised either against the submission of the question or

against the principle of prohibition.* No man answered or attempted to answer it.

Omaha and Lincoln liquor manufacturers and dealers, and those of other cities, flocked to the capital with consternation written in their faces, and "big figures" written in their check-books for any man who would sell to them his conscience.

Money won the battle. Six traitors, representing, or misrepresenting, temperance constituencies, and pledged to their supporters to vote for the submission, yielded to the pressure of the liquor men. February 24th the test vote came, and after every absentee that could be secured had been sent for, one vote was lacking of the necessary three fifths required to submit constitutional questions.

When Mr. Finch returned home late that night his wife noticed, for the first time, a look almost like despair in his face. For once his sanguine spirit yielded to depression.

"Puss," he said sadly, "the bill is beaten. I feel as if I had been to the funeral of a friend."

"The defeat of the bill will make many funerals in Nebraska," she solemnly answered. Then both were silent, as mourners sitting in a house of death.

With the morning came brighter hope and a more confident feeling concerning legislation. Meeting the leaders who had acted with him, they held a hurried conference

* The speech is given entire at the close of this chapter.

early in the forenoon, to determine what steps should next be taken. Most of them leaned toward the Slocumb High-License Bill. Mr. Finch, Dr. S. H. King, and one or two others, believed the wisest course would be to introduce a bill to prohibit the liquor traffic by statute, and as this would only require the votes of a majority of the members of each House, instead of the three-fifths vote required to pass a constitutional amendment bill, there was some reason to hope for its passage. But as the session was rapidly drawing to a close, and the measure had not yet been introduced, it was finally decided to use all their efforts to secure the passage of the Slocumb bill, with some additional penalties, if they could be adopted.

Mr. Finch threw his whole soul into the work of carrying out this plan, as zealously and faithfully as though it had been his own.

The legislators evidently feared the storm of indignation that was sure to meet them when they returned to their constituents, and were greatly gratified to find the temperance men supporting a license bill. By the end of two days the Slocumb bill had been rushed through both Houses, and the first day of May fixed for the time for its going into operation.

Mr. Finch had not been successful in amending the bill in the direction of greater stringency to the extent he had desired, but a few important changes were made, and the fatal experiment went on trial.

That Mr. Finch had no special cause to feel the burden of responsibility for the high-license compromise, and all the long train of disastrous results to the cause of temperance which followed its adoption, is apparent.

For two years he had labored incessantly to build up prohibition sentiment in the State. Never in any public speech or published or private letter had he advocated any less radical measure than the total overthrow of the drink traffic by law. The whole tenor of his thoughts, the one aim of his life work, was in the direction of utter annihilation of license and protective statutes for the liquor business.

The unceasing work of the winter he had given wholly to the principle of prohibition, and not till that measure failed to pass, could he be induced to sanction any other plan, and then only as an unwilling follower of others, and not in his own rightful place as leader and commander.

How bitterly he regretted even this reluctant adherence to a mistaken policy he confessed on a hundred platforms in the years that followed.

As Lowell said :

“ Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne,”
so it proved when high license triumphed.

“ But that scaffold hides the future, and beyond the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.”

In the wisdom of God, good is being wrought by the tem-

porary adoption of that evil system. It was, perhaps, necessary that the world should see tried, that last possible experiment in regulating wrong, and behold its lamentable failure.

No license statute ever had a fairer chance to win approval. The men who had longest and most persistently refused to approve the saloon, had been won to give assent to the new system of regulation. The friends of the measure made large promises of benefit from it, and the men who had never before expressed faith in any license law, believed these pledges would be fulfilled, and were willing to give their best energies to aid in securing the expected good results.

While a few temperance men may have then thought that the Slocumb law was all that would be required to banish the evils of intemperance, Mr. Finch never for a single hour considered it more than a possible stepping-stone to prohibition. He was ready to use it honestly as a means, but never accepted it as an end to be sought or desired.

His keen observation first found its flaws and failures, and neither selfish pride, nor the fear of being called inconsistent, restrained him from his prompt action to counteract the influence of his connection with the efforts for its adoption.

He did far more than did the projectors and advocates of the high-license law to secure the thorough enforcement of its provisions. For a time the bitter hostility of the saloon-

keepers in Omaha and two or three other towns misled him and others into the belief that there was some strength in the law, some power to cripple the dram-shops.

When brave Colonel Watson B. Smith, of Omaha, attempted to compel obedience to the new law on the part of the defiant saloon-keepers of that city, Mr. Finch was in constant correspondence with him. When the noble colonel, whose life had been repeatedly threatened by the desperate saloon-keepers, summoned him to Omaha for a last consultation before final prosecutions on a more extensive scale, he swiftly answered, and spent several hours in Colonel Smith's office perfecting plans. He left the office at about ten o'clock in the evening, promising to meet the colonel early next morning, and went to his hotel to sleep, wakening to hear the terrible announcement that Colonel Smith had been foully murdered, during the night, at his office door in the Government building.

Scarcely waiting to dress, Mr. Finch sent the associated press a telegram offering, in the name of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, \$500 reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderers. His example was followed by the governor and by citizens and business men of Omaha until the aggregate of rewards offered reached the sum of \$10,000. This large reward failed to bring the perpetrators of the murder to justice. Mr. Finch held many consultations with the detectives, but their best efforts never availed to find a reasonable clew to the mystery.

The speech before the Legislature, to which reference has been made, is here appended. It indicates clearly the position occupied by Mr. Finch during the session in which the high-license law was passed.

SHALL PROHIBITORY LEGISLATION DISCRIMINATE IN FAVOR
OF THE BEER TRAFFIC?

A SPEECH BY JOHN B. FINCH BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF THE LEGISLATURE
OF NEBRASKA, JANUARY, 1881.

The above question having been discussed before the committee by the advocates of the use of beer, Mr. Finch, addressing the committee, said :

“GENTLEMEN : The magnitude of this question cannot be overestimated. The traffic which it is proposed to exterminate is gigantic ; one that affects the moral, social, business, and political life of the nation.

“The proper relations of the traffic to society, and society’s duty to the traffic and itself, have been for years earnestly discussed by our ablest and best citizens.

“At the outset of this discussion the fact which, more than all others, forces itself upon our attention is—‘ this question must be settled.’

“The issues involved in the temperance movement are not *useless* delusions, born in the brain of some idle visionary, but issues evolved from the necessities of the people, caused by the legalized drunkard-making system of the United States.

“Since the need of organized effort to abate the evils of the drink traffic forced itself upon the minds of the people in the early part of this century, the movement has been steadily onward, until to-day it is the politico-religious question of the country. Like Banquo’s ghost, it will not down. In every precinct, village, city, State, and national election it forces itself to the front, and judging the future by the past, will

continue to force itself to the front until it is settled. Neither black-guardism, slander, bulldozing, nor corruption can stop its onward progress. The prisons, almshouses, gambling hells, houses of prostitution—in short, all the disgraceful results and progeny of the liquor traffic, by their encroachments on everything dear to a liberty-loving and civilized people, force thinking men to act, whether they will or no.

“ ‘History is philosophy teaching by example,’ some one has said ; and with the fact that this question must be settled, history, in the light of experience, places another fact : a question is never settled until it is settled right.

“ ‘Gentlemen, the issue involved in this movement must be settled. This settlement can only be permanent when the terms are in accord with the immutable principles of the Creator of the universe. The history of nations proves absolutely that compromise, where principle is sacrificed to effect it, is the most fatal form of defeat which right can sustain in a contest with wrong. Tell one lie and you will find it necessary to tell others to avoid detection in the first ; make a concession to wrong and you will find that many more concessions will be urged to improve the conditions upon which the first was granted.

‘Truth crushed to earth will rise again,’

“ ‘From the many trials where this principle has been sustained, take the American Revolution as an example. The mother country claimed only the right to subject the colonies to the undefined and arbitrary power of taxation by Parliament. Parliament, by statute, declared that ‘the colonies and plantations of America have been, are, and of right ought to be, subordinate to and dependent upon the imperial crown and Parliament of Great Britain ;’ and that the king, with the advice and consent of Parliament, ‘had, hath, and of right ought to have full power and authority to make statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the colonies and people of America in all cases whatsoever.’ *

* 6 Geo., 3 ch., 12.

“ By this act Parliament sought to destroy a correct principle of government for the purpose of raising revenue. The inevitable result followed. The people in the colonies prepared to resist the encroachments upon their rights. Parliament, seeing the storm which its unjust legislation had raised, endeavored to allay it by modifying the first demand, and by another act declared that Parliament would not impose any duty or tax on the colonies except for the regulation of commerce, and that the net proceeds of such duty or tax should be applied to the use of the colony in which it was levied.*

“ This practically surrendered to the colonists all the positions they had claimed, except the right of Parliament to lay the tax. A celebrated American who, at this stage of affairs, was asked : ‘ Would you have the colonies engage in war over a question of a few pence on a pound of tea ? ’ answered : ‘ It is not the amount of the tax, but the accursed claim that Parliament has the right to lay any tax, that I am opposing. ’ The sturdy colonists stood by their leaders. The bloody war which followed settled the question right, and the imperial crown of Great Britain lost its brightest gem.

“ This principle has also been demonstrated at a much later date. The representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, declared : ‘ We hold these truths to be self-evident : that *all* men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. ’ Mr. Jefferson, in his original draft, emphasized the words ‘ *all* men, ’ by these words : ‘ He [the king] has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of the infidel powers, is the warfare of the *Christian* King of

* 18 Geo., 3 ch., 12.

Great Britain. Determined to open a market where *men* should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them, thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with the crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.’*

“Slavery existed in the colonies ; the representatives feared dissent ; the clause was stricken out, and the general term ‘all’ left undefined and unemphasized. The long years of physical and mental struggle for freedom which followed extended the mental horizon of American statesmen, and they began to see that ‘all men’ might possibly include Africans, and thus the compromise of the Declaration was forced into the constitutional convention. There the wrong of slavery was not denied, but the feelings of the delegates were expressed by one who said : ‘We have got a wolf by the ears and we dare not hold on nor let go.’ To do right seemed to endanger a national form of government, and the compromise of the Declaration was followed by the compromise of the Constitution. The word slavery was an obnoxious one to men just emerging from a long bloody war for their own liberties ; it was left out of the Constitution and only referred to in general terms, as though its existence was to be overlooked rather than recognized. Regulate and restrain was the policy adopted † as the best thing that could be done under the circumstances. Madison, speaking of the compromise, half apologetically said : ‘It were doubtless to be wished that the power of prohibiting the importation of slaves had not been postponed until the year 1808, or rather that it had been suffered to have immediate operation. But it is not difficult to account either for this restriction on the gen-

* Jefferson’s Works, 1, 23.

† Constitution, Sec. 9.

eral government or for the manner in which the whole clause is expressed. It ought to be considered a great point gained in favor of humanity that a period of twenty years may terminate forever within these States a traffic which has so long and so loudly upbraided the barbarism of modern policy ; that within that period it will receive a considerable discouragement from the general government, and may be totally abolished by a concurrence of the few States which continue the unnatural traffic.*

“ The delegates labored under the delusion that the question was placed by their action in a position where it would settle itself, but upon the slumber of exhaustion of prostituted principle broke like a fire-bell in the night the ringing words of John Randolph : ‘ I know there are gentlemen not only from the Northern but from the Southern States who think this unhappy question—for such it is—of negro slavery, which the Constitution has vainly tried to blink by not using the term, should never be brought to public notice, more especially that of Congress, and most especially here. Sir, with every due respect to the gentlemen who think so, I differ from them *toto cælo*. Sir, it is a thing which cannot be hid ; it is not a dry-rot which you can cover with a carpet until the house tumbles about your ears ; you might as well try to hide a volcano in full operation ; it cannot be hid ; it is a cancer in your face, and must be treated *secundum artem* ; it must not be tampered with by quacks who never saw the disease or the patient.’† Brave, patriotic words. Compromise followed compromise—1803, 1819, 1840, 1844, 1850, 1856—the old ulcer on the body politic deeper, the moral pulse of the nation grew feebler, but God was not asleep ; the cry of the bondman had reached His ear, the stench of human blood had offended His nostril. To-day along the mountains, vales, and valleys of the Sunny Southland the cold sod is heavy over the forms of the grandest, bravest men of the nation—boys who wore the blue, boys who wore the

* *Federalist*, No. 42.

† Garland's Life of Randolph.

gray—whose blood was poured out as a libation upon the nation's altar to atone for an accursed compromise which might have at one time been stricken out with a pen.

“ In the reddest of American blood is written,

“ ‘ *A question is never settled until it is settled right.*’

“ That the question—what shall be the governmental policy in relation to the alcoholic liquor traffic?—is one to which this principle applies, certainly, gentlemen, if you have studied the history and results of governmental action in the case, you cannot doubt. The drink system is not the product of our liberties, institutions, or civilizations—not an American institution. It is a mushroom from the dunghills of Europe, transplanted into our American soil by the lowest and most ignorant of foreign immigration. Its results here have been the same as in Europe—drunkenness, debauchery, vice, crime, riot, communism. In the rich soil and genial climate of our form of government it bore fruit early, and in 1786 the Government of Virginia found it necessary to protect her people from the multitude of evils resultant from the traffic and conditions favorable to its development. As increasing population, seconded by wise statesmanship, has enlarged the nation's borders, it has grown with our growth and increased with our strength ; only crippled where persistent prohibitory efforts have made the conditions for its development unfavorable. The evil has long been admitted by all parties, and a persistent effort to remedy it been carried on by a few. Compromise has followed compromise—unrestrained sale, license, high license, civil damage, local option—and I wish to assert, in the light of history, that all of these compromises have been failures to just the extent that principle has been sacrificed, and successes just to the extent that right has been recognized and prohibitory features incorporated into their texts ; that the prohibitory, not the license features of these laws have been the disinfectants which have rendered it possible for a civilized, intelligent people to endure them. Now, after years of waiting, years of trial, of license panaceas, regulation nostrums, and

restraint poultices, all of which have proved failures, the question pushes itself to the front and asserts :

“ It must be settled.

“ It must be settled right.

“ These propositions granted, the trial of the traffic and final action follow.

“ In entering upon this debatable ground, I wish you to fully understand my position to be :

“ First. This is not a personal matter between the drunkard-makers and the people of this country. Whether the drunkard-maker is a scoundrel or a gentleman weighs not an atom in settling the merits of the case. For the purposes of this investigation it matters not whether he is a devil or an angel of light. If he is an angel he cannot make a devilish principle a good one ; if he is a devil he cannot make a God-given principle a bad one. The question is, ‘ What is the cause of and remedy for the evils growing out of the drink traffic ? ’ If the whole brood of drunkard-makers in America could be hung to-morrow morning, unless we could destroy the system that produced them, sear the neck of the license hydra with public opinion in the hands of Prohibition Solons, another crop would spring up in three months.

“ Second. The American citizen, and especially you, gentlemen, as representatives of the people, must enter upon the investigation of this question, determined to examine fully all sides of it, and weigh carefully the arguments and investigate the alleged facts produced by the advocates who claim to represent these sides, and then, on the weight of evidence presented, base your action. Anything less would not be reasonable ; anything less would not be honest. In this investigation all men must be believed to be honest in their treatment of the question and of the views they hold, or seem to hold, in relation to it. Blackguardism, sneers, and reckless statements are out of place. And, gentlemen, I am forcibly impressed by the language of the talented, eloquent, and learned gentleman who preceded me on the other side, with the fact that a black-

guard is as much out of place in the field of honest, manly discussion as a monkey would be in the tabernacle of the Lord. A man engaged in either intellectual or physical warfare never throws mud when he can use rocks ; and when an individual stoops to using mud in a discussion like this, it is *prima facie* evidence that his supply of the rocks of reason are exhausted, or, what is more probable, he never had a supply. The copious use of epithets, like fanatic, zealot, and visionary, is not argument, but rather an indication of a cerebral vacuum in the head of the user. To think, gentlemen, that you could be influenced by such terms is an insult to your intelligence, and the only extenuating feature of the argument is the appearance and language of the advocate, who evidently has no appreciation of a higher grade of intellect than his own. Such being the case, he is to be pitied rather than punished, and I hope, gentlemen, that his weakness may not prejudice you against his cause, but that the issue involved, not the intelligence of the advocates, may be tried. The temperance men have no use for the style of argument followed by the gentleman. They believe they are advocating correct principles, and that the facts and arguments upon which they base their line of action are so nearly self-evident that a presentation in a fair, gentlemanly way will convince thinking, intelligent people that their line of action is just and right. The temperance leaders believe the people are intelligent and fully capable of passing on any plan of governmental policy ; that the people are the court of last resort, and that all questions of this kind must be settled by them. In accordance with this idea they have gone to the people as to a jury, and presenting an indictment against the drink traffic and the facts on which it was found, have asked that the traffic be tried and a verdict rendered in accordance with the evidence. The object and purpose of their work they have never concealed. They purpose to bury the whole liquor system in the same way the Welsh woman said she would bury the devil, 'with his face down, so if he ever came to life the more he dug the deeper he got.' This determination is not a hasty one, but a cool, deliberate purpose,

formed after an examination of all the facts in the case. The indictment is asked upon which this sweeping change is proposed. Let me dip my finger in the blood of some murdered man and write it on this wall, then make the letters indelible with the tears of his broken-hearted wife and child. Read :

“First. From the day the liquor business was introduced into this country from Europe, it has existed as a bitter, blighting, damning curse on everything decent, virtuous, and holy. Its record proves it the enemy of law, order, morality, Christianity, and civilization.

“Second. The legalized liquor traffic is the cause of more than six sevenths of the pauperism and four fifths of the crime in the nation. The retail liquor-shops are the hotbeds where outlaws germinate, the cradles where crime is nursed.

“Third. The liquor-drinking customs are the fountain-head of all that is vile, low, lecherous, and devilish in our large centres of population.

“There is the indictment, gentlemen. The temperance men say it is true and can be proved. Bring the liquor traffic into the court of the people and let it plead, guilty or not guilty. The traffic will not be allowed to plead the baby act. The indictment is positive. The only question is, is it true or false? A simple question of fact. All the liquor men have to do is to prove the indictment false, and the issue is settled in this country. If the indictment is false the temperance men are slanderers, maligners, and dangerous demagogues ; if it is true no sophistry can justify, no eloquence extenuate the black record of the traffic.

“Will the liquor traffic come into court? Dare it meet the indictment? No. The allegations cannot be refuted—they are true. At the commencement of the prohibitory campaign of 1880 in Nebraska, Dr. S. H. King, Chairman of the Prohibition Committee, in an open letter addressed to the drunkard-makers, said : ‘ To give you a chance to meet the damning charges against your business, the temperance forces make the following offer : They will pay the expenses of halls, advertise the

meeting, and furnish speakers to meet your speakers, and discuss these charges before the people of the State.' The answer of the drunkard-makers' chief was : ' We had rather give twenty thousand dollars to keep you from submitting the question to the people than to try to beat you if you succeed in getting it before them.'

" Having thus examined the general features of the reform, and the intentions, methods, and purposes of the opposing hosts, let us now proceed to examine the question directly under consideration :

" ' Shall the beer traffic be favored in the proposed prohibitory legislation ?'

" If you wish to dry up a river you must cut off its sources. If you wish to avoid an effect, you must remove the cause. This law of common-sense should be applied to the question under consideration. I will not insult your intelligence by presuming there is need of demonstrating to you that the lesser alcoholic beverages, wine, beer, and cider, are the A B C of the drink custom, the steps by which youth descends into the highway of drunkenness. If there was need, this evening would not be long enough to examine the evidence which could be brought on this point.

" The issues I wish to raise are :

" First. The German beer customs tend to the destruction of the Christian Sabbath. You say you will take care of America without Sunday. You have not been able to keep her in order with Sunday. You say men cannot be made moral by legislation. They can be made immoral by the want of it, and the consequent presence of temptation. You say that the Parisian Sunday would be better for our productive work in the factories and other industries of the land than the New England Sunday. But I have heard that after a Continental Sunday comes a Continental blue Monday, and that it's very common in France and Germany, and even in England, among the lower class of operatives, for Monday to be an idle day on account of the necessity of recuperation after the dissipation of Sunday. Give us a Parisian or

Continental Sunday and our trade will have the Continental unproductive Monday. 'Operatives are perfectly right,' said John Stuart Mill, 'in thinking that if all work on Sunday, seven days' work would be given for six days' wages.' Manufacturers abroad often affirm that American operatives can well demand higher prices than the Continental, because they are not incapacitated for work on Monday by the effects of Sunday's dissipation. Only the Sunday rightly used makes Monday elastic. Coleridge said that God gives civilization, in its Sundays, fifty-two springs a year. Infidel France, during her revolution, while opposing Christianity with merciless hatred, and abolishing the Christian calendar, yet made provision for a periodic day of rest, and enforced its observance by law. An enactment of 17 Thermidor, Aw. VI., required the public offices, schools, workshops, and stores to be closed, and prohibited sales except for eatables and medicines, and public labor except in the country during seed-time and harvest. This action of a secularized, anti-Christian republic is sufficient reply to any who think Sunday laws are demanded only by the Christian prejudices of modern civilized nations. The French legislation required rest for the population on only one day in ten, but it recognized emphatically the great natural law of periodicity in its application to labor and repose.

"The black, far-flapping Gehenna wings of the French Revolution, moving through history as a bat through a parlor at night, and putting out the candles, left the taper of a legalized day of rest still shining.* The degradation of the Christian Sunday means the degradation of the laborer; and in this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, gentlemen, you must realize that everything depends upon the intelligence and morality of the individual citizen—the government unit. The German beer customs demand the destruction of this day; and, in cities where this element controls, they have accomplished their

* Cook's Socialism, 239.

purpose, and Sunday is the drunken gala day of the week. Gentlemen, no beer-guzzling, Sabbath-breaking people have ever been able to establish a government that, for any length of time, retained even the semblance of liberty. Political institutions are the outgrowth of social customs, not social customs the outgrowth of political institutions. American liberty is the resultant of the morals and intelligence of the founders of this government, and it will disappear when the intelligence and morality sink below that of the fathers. The German Government and despotism is the legitimate outgrowth of the German social system, and whenever Americans adopt the German system, we shall need and will have the German form of government to control it.

“Second. The German beer customs tend to the destruction of the home life of the country. The keystone of the American civilization is the American home. I would, gentlemen, I could take you to the frontier, cattle, and mining towns of this country, where home life is comparatively unknown, and by ocular demonstration impress this fact upon your minds; show you how the words mother and home have the power to awaken the latent manhood, and lead out to a grander and better life men far down in the scale of human degradation. Gentlemen, we all realize how great is this influence in public life. The opposition we meet makes us hard, uncharitable, cynical, and, when gone from home for months, bitter and selfish. We return to our homes, and hatred, selfishness, bitterness, cynicism, vanish. A man never goes from home with the kiss of wife upon his lips and the soft touch of baby fingers lingering in pleasant memories on his neck, but feels more charity for his fellow-men, more love for humanity, and a renewed zeal to build himself up in all that pertains to a good life. Home is the moral conservator of the nation—the antidote for communism, socialism, riot, bloodshed; and any institution or custom that tends to destroy the home life of this country is a terrible enemy to all our institutions. The gentleman on the other side has said, ‘The whole family is taken to the beer-garden.’ Gentlemen, his statement is but

too true. The private associations of home life are superseded by the public associations of the beer-gardens, and the moral influences of private association with father and mother give way to the libidinous influences of public drinking, and the vilest immorality follows as an inevitable result. The whiskey saloon ruins the father—the beer-saloon ruins the father and debauches the mother and the daughter. Few women drink whiskey—many women drink beer. The rapid increase of drunkenness among the women of German-American cities is undoubtedly the result of these customs.

“The first effect is to degrade the parents, and, through them, their children. The influence of the parents upon the child can hardly be over-estimated. Dr. Sanger, resident physician of Blackwell’s Island, N. Y., asked two thousand prostitutes the following questions : ‘Did your father drink intoxicating liquors? If so, to what extent?’

Did not drink liquor.....	548
Drank moderately.....	636
Drank intemperately.....	596
Unascertained.....	220

“‘Did your mother drink intoxicating liquors? If so, to what extent?’

Did not drink liquor.....	875
Drank moderately.....	574
Drank intemperately.....	347
Unascertained.....	204

“The doctor, commenting on the answers, said : ‘How much of the intemperate habit of these women may be traced to the parents’ example! One thousand four hundred and fifty-two fathers, one thousand one hundred and twenty-five mothers are represented as having been addicted to the use of liquors in various degrees, the moderate in both cases exceeding the intemperate drinkers. And yet, even moderate drinking, when pursued by parents in the presence of or to the

knowledge of children, is a practice open to the gravest censure. In the mind of a child, any action is deemed right if performed by a father or mother. As the children advance in years parental customs are followed, and, in such a case as this, probably the single glass of beer or wine of the father lays the foundation of intemperance in the children. Without undertaking to argue the question of the absolute necessity for total abstinence from all liquors, under all circumstances, the proposition may seriously be submitted that the effect of this personal example upon children is satisfactorily ascertained from many different sources to be prejudicial to their best interests, and a natural deduction, therefore, is, that it is the duty of the parents to abstain. Instances are upon record where both fathers and mothers, in the temporary insanity of intoxication, have turned their daughters from home into the streets.*

“ Dr. Ruell, in his report on drunkenness, said : ‘ Undoubtedly, abandoned females, who, from the earliest ages, now to an alarming extent, walk the streets and frequent beer-gardens and drink-shops, have a very large share in the corruption of both sexes. I do not believe that the mass of prostitution which exists has arisen at first from drunkenness in the females themselves, but from drunkenness and other bad habits on the part of parents, who neglect to exercise proper care in the training and education of their children, who, by such neglect, are exposed to the great temptations of this metropolis, and these, by drunkenness and hopelessness, are confirmed in the vice.’

“ Mr. Broughton, Magistrate of Worship, street police, London, England, in an examination before a committee of Parliament, testified : ‘ I have seen the dreadful effects where the mother takes to drinking. If the father takes to drinking, it is more likely to be at night ; at all events, he is at work in the day. But when the mother takes to drinking, she drinks in the day, and the children are left to beat about among the low beer-shops, and if the girls are good-looking and smart they are picked

* History of Prostitution, 544.

up and become prostitutes, and the boys are picked up by thieves and instructed as young thieves. I will mention a case to show how it operates. A very decent man, a mechanic, waited upon me to ask my advice as to what he should do. He said, "I have two daughters; one is not quite sixteen, and the other is fourteen years of age. My wife has taken to the habit of drinking, and all my Sunday clothes, my tools, and everything she can get hold of goes to the pawn-shop. I have redeemed them a hundred times. What am I to do? My home is surrounded by beer-shops. I am obliged to go to my work or my family would starve, and here my daughters are left wholly unprotected." I gave him the best advice I could, and he went away. He returned to me a day or two afterward with those two daughters; led them into the office, and addressing me on the bench, said: "What am I to do, your worship? At this moment the mother of these two children is lying on the bed beastly drunk." The consequence to these girls was inevitable. Nothing but America could rescue them from becoming prostitutes.'

"Gentlemen, I can see that you draw back with horror as the reality of this traffic is revealed. Did not the necessities of the case demand, I would not ask you to pursue this painful subject. But the love of wife, mother, and daughter, and the solicitude for their safety caused by that love, I am sure will nerve you to the task of listening while I call witnesses to make the damnable results of the beer traffic still more apparent. Gentlemen, can you imagine a father so lost to all manhood and decency as to sell the virtue of his own daughter? Listen to this English evidence.

"Mr. Paynder, before a committee of Parliament, testified: 'The ruin of multitudes of females for life takes place at so early an age as is perfectly shocking to humanity. In most of such cases I have found the parents to be the tempters and destroyers of their own children; indeed, it is almost impossible that without their connivance and consent their children could become abandoned and depraved at so early an age; and there is little hope of effecting an alteration in this lamentable

vice so long as parents are rendered insensible to their children's interests by their own addiction to drinking.'

"The prison reports of England offer many instances in which girls under twelve and thirteen years of age have been forced into the streets in order to supply a brutalized parent with drink.*

"Mrs. Robson, the matron of the Newcastle, England, penitentiary, says: 'Prostitution greatly proceeds from the bad example of parents arising from their intemperance, causing them to neglect both the education and comfort of their families, leaving them the sport of every evil influence. An illustration out of the many might be given: M. J., fourteen years of age, was in this asylum. When she was brought here she was much bruised about the body by the ill-treatment of her mother, who was a cruel, drunken woman, who used to send her daughter into the street every Saturday, stating she must not return with less than five shillings. She did not care how she got it, whether by theft or prostitution.'

"I am aware, gentlemen, that the advocates of beer will claim that this debauchery cannot be attributed to any one kind of liquor. But I maintain that the beer-saloon and garden, by destroying home life, remove the children from home influences and prevent their moral development. The facts sustain the position. The following table of nationality of inmates is taken from the annual report of the Wisconsin reform school for 1878:

American.....	27
German.....	51
Irish.....	26
English.....	18
Canadian	3
French.....	6
Scotch.....	2

* Worsley's Essay on Juvenile Depravity.

Indian.....	1
Bohemian.....	6
Belgian.....	1
Danish	1
Norwegian.....	5
Welsh.....	1
Colored.....	3

“ It will be observed that beer-drinking nationalities figure most conspicuously in the list. This difference is more apparent when it is known they constitute a minority of the population of Wisconsin. That a minority of the population furnish a majority of the vicious children is a significant fact.

“ In order to understand more fully the cause of the degrading influence of the beer-saloon and garden, let us now examine closely the nature of the institution itself. Dr. Sanger, the best American authority, says of these institutions in New York City : ‘ These beer-houses are generally kept by Germans, who consider dancing a proper and legitimate business. They are in general very quiet. The girls employed to dance do not consider themselves prostitutes, because the proprietors will not allow them to be known as such. Each girl receives monthly from five to six dollars and her board, and almost every one of them hires a room in the neighborhood for the purpose of prostitution. I have classed them all as prostitutes, because, in addition to the previous fact, I know that a majority of them have lived as such. Very few of these girls are excessive drinkers. Although the regulations of the ball-room require them to drink after each dance with their partners, yet the proprietor has always a bottle of water, slightly colored with port wine, from which they drink, and he charges the same price as for liquor.

“ ‘ The Society for the Protection of the Friendless in England informs us that in England and Wales there are 2123 public houses and 2034 beer-shops used as brothels. In Newcastle-on-Tyne there are

29 beer-shops where rooms are kept for 33 women of loose character.'

"Mr. Wayland, in testifying before a committee of Parliament, says : 'One woman who has kept twenty-six bad houses told me that if the beer-shops were closed early she would have to close some of her houses. The women that I have placed in reformatory institutions tell me that their best time is when men are excited by drink ; they come out of drinking-places at eleven, twelve, or one o'clock at night, and during these hours prostitutes have more command over the men than at any other time.'

"Mr. Clay, M.P., makes the following note respecting Blackburn, England : 'Several of these beer-sellers no longer keep girls in their own houses, though, to avoid the penalty for so doing, they multiply the actual mischief by establishing auxiliary brothels immediately behind or adjoining the premises. The beer-sellers furnish these evil dens, place a man or woman in charge of them, and maintain them, in short, as a means of increasing the sale of liquor.'

"Mr. Logan, author of 'The Moral Statistics of Glasgow, Scotland,' says : 'I have stated one fourth of these girls have been servants in inns and beer-shops, where they were seduced by persons frequenting those places. Often have the poor girls said to me, while tears trickled down their pallid cheeks, "Ah, sir, we could never go into our miserable course were it not for intoxicating liquors ! It is the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning."'

"W. W. Gunnison, of Buffalo, N. Y., wrote of the beer-shops in that city as follows : 'Certain practices, resorted to in beer-saloons, must be mentioned in order to show what demoralizing agencies are added to those already existing in them—viz., the keeping of prostitutes. From official authority I have received statements which leave no doubt of the extent to which this profligate system is carried on—eighteen saloons in one ward harboring or maintaining fifty-four prostitutes. But this is not the full extent of the evil. The neighborhood of these saloons is cor-

rupt. Women—married women—occupied to all appearances with their proper avocations at home, hold themselves at the call of the beer-saloons for immoral purposes.’

“ Judge M. D. Bartlett, of Eau Claire, Wis., one of the first lawyers of the Northwest, in a recent conversation said to me : ‘ The only houses of prostitution known in the city are run as beer-shops. All other causes combined do not make as many prostitutes as the beer-saloons and beer-gardens. Several cases have come under my observation as a lawyer where girls have been stimulated with beer, and ruined in a beer-garden, while their parents were sitting at a table in the same garden, not suspecting the terrible crime being committed against the daughters. I have come to regard beer-gardens as gardens for the propagation of this terrible vice.’

“ The *Chicago Times* in 1878, in an article on the large number of illegitimate births among the German and Bohemian population, headed the article, ‘ Fruit of the Beer Picnics.’

“ Gentlemen, if I have succeeded in establishing the character and results of beer-selling and beer-drinking, a philosophical mind then naturally turns and looks for the cause of the degrading influences of these institutions and customs. This will lead us into a physiological investigation of the action of alcoholic stimulants upon the mind of the user. The experience is overwhelming in favor of the observation that the use of alcoholic stimulants paralyzes the reasoning power, makes weak men and women the easy prey of the wicked and strong, and leads men and women, who should know better, into every grade of misery and vice. It is not poor, repenting Cassio alone who cries out in agony of despair, ‘ Oh, that a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains ! ’ It is thousands upon thousands of Cassios who say the same thought, if not the same words, every day, every hour. I doubt, indeed, whether there is a single man or woman who indulges, or who has indulged in alcohol, who could not truthfully say the same ; who could not wish that something he had unreasonably said or ex-

pressed, under the excitement from alcohol, had not been given forth. If, then, alcohol enfeebles the reason, what part of the mental constitution does it exalt? It exalts and excites those animal, organic, and emotional centres of the mind, which, in the dual nature of man, so often cross and oppose that pure and abstract reasoning of nature which lifts man above the lower animals, and, rightly exercised, to a plane little lower than the angels. Exciting these animal centres, it lets loose all the passions, and gives them more or less unlicensed domination over the whole man. And if I were to take you through all the passions that remain to be named—lust, hate, envy, avarice, and pride—I should but show you that alcohol ministers to them all; that, paralyzing the reason, it takes from off these passions that fine adjustment which places man above the lower animals. The demonstrative evidence of alcohol in its influence on the mind is, then, most clear. From the beginning to the end of its influence, it subdues reason and sets free passion. The analogies, physical and mental, are perfect. That which loosens the tension of the vessels which feed the body with due order of precision, and thereby lets loose the heart to violent excess of unbridled emotion, loosens also the reason, and lets loose the passions. In both instances the heart and head are for a time out of harmony—their balance broken. The man descends closer and closer to the brute; from the angels he glides farther and farther away.*

“What better agent could a villain have to prepare for him and assist him in his work? Certainly not a property or effect is wanting to make it the devil’s agent to ruin the young, fair, and virtuous of our land. But it must be remembered that a majority of the young girls whose ruin is attempted have never used alcoholic liquors, and it would be useless to attempt to induce them to drink whiskey or ardent spirits. ‘Cool lager,’ ‘creamy ale,’ and wine—which contain the alcoholic spirit in diluted form—are the kinds of liquors especially fitted for this use.

* Alcohol on Body and Mind—Richardson.

The amount of alcohol contained is amply sufficient : lager beer contains from 4.1 to 6.65 per cent by volume, and 5.05 to 8.15 per cent by weight ; ale contains from 4.68 to 9.05 per cent by weight. In these lesser alcoholics the alcohol is so completely concealed by the other compounds of the liquor that the victim drinks it unconsciously, and while under its influence is ruined.

“ ‘ When a woman drinks she is lost.’ It will be conceded that the habit of intoxication in woman is not an indication of the existence of actual depravity or vice, but is a sure precursor of it, for drunkenness and debauchery are inseparable companions—one almost invariably following the other. In some cases a woman living in service becomes a drunkard ; she forms acquaintances among the depraved of her own sex, and willingly joins their ranks. Married women acquire the habits of drinking, and forsake their husbands and families, to gratify not so much their sexual appetite as their passion for liquor. Young women are often persuaded to take one or two glasses of liquor, and then their ruin may be soon expected. Others are induced to drink liquor into which a narcotic has been infused, to render them insensible to their ruin. In short, it is scarcely possible to enumerate the many temptations which can be employed when intoxicating drinks are used as an agent.*

“ One of the most common methods of seduction, employed by libertines of cities and larger towns, is to invite the victim to a supper at a restaurant, or in other words a low brothel ; where, by sneers or persuasions, she is frightened or induced into drinking. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, in its issue of July 1st, 1878, on the murder of Mrs. Mamie Stevens, in that city, by her husband, refers to this practice in the following ringing words : ‘ There is another class, for which decent humanity can have nothing but the deepest contempt. Nothing like honor or sentiment is connected with them. All is low, grovelling, and brutish.

* History of Prostitution, 497.

The human hyena, known as the "masher," prominent at matinées and particularly observable in front of saloons, is a beast well known in Chicago. He watches for a word, a look, or the slightest intimation that his presence will be tolerated by a decently dressed woman. If he can gain the acquaintance of some outwardly respectable married woman, and then, when the latter is accompanied by a really innocent female companion, present himself and make the second acquaintance, he is overjoyed. He will spend his time from that hour in an effort to entrap the inexperienced one ; and it shall go ill with him indeed if, sooner or later, he does not succeed. Many a young woman, really innocent of any intent to do wrong, but foolishly flattered, has been enticed into one of a thousand places in Chicago, dignified by the name of restaurant, and there, fearful of the disgrace of an outcry, practically compelled to suffer insult and wrong at the hands of a two-legged brute, who deserves to be shot in his tracks. Hundreds of women and girls in humble life, to whom a wine dinner in a restaurant was a novelty to be wondered at and coveted, have a reason to curse the day and the hour when their curiosity and indiscretion led them to accept such attentions from the scoundrels who have led them to ruin. The proprietors of these beer and wine restaurants are nearly all accomplices of these devils in human form.'

"I don't wish to assert, gentlemen, that every woman who drinks wine and beer will lose her virtue, but I do wish to assert that no woman under the influence of wine and beer can resist the advances of the brute who seeks her ruin. Such is the testimony of every author who has ever investigated or written upon the social evil.

"The evidence already offered points to the inevitable result of beer-drinking and beer-selling—debauchery in public and private life in this country. Such has been the result in Germany. A celebrated German author, by the name of Sass, in a work entitled 'Berlin,' says of public life in that city :

"'No city in Germany can boast the splendid ball-rooms of Berlin.

One in particular, near the Brandenburg gate and the parade ground, is remarkable for its size, and presents a magnificent exterior when hundreds of lamps stream through the windows, and light up the park in front. The interior is of corresponding splendor, and when the vast hall resounds with the music of the grand orchestra, and is filled with a gay crowd, rustling in silks or satins, or lounging in the hall, or whirling in the giddy waltz, it is certainly a scene to intoxicate the youth who frequent it in search of adventure or to drink in the poison of seductive and deceiving, although bright and fascinating, eyes. Should the foreigner visit this scene on one of its gay nights, he may get a glimpse at the depth of Berlin life. Many a veil is lifted here. This splendid scene has its dark side. This whirling, laughing crowd is frivolous Berlin, whether of wealth, extravagance, and folly, or of poverty, vice, and necessity. The prostitute and swindler are on every side. Formerly the female visitors were of good repute, but gradually courtesans and women of light character slipped in, until at length no lady could be seen there. And the aforesaid foreigner, who lounges through the rooms, admiring the elegant and lovely women who surround him, in charge of some highly respectable elderly person—an aunt, or a chaperone, or possibly in company with her newly-married husband—seeks to know the name of such evident celebrity and fashion. “Do you not know her? Any police officer can tell you her history.” There is a class of men at this place who perform a function singular to the uninitiated. These worthies are the “husbands” of the before-mentioned ladies. They play the careless or strict cavalier; are Bluebeards on occasion; appear, or keep out of sight, according to the necessities of the moment.’

“The same author gives the following horrid picture of private life in the same city: ‘Let us enter the house. The first floor is inhabited by a family of distinction; husband and wife have been separated for years; he lives on one side, she on the other; both go out in public together; the proprieties are kept in view, but servants will chatter.

On the second floor lives an assessor, with his kept woman. When he is out of town, as the house is well aware, a doctor pays her a visit. On the other side of the staircase lives a carrier, with his wife and child. The wife had not mentioned that this child was born before marriage ; he found it out ; of course they quarrelled, and he now takes his revenge in drunkenness, blows, and abuse. We ascend to the third floor : on the right side of the stairs is a teacher, who has had a child by his wife's sister ; the wife grieves sorely over the same. With him lodges a house painter, who ran away from his wife and three children, and now lives with his concubine and one child in a wretched little cupboard. On the left is a letter-carrier's family. His pay is fifteen thalers a month, but the people seem very comfortable. Their daughter has a nice front room, well furnished, and is kept by a very wealthy merchant—a married man. Exactly opposite there is a house of accommodation, and close by there is a midwife, whose signboard announces, “ An institute for ladies of condition, where they can go through their confinement in retirement.” I can assure the reader that in this sketch of sexual and family life in Berlin I have nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice.’

“ Germany, in 1851, passed laws permitting and licensing prostitution ; and I submit for your examination this damnable code, which is too long for me to read. Such is the result of the beer customs.

“ Gentlemen, that is my case against the beer traffic. Take it, and as a jury bound by the most sacred obligations—your honor—the trust of your constituents—pass upon the evidence and arguments presented. In the examination of the evidence, you will, of course, apply the ordinary rules of the courts. Hearsay and mere assertion are entitled to no standing. Facts and figures, presented by witnesses who speak of their own knowledge, must settle the question. I have not introduced before you a witness not competent in a court of justice. They are competent witnesses, and when compared with the utter absence of witnesses on the other side, their calm, dispassionate testimony, based on their own

observation and experience, must outweigh the reckless, bombastic, and wholly unsupported statements of the beer advocates.

“The temperance men indict the old criminal trade ; the drunkard-makers endeavor to bribe the legislative grand jury, hoping thereby to prevent the submitting of the indictment to the petit jury—the people.

“Such, gentlemen, is the evidence in the case, and such, I am sure, will be your finding. The evidence in regard to the three other counts is not contradicted, and no evidence is brought to explain or extenuate. The evidence is all one way : The beer traffic is guilty of all the counts in the indictment, and, gentlemen, I have no doubt in regard to the character of your verdict.

“When you shall have settled so much of the question, your further action will, of course, be in accord with your finding. To you, then, we submit our indictment, and oppose their demands ; to our evidence, they only answer with blackguardism and unsupported assertions. We have established our case by proofs uncontradicted and undeniable, and we ask you, citizen representatives, by virtue of the power vested in you, to stay this foul curse. Prayers, tears, and persuasion have been tried ; but the lecherous, licentious, shameless traffic still pursues the youth, beauty, and virtue of the land.

“Richelieu, the French cardinal, whose niece was pursued by like bold and shameless enemies, after trying all other remedies, plucked from his vest a cross, and, drawing the circle of the Church of Rome around her, hurled in their faces the defiance :

“Mark where she stands !

Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn church ;

Step but a foot within that holy ground,

And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—

I launch the curse of Rome !

“Gentlemen, all other remedies have failed. We ask you to draw the protecting circle of law around the loved ones and the homes of this land, and thereby say to this ‘black death,’ ‘Thou shalt not cross these thresholds.’”

CHAPTER VII.

JOINT DEBATES.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

Butler.

MR. FINCH possessed in an eminent degree all the qualifications necessary for a successful debater. He was master of his subject. Not only did he read everything in the range of temperance literature, books, pamphlets, leaflets, and periodicals, but the general newspaper press was laid under contribution to furnish facts for his use. Nothing directly or indirectly related to the question escaped his notice. A friend would sometimes ask him if he had seen a certain item or comment hidden away in an obscure corner of some daily newspaper. Almost invariably he proved, by a recital of the facts, that he had not only read the matter in question, but had obtained fuller information concerning it than had his questioner.

It was a source of constant wonder to his friends when, where, and how he so carefully perused the daily papers. At the hotels which were made headquarters when State or national gatherings of temperance people convened, they

would find him, at an early hour in the morning, in the parlors conversing or waiting to accompany them to breakfast. On the way to the dining-room they would purchase morning papers, glancing at them when seated at the table waiting for their orders to be filled. One friend would perhaps look up from his *Tribune*, saying :

“ Finch, the *Tribune* claims that the entire Democracy is in favor of free trade.”

“ Oh, no,” Mr. Finch would reply ; “ you have not read the whole of that editorial. You will notice that several Congressional districts are especially exempted from that sweeping assertion.”

The reader would turn back to his paper and find that Mr. Finch was right.

Another friend, throwing down his *Times*, might exclaim :

“ These whiskey dailies are contemptible. The *Times* calls our convention a ‘ Gathering of Geese.’ ”

“ Oh, well, never mind,” Mr. Finch would say with a laugh ; “ if you will read on, you will find in the same column some very complimentary references to the men and women who compose it.”

“ The *Herald* is a little meaner to us than ever,” declares a third member of the breakfast party. “ It attacks Neal Dow this morning.”

“ Oh, no, it does not,” answers Mr. Finch.

“ Yes, it does. I have just read it,” persists the other.

“ You mistake. Read again. The *Herald* defends Mr. Dow this time.”

The offensive words prove to be a quotation, and the editorial entirely different in its tone from what the reader of the *Herald* had supposed.

Before his friends had left their rooms Mr. Finch had evidently read carefully and extensively in all the leading dailies published in the city. Such occurrences were so frequent that no doubt hundreds of men who knew Mr. Finch intimately will recall similar scenes.

This wonderful faculty for rapid absorption of current facts gave him great advantage in discussion.

Another very valuable qualification was his quick perception of his adversary's position and the strong and weak points of the defence. Sophistry could not blind him, no matter how consummately it was woven, and falsehood rarely deceived him.

But his greatest power as a debater lay in the celerity with which he could formulate his attack and defence while the discussion was in progress. He possessed a vast fund of information, which was so systematically arranged in his mind that he could recall, almost without effort, the facts most cogent in their bearing upon the questions at issue, and fit them so nicely into his chain of reasoning, that they appeared to have been wrought and forged and welded weeks before in the workshop of his brain.

The Marblehead (Massachusetts) *Messenger* describes his peculiar gifts :

“ John B. Finch was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Not so much an orator as a logician, he combined the power of convincing men’s judgment and winning their sympathy all at once. His luminous smile melted opposition. His withering scorn tore away sophistry. His keen analysis revealed fact and annihilated humbug and falsehood. He did not depend so much on stirring the emotions as upon gaining his hearers’ assent, and then leading them on step by step to the serene heights of truth and duty.”

Our Field, of Richmond, Va., said :

“ John B. Finch was one of the greatest statesmen of this day ; as an orator we have never heard his equal ; clear, logical, convincing, he defied successful contradiction. His head was the storehouse of facts, figures, and arguments innumerable. He was a most indefatigable worker.”

Hon. Samuel D. Hastings, ex-State Treasurer of Wisconsin, attests his singular strength and power as a debater :

“ A great orator is one who, in the use of elevated and forcible thought, well-chosen language, easy and effective utterance, and impassioned manner, interests his hearers and influences their action. John B. Finch was pre-eminently such an orator. As a debater he had few equals. He was thoroughly equipped at all points. He never allowed himself to be taken unawares. Although not an expert anatomist or physiologist, he had made himself sufficiently master of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene to be able to meet and successfully answer the arguments of those who claimed that alcohol is, in any true sense, a food or is ever beneficial to man in health. Although not a lawyer of extensive practice, he was sufficiently read in the standard legal works of the ablest

writers on legal jurisprudence to be able to meet and overthrow the arguments of the ablest lawyers and the most learned judges who opposed prohibition on legal or constitutional grounds. Although not a professed theologian, he was sufficiently acquainted with the great facts of the Bible and with the great principles of Christianity to make it hazardous for any bishop, doctor of divinity, or lesser light, however learned he might be, to attempt to array the facts of the Bible or the principles of the Christian religion against the temperance reform.

“Although he had never occupied high civil positions, no one was more familiar with our country’s history, no one more fully understood the great problems that are now agitating the public mind and had clearer views as to how these problems should be solved, and no one could present in a clearer, stronger light than he the advantages that would result to the entire nation from the overthrow of the liquor traffic.

“There was no one in all the land, however distinguished as a physician, however learned as a lawyer or a judge, however celebrated as a bishop or a doctor of divinity, however high in official position, or eminent as a statesman that Mr. Finch was not able and willing to meet in the discussion of any question connected with any phase of the temperance reform.

“If the principles of the reform or the right and duty of prohibition were attacked by any one whose position or talents rendered the attack liable to prove an obstacle in the way of the onward progress of the cause, John B. Finch was the one to whom almost every one looked to meet the attack, and they never looked in vain—he always responded and always proved himself equal to the emergency.”

The Prohibitionists of Nebraska were not slow to recognize his ability to meet and vanquish foes of the reform in public discussion. For a long time they looked in vain for a prominent antagonist who would meet Mr. Finch and debate the question of “Prohibition *versus* License.”

A joint debate was at length arranged to take place at the Opera House in Lincoln, January 23d, 1879. George L. Miller, editor of the *Omaha Herald*, appeared in defence of the license system. Unlike many of the men who publicly espouse that side of the question, Mr. Miller was an educated gentleman, who was disposed to meet Mr. Finch in the arena of discussion in a spirit of fairness and toleration. When the debate closed the friends of prohibition were jubilant, and determined to arrange as many as possible of similar contests. This debate occurred during the session of the Legislature, and was largely attended by members, as were several meetings addressed by Mr. Finch on the evenings following. It was hoped that these clear, convincing, and statesmanlike expositions of the functions and duty of government would influence legislators to adopt a prohibitory law or submit a prohibitory amendment. But, as is too frequently the case, fear of "hurting the PARTY" was a more potential influence than the convictions of conscience, and every temperance measure introduced at that session of the Legislature failed to secure the number of votes required to make it a law.

Mr. Miller was not embittered against Mr. Finch because they met in the arena of discussion, where each earnestly advocated his views. Mr. Miller's estimate of his character was very high, as the following letter recently written by him indicates :

"Although I have been among the most pronounced opponents of the

views of Mr. Finch upon the important question of prohibition, as the editor of the Omaha *Herald*, and occasionally upon the narrower theatre of the public platform, once only in joint debate, I long since learned to have great respect for his character as a man, for the sincerity and strength of his convictions, and for his abilities as an orator of marked power. But it was also as an organizer of opinion that he proved his fitness for leadership, and in this field of labor he was the peer of any man with whom I am acquainted.

"I regard the death of John B. Finch as a personal loss. I had known him long and intimately. His was a genial and generous spirit. I had predicted for him a brilliant career long before he achieved it."

The next joint discussion occurred in Omaha. Hon. I. S. Hascall, a prominent lawyer of that city, appeared in defence of license and in opposition to Mr. Finch. Mr. Hascall was considered a strong antagonist, and the liquor men expected he would win. Their confidence was misplaced; their advocate could not cope with Mr. Finch's clear reasoning and invincible logic.

The sympathies of the entire city press were with Mr. Hascall, but the newspapers were forced to admit that the license cause was badly defeated in the contest.

At the great Bismarck Grove prohibition camp-meeting in Kansas, while the amendment was pending, Mr. Finch made several addresses to large audiences.

Ex-Governor Robinson, who had been writing and speaking against the adoption of the amendment, from the date of its submission, had expressed a desire to make one speech at the camp-meeting. The managers consented, and he

selected Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, an hour when the vast auditorium was certain to be filled, as the hour for his anti-prohibition address. This point was also conceded, with the understanding that after he had finished the managers would call out a prohibition speaker to answer him.

The day came with bright sunshine and a gentle breeze—a perfect summer day. From the city of Lawrence and from all the surrounding country, people came to the Grove by thousands. Governor Robinson was visibly nervous as he looked into the faces in the great assemblage. He made the same plea that the opposers of prohibition continually raise: “It cannot be enforced,” dodging all other points at issue.

Mr. Finch replied, analyzing the principles on which a nation's laws must rest and the social needs out of which governments rise. Following this line of thought, he proved the necessity of prohibition of the liquor traffic in order to secure the just ends of government, and then argued that civilization will overcome all the impediments to its onward march, as it has already broken down the barriers of barbarism that impeded its early progress.

The address was logical, its conclusions irresistible. Governor Robinson, though not yielding his position, did not avail himself of the opportunity to reply which was offered him.

George E. Foster, Minister of Marine and Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, a gentleman of rare accomplish-

ments as a writer and speaker, pays this tribute to Mr. Finch's genius :

" I first heard John B. Finch at Bismarck Camp Ground, Kansas, and was at once taken with his earnest manliness, his frank speech, his keen powers of debate, and the variety of his resources. Since then I have followed with deep interest his wonderful career, so consistent, so triumphant, and so phenomenal, as he made his way through the front ranks of moral reforms up to the proud eminence from which God called him.

" His excellence lay in the simple directness with which he gave forth from his rich reserve of many-sided thought what was selected with rare aptness and marshalled with still rarer accuracy of reasoning and logical skill. He had a clear perception of the true relations of law and suasion, and was equally skilled in the discussion of each. Born with the powers of a leader, his was the merit of developing them with rare diligence and supporting them with a strong and spotless character. His followers could love as well as admire him. His life here was full of help and hope ; now that it has been translated, it has become a glorified inspiration.

" Farewell, strong, faithful, and true soul."

The fall campaign of 1880 in Nebraska was conducted, on the part of the temperance people, on the issue of securing a Legislature that would submit a prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution. The attempt was made wholly within old party lines, no independent candidates having been nominated, even in the legislative districts where no reliable temperance men were placed on the Democratic or Republican tickets.

Mr. Finch was in the front of the battle in these active

autumn months. He notified his friends that he would be glad to meet in joint discussion any candidate, or any supporter of a candidate who opposed submission. Very few such opportunities were afforded him.

After election he suggested to Dr. S. H. King, Secretary of the Prohibition Amendment State Committee, the wisdom of issuing a challenge to the liquor men of the State to furnish a champion who should meet some representative of the temperance people in public discussion of the amendment issue, Mr. Finch agreeing to meet any man the liquor interest might select.

The challenge was issued, and some time afterward Dr. King sent the following letter, which appeared in the columns of the Lincoln *Daily Globe* :

“ *Editors Globe* : Having ascertained that the men engaged in the manufacture of drunkards, paupers, and criminals were raising money to put into the campaign this winter, I addressed the challenge I enclose to them on December 8th, 1880. In the face of all the evidence of past years, I preferred to believe the saloon-keepers of the State to be honest men who were raising money to be used in an honest campaign in which the beauties of the license system and its works should be explained to the people. The saloon-keepers, brewers, and distillers have always called the temperance men fanatics and fools, and I supposed the money raised was to be used to carry on a campaign as respectable, decent men carry a campaign, in which these claimed errors and blunders of temperance should be exposed. With these ideas prompting, the challenge was issued, the indictment of the business and license system made in plain, positive terms, and the liquor men invited into the court of the people to plead. Weeks have passed, and not a word has come from

their committees, and now they come quietly into Lincoln under an assumed name, an *alias*, and hold what they think are secret meetings in unknown places.

“What does this mean? Is this old criminal traffic here to try and compound a felony with the court of the people? The fact is well known that they have not raised as much money as they expected, but what are they going to do with what they have raised if not make an honest, intelligent, civilized, manly defence before the people? The question the people address to the liquor traffic is simply: ‘Are you guilty or not guilty of the horrid crimes for which you stand indicted?’ The following is the indictment they dare not meet.

“S. H. KING.”

CHALLENGE TO JOINT DEBATE.

“*To the Distillers, Brewers, and Saloon-Keepers of Nebraska:*

“The temperance people of the State have fearlessly indicted your business in the strongest terms, as being opposed to the best interests of the people, morally, socially, politically, and financially, and are conscientiously laboring to overthrow it by legal prohibition, and thereby prevent the terrible evils which flow from it. The temperance forces make no war against you as men, but the traffic which you represent will be fought as long as it raises its hydra head. This question must be settled, and blackguardism, buying votes, and seeking to corrupt or bulldoze the Legislature will not protect you. Your traffic is on trial before the grandest jury of a republic—the people—and by them it must be acquitted or condemned. To give you a chance to meet the damning charges against your business, the temperance force make the following offer:

“They will pay the expense of halls, advertise the meetings, and furnish speakers to meet your speakers for twenty consecutive nights in leading cities of the State—to wit: Omaha, Lincoln, Nebraska City, Plattsmouth, Fremont, Brownville, Falls City, Pawnee City, Tecumseh,

Beatrice, Crete, Hastings, Kearney, Columbus, Grand Island, Fairmont, Sutton, York, Aurora, and Ashland, commencing December 15th, and discussing the following propositions :

“ First. The traffic in and use of alcoholic drinks in this State promotes crime and pauperism and indolence, political corruption and fraud ; necessitates the maintenance of a large police force in cities and towns, and the supporting of jails and prisons to protect the lives and property of citizens from its effects ; produces domestic discord and strife ; makes unhappy homes, and beggars innocent women and helpless children ; and the manufacture and traffic in these drinks misemploys a large amount of capital, and by leeching from their capital impairs the productive industries of the State.

“ The temperance speaker to affirm, the saloon-keepers to deny. If these charges are true, there is sufficient reason why your business should be stopped, and a law placed upon our statute-books prohibiting it. Hoping you will improve this opportunity to come before the people, and meet this issue in a manly way, I am,

“ Respectfully,

“ S. H. KING, *Secretary Prohibition Committee.*”

It is needless to say that this challenge was never accepted.

A correspondent of the Lincoln *Daily Globe* wrote from Wahoo, January 21st, 1881, concerning the first visit of Mr. Finch to that town :

“ Hon. John B. Finch was announced to speak here last night. He had never been here before, and curiosity was on tiptoe to see the celebrated leader of the temperance forces. He came Friday noon. He is a much younger man than was expected, and one of our lawyers, after looking him over and seeing how harmless he looked, challenged him to debate the question of prohibition. Mr. Finch accepted, and an

immense crowd gathered in the Baptist church to hear the discussion.

“ Mr. Finch opened the discussion with a five-minute speech, after which Mr. Dean took the platform, and made a plea against prohibition.

“ To describe Finch’s reply is impossible. One of our citizens remarked that he should think Dean would feel as if he had been struck by a double-back-action blizzard. The saloon-keepers themselves admit the terrible defeat.”

In the winter of 1881–82 an Episcopal clergyman, C. Compton Burnett, of Iowa, gained some notoriety by making anti-prohibition speeches, masquerading as a temperance man.

At Rockford, Ill., and at other points his advance agent put up posters announcing his speech, and adding :

“ GO AND HEAR THE GREAT TEMPERANCE LECTURE.”

Notices were also sent to each of the churches, and many pastors were trapped by the deception, and announced the meetings from their pulpits.

Not a line in his hand-bills or dodgers, or in the press notices they contained, indicated that his argument was to be in the line of opposition to the principle of prohibition. It was learned afterward that a Rockford brewer paid the rent of the Opera House for his speech in that city.

Among the towns in Illinois visited by him was Lincoln, where a very strong prohibition sentiment exists. Upon observing hand-bills posted about town announcing a tem-

perance lecture by Burnett, the more earnest workers began to inquire who the lecturer could be, under whose auspices he was to come, and who were making arrangements. Profound mystery seemed to shroud the coming of the alleged temperance speaker. The day fixed for the meeting arrived, and with it came Mr. Burnett, who was taken in charge by two saloon-keepers and conducted to a hotel. This undeceived the people who might have before believed they were to hear a *bona fide* temperance speech, and roused the indignation of the radical element. Hon. J. B. Montague sought out Mr. Burnett at the hotel, and challenged him to discuss the prohibition question with one of the local speakers on that evening. Mr. Burnett replied that he could not tell for a few minutes, but would let Mr. Montague know as soon as he could consult with his local managers. Mr. Montague waited till time for meeting, and hearing nothing, went over to the hall.

At the close of his speech Mr. Burnett stated that a man had come to his room at the hotel to challenge him to joint debate, that he had informed the man that he would let him know in fifteen minutes, but the man had not returned. Mr. Montague immediately arose, and contradicted the statement, saying that he would produce the disputant then and there, and the discussion might proceed at once.

This proposition not being accepted, Mr. Montague again publicly challenged Mr. Burnett to meet Mr. Finch in a joint discussion for two evenings, at some future date.

This challenge was accepted, and January 26th and 27th, 1882, fixed upon as the dates.

Mr. Finch was notified, and promised to be present to fulfil his part of the agreement. Suspecting that Mr. Burnett was employed by the liquor men, Mr. Finch determined to ascertain from incontrovertible evidence whether such was the fact. Colonel Sobieski was at that time in Nebraska, and the thought came to Mr. Finch that letters signed by him, and written to the secretary of the Liquor Association, would arouse no suspicions, because of the foreign spelling of the name. Accordingly he asked Colonel Sobieski to write some letters, and the following correspondence, which explains itself, was the result :

“ LINCOLN, NEB., January 4, 1882.

“ *Hon. H. Rubens, Attorney Liquor Dealers' Association, Chicago, Ill.*

“ DEAR SIR : I see by the *Times* that you have one Rev. C. Compton Burnett speaking for you. Can we get him in Nebraska? What do you pay him? Where can we address him?

“ Yours,

JOHN SEBOSKA.”

To this letter the following reply was received, written on the official paper of the Liquor Association :

“ LIQUOR DEALERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION, }
CHICAGO, January 9, 1882. }

“ *John Seboska, Lincoln, Neb.*

“ DEAR SIR : You can address the Rev. C. Compton Burnett, Iowa City, Ia.

“ Yours truly,

“ HARRY RUBENS, A.”

On the same sheet that contained the letter from Mr. Rubens, Colonel Sobieski wrote the following, and sent both letters to Mr. Burnett :

“ LINCOLN, NEB., January 11, 1882.

“ *Rev. C. Compton Burnett, Iowa City, Ia.*

“ DEAR SIR : We want the same work done in this State that you are doing for the Liquor Dealers' Association of Illinois. What do they pay you? What are your terms, and what dates can you give us? Please answer at once.

“ Yours,

“ JOHN SEBOSKA.”

To this letter Mr. Burnett replied :

“ TRINITY RECTORY,
IOWA CITY, IA., January 18, 1882. }

“ *John Seboska, Esq., Lincoln, Neb.*

“ MY DEAR SIR : Your favor of the 11th inst. came duly to hand, and in reply I beg to say I shall gladly accept your invitation to do what I can in your State in opposition to the prohibitive movement. My engagement in Illinois is to deliver fifty lectures for \$1000, and \$5 per day for travelling expenses. Some such engagement I could make with you. The dates I could not give for a week or so, as I am not yet through in Illinois, and have an engagement pending for this State next week. I have a two nights' debate at Lincoln, Ill., with Finch, of your State.

“ Please let me hear from you at your convenience. How late in the spring would suit you?

“ Very truly yours,

“ C. COMPTON BURNETT.”

Armed with copies of the letters of Colonel Sobieski and Mr. Rubens, and the original letter from Mr. Burnett,

Mr. Finch was prepared to unmask the hypocrisy of the man that opposed prohibition under the pretence that his devotion to temperance was the sole incentive to such a course. Expecting that his antagonist would illustrate his argument by alleging that the no-license cities of Iowa were unable to execute the law and suppress the saloons, Mr. Finch wrote to lawyers, bankers, express agents, postmasters, and municipal officers of those cities, asking what had been the effect of the adoption of the prohibition policy. He did not know the sentiments of any of the persons to whom he addressed his inquiries, but hoped, by selecting several classes of business men, to arrive at the exact truth concerning the status of those cities. To his surprise, he found the testimony uniformly favorable.

He was not mistaken in the supposition that his opponent would deny the success of prohibition in the Iowa cities where it had been adopted. Mr. Burnett attempted to make a strong point of his allegations that the measure was ineffectual in checking the sale and use of intoxicants, and was greatly surprised and disconcerted when Mr. Finch forestalled his plea by reading letters from prominent and honored citizens testifying to the good results to their communities from the policy of extirpation which they had applied to the liquor traffic.

Mr. Burnett feebly attempted to deny the declarations of the respected gentlemen who had answered the letters, but the unsupported denial did not carry much weight to

overturn the concise arguments of Mr. Finch, bristling with proved facts and incidents.

In closing his speech Mr. Burnett said :

“ I have not had time for all I wished to say. I ought to have at least five nights to present all the points against prohibition.”

Mr. Finch promptly stepped forward and replied :

“ I will meet the gentleman to discuss this question for five nights or five weeks, if he desires.”

“ I never decline a challenge,” Mr. Burnett answered.

In the next issue of the local papers the following letter appeared :

“ *To Rev. C. Compton Burnett :*

“ Responding to your desire to continue the discussion at Lincoln on the question, ‘ Do We Want Prohibition ? ’ I make the following offer : I will meet you and discuss the question in Lincoln, Ill., from March 6th to 11th—six nights—the usual rules of debate to apply. James B. Montague, of Lincoln, is empowered to represent me and make all necessary arrangements. Hoping this will prove satisfactory, I remain,

“ Respectfully,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

Although the printed and written challenge were both mailed to Mr. Burnett, no demand was made upon Mr. Montague to perfect plans for another debate.

In the campaign for the adoption of the prohibition constitutional amendment in Iowa, in 1882, Mr. Finch was constantly in the field for two months.

The Legislature that supposed it was submitting the amendment* gave only three months to make the canvass for it, and fixed the special election at which the question was to be voted on for June 27th, a date when the people in the farming communities are always too busy to give any attention to any subject not directly connected with the labor in their own fields. Knowing that temperance sentiment is strongest in rural precincts, the State temperance leaders felt that the time for the election was very inopportune, and there were many persons who openly charged that this was part of a plan arranged by the politicians to defeat the amendment.

For this reason every worker was kept busy, and the more able ones were required to do double duty. Mr. Finch frequently addressed large grove meetings in the afternoon, and afterward took a train for some distant point to meet another audience in the evening.

At Lemars a renegade minister named Adams, in the employ of the brewers, to make anti-prohibition speeches, was anxious to meet some Prohibitionist in joint debate. The temperance people were only too glad to grant the request, and as Mr. Finch was to be at the mass-meeting in the afternoon of June 14th, the ex-Reverend gentleman was turned over to his "tender mercies." Mr. Finch gave

* The Supreme Court of Iowa afterward decided that the amendment was never legally submitted, and that its adoption by the people was therefore null and void.

Mr. Adams his choice in the division of time, which was one hour for his opening, to be followed by one and one half hours' argument from Mr. Finch, and half an hour for closing. This programme was carried out.

Some of the anti-prohibition merchants who heard the speeches said of Mr. Adams :

“ His coming here has done our cause harm. We would better have paid him to stay away.”

The following laughable incident was reported in a letter to the *Sioux City Journal* the next morning by a correspondent who was present.

While Mr. Adams was giving his final thirty minutes' speech he said piteously :

“ The gentleman who has just preceded me has been applauded almost incessantly ; why do not you applaud me ?”

The absurdity of the plea drew forth a storm of laughter and ridicule.

The *Lemars Globe*, although bitterly hostile to prohibition, gracefully admitted the superiority of the argument by the defender of the amendment :

“ Mr. Finch answered in a running reply to his opponent, ninety minutes long, making the best temperance speech to which we have ever listened. He showed himself a finished disputant on the question under discussion, and dealt his opponent blow after blow at all points. He is more than a match for Mr. Adams, and withal was so decent in his manner of pummelling his victim that those who differ with him had to applaud. Mr. Finch was interrupted throughout by vociferous applause,

and when he had quit the audience in a great majority were with him."

Mr. Finch's reputation as a debater had now become so extended that very few opportunities ever afterward occurred when a defender of the license system would consent to meet him in public discussion.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union determined to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the "Crusade," which began about the end of the year 1873. The origin of the movement has been attributed to a speech made by Dr. Dio Lewis, in Hillsboro, Ohio, December 23d of that year. Frances E. Willard, President of the National Union, invited Dr. Lewis to be present and deliver an address at the anniversary meeting at Washington Court House, Ohio.

It was learned some time after this invitation was given and accepted, that Dr. Lewis intended to make his address a bitter attack on the principle of prohibition, which had the hearty support of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The invitation was therefore withdrawn, and Mr. Finch was requested by Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, to challenge Dr. Lewis to engage in a series of joint debates in the principal cities of Ohio, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of that State.

Mr. Finch promptly complied with the request, and forwarded this challenge, to be sent by Mrs. Woodbridge, with her letter of explanation, to Dr. Lewis :

“ BOSTON, December 7, 1883.

“ *Dr. Dio Lewis.*

“ DEAR SIR : Information comes to me that you intend, at the Crusade convention at Washington Court House, to attack the prohibition policy of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of that State. I wish to state the following facts, and make the following offer :

“ 1. You are the originator of the Crusade.

“ 2. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the child of the Crusade.

“ 3. Years of practical work have made the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Prohibitionists. In other words, they believe the police power of the State should prohibit poisoned drink as it now does poisoned food.

“ 4. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ohio has just closed a most wonderful campaign, and an attack on prohibition would be an attack on their policy and work.

“ 5. You intend to have your speech printed in the papers and circulated in this country and Europe, and would, of course, want the arguments in favor of prohibition stated so you can expose their fallacies, and not be compelled to set up a man of straw to knock down, and at the same time would be willing to allow a thorough examination of the statements and arguments which you may use. Therefore, I offer to meet you at Washington Court House, or any other city or cities in Ohio, not to exceed ten, and discuss the practicability and necessity of the prohibition of the alcoholic drink traffic. Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, President of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will represent me and make all necessary arrangements. Although you did once make a speech in Lincoln, Neb., when you knew there would be no opportunity of answering it, and by it defeated local option the next day in the Nebraska Legislature, I am sure you do not want to make a speech against arguments which you may put into the mouths of the Prohibitionists, when you can have a live Prohibitionist to state the reasons for

prohibition. The liquor traffic is the institution on trial, the people are the jury, and you, of course, believe in their intelligence and ability to settle the matter right. To do this they should hear both sides of the question. Am I right in supposing you do not wish to make an argument on this great question without giving an opportunity to the Prohibitionists to review and examine it before the same jury where it is made?

“ Respectfully,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

Immediately upon receipt of this letter Mrs. Woodbridge enclosed it with the following to Dr. Lewis :

“ CLEVELAND, December 12, 1883.

“ *Dr. Dio Lewis, New York City.*

“ SIR : Having learned of your intent to deliver an anti-prohibition speech at Washington Court House on the 26th of this month, and, the ground being our own, the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union has requested John B. Finch, Esq., to meet you at that time for a full discussion of the subject. I enclose Mr. Finch's letter, addressed to yourself, which accompanied his affirmative response to our request. I am just informed that the Union at Washington Court House has unconditionally withdrawn its invitation, but Mr. Finch's offer for other cities holds good, and we await your acceptance of the same. As we have taken the liberty to publish Mr. Finch's offer, with accompanying circumstances (the same will appear simultaneously in the leading papers of Cleveland and elsewhere), we hope for a speedy reply, and that it may receive like publicity.

“ Respectfully,

“ MARY A. WOODBRIDGE,

“ *President of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*”

In reply to these letters Dr. Lewis sent the following :

“ NEW YORK, December 14, 1883.

“ *John B. Finch, Esq., Adams House, Boston, Mass.*

“ MY DEAR SIR : Your pleasant and stimulating letter of December 7th has this moment reached me. Where it has been in the meantime I am sure I cannot say. The thought and spirit of your letter are extremely grateful to my feelings. I think, however, that the proposed discussions in Ohio are already forestalled by a withdrawal on the part of the friends at Washington of their invitation. They did invite me to deliver an address on both Sunday and Monday, the 23d and the 24th ; but hearing that I intended to make an address on prohibition, and that my position would be that of anti-prohibition, they withdrew their invitation, so that I am not going. I should be very glad to discuss, under favoring conditions, the question of prohibition with any intelligent and earnest Prohibitionist, and especially if he would be recognized as a representative Prohibitionist by the friends of the cause. If my antagonist had not the advantage of such recognition, the advantages of such a meeting would be greatly lessened. I held several discussions on the subject in Massachusetts—one with the Rev. Dr. Miner—and am very glad to give the reasons for my belief that prohibition is the deadliest enemy of our Divine cause in a debate under favoring conditions ; but I think the opportunity for such meeting in Ohio has now been withdrawn.

“ Hoping that I shall have the honor and pleasure to discuss the subject with you at some future time, provided always (if you will pardon the limitation) that you are a recognized representative of the prohibitory party, I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

“ DIO LEWIS.”

“ NEW YORK, December 15, 1883.

“ *Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, President Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*

“ MY FRIEND : Your note containing Mr. Finch's very courteous letter has just reached me. Enclosed please find my answer to Mr. Finch.

There is great danger in such discussions that the meeting may be turned into a mere gladiatorial contest ; and if the discussions occur, I hope that everything may be done to give them the same spirit which filled the very air of Ohio during my sojourn there ten years ago.

“ Very truly yours,

“ DIO LEWIS.”

“ NEW YORK, December 15, 1883.

“ *Hon. John B. Finch.*

“ MY DEAR SIR : In your letter just received you suggest a series of public discussions of prohibition in Ohio. Believing that the brave, noble temperance women of that State are in danger of sacrificing their Divine cause in an attempt to win victory through an army of constables, I shall be glad to participate in such discussions, with the hope that I may help to turn the tide.

“ On the occasion of the decennial celebration of the Ohio Woman’s Crusade I am to deliver an address in Cooper Institute, New York, likewise one in Brooklyn. As I believe the challenged party has the choice of time and place, I wish you would participate in the Cooper Institute meeting. The friends here will pay your expenses. If after that meeting you should think it wise to continue the discussion in Ohio, I will meet you in two or three of the principal cities, my expenses being paid, although my overwhelming duties in this city will make it very difficult for me to be absent so long. Devoutly hoping that if such discussions occur they may be filled with the most earnest purpose on our part, not to win personal victory, but to disseminate light, I am very truly yours,

“ DIO LEWIS.”

Mr. Finch made this characteristic and vigorous reply to the letters of Dr. Lewis :

“ BOSTON, December 20, 1883.

“ *Dr. Dio Lewis.*

“ DEAR SIR : Your letters of the 14th and 15th are at hand. They are certainly confusing, if not contradictory. In the first place you stipu-

late that I shall be a recognized representative Prohibitionist, and in the second you say nothing about it. I do not claim to be a recognized representative of the Prohibitionists. I represent those who call on me to represent them—the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I was surprised at your stipulation, after your making the statement that the Ohio women had withdrawn the invitation which they had extended to you, and thereby taken away your right to claim to represent anybody but Dr. Dio Lewis. Still, your personality and great fame as a debater, after the struggles which you recount with Dr. Miner and others, may justify you in declining to meet any other than representative men, and in regarding with contempt the bravado of a young man who, in defence of friends he honors and respects, challenges you to meet him in the lists of truth. I apologize for my presumption, and thank you for warning me, by reciting the number of your previous victories, of the danger I am to encounter, and am only persuaded to go forward in the matter by the implied agreement, made in your letter to Mrs. Woodbridge, that you will curb your great powers and not make the debate a great gladiatorial contest. I am sure you will remember the implied agreement; but in order to insure its keeping, I would suggest that a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the body of Prohibitionists which I am to represent, and a member of one of the great anti prohibitory organizations, the Brewers' Congress, the Distillers' Union, or the Saloon-Keepers' League be present on the platform to open and close the debate with prayer.

“You state that the challenged party has the choice of time and place. Pardon my youth and ignorance, for I did not suppose that a challenge to discuss an issue in a State where it was pending gave the challenged party a right to locate the discussion hundreds of miles away, in a State where it is not pending; and may I, as a young man, suggest that you will hardly add to your reputation for courage and manliness by standing in the city of New York and firing rhetorical guns at the policy of the women of Ohio. But, believing in the principles I am

asked to defend, I accept your terms with one modification. My engagements render it impossible for me to be in New York on the 23d inst. I can be there on February 9th and 10th, and will meet you on either of those days, in consideration of your meeting me in Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland, O., during the week of February 24th and March 1st. My friend, John W. Cummings, 58 Reade Street, New York, will represent me in arranging for the New York meeting, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Cleveland, O., in arranging for the Ohio meetings.

“Respectfully,

“JOHN B. FINCH.”

Dr. Lewis seemed disposed to quibble, and several communications, which will explain themselves, passed between him and Mr. Finch.

“NEW YORK, December 21, 1883.

“*Hon. John B. Finch.*

“MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of yesterday has just reached me. I am sorry you cannot come to New York and begin our discussions here on the 23d. I have no authority, until I consult with the friends here, to arrange a meeting for February 9th or 10th. I presume such meetings can be arranged, however, and I will give you notice. You suggest that our discussions in Ohio shall take place during the weeks ‘February 4th and March 1st, 1884.’ I cannot quite comprehend this, and think it must be in some way an error. Please inform me what it means. I have carefully quoted the words from your letter. I can hardly believe you are serious in your proposition to have a number of the members of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union meet on the platform with members of the Distillers’ Union or Saloon-Keepers’ League, one to open and the other to close the debate with prayer. This must be intended as a joke. In the meantime, although you are very busy with your evening addresses, can you not find time to write a series of letters in the Ohio papers in reference to prohibition? I will prepare a series

of brief papers against prohibition. Should the papers of Ohio publish our contributions, the great mass of the people would get some idea of our respective views, and thus be better able to comprehend our public discussions.

“ Yours truly,

“ DIO LEWIS.”

“ BOSTON, December 22, 1883.

“ *Dr. Dio Lewis.*

“ DEAR SIR : Answering yours of December 21st, 1883, my friend, John W. Cummings, 58 Reade Street, New York, will call on you and make all necessary arrangements for the New York meeting, provided you will meet me in Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland, O., during the week beginning February 24th and ending March 1st. This is what I intended to say, and if I failed, it was a mistake of the pen. I will pay my own expenses in New York, and my friends will assist in making it a joint meeting. I was certainly serious in my proposition to have representatives of the Prohibitionists and anti-Prohibitionists on the platform to open and close the meeting with prayer. The Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which I am to represent, is a body of Prohibitionists, and a member of that body, properly delegated, would be a representative Prohibitionist. I am sure Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will delegate some lady to represent the national body and open the debate with prayer. The Brewers' Congress, Distillers' Union, and Saloon-Keepers' League are the only representative bodies of anti-Prohibitionists in the country, and as you are to represent the principle they are organized to defend, I am sure, if you request it, they would delegate some member of their craft to close the debate with prayer ; for if their business is to be tolerated by a Christian State, it is right to ask God to bless it. When you know me better you will know I never joke about matters like this. But I do not wish it understood that I make it a necessary condition of the debate that a representative anti-Prohibitionist close it with prayer, for I presume the truth, plainly stated during

the discussion, would not tend to make him [no woman is an anti-Prohibitionist] very devout.

“ In regard to making the discussion a newspaper warfare in Ohio, I will simply say I know many of the editors in Ohio, and judging the rest by those who are my friends, I think they are as fully capable of discussing the question intelligently as either of us ; and I have no desire to reflect on their ability or honesty by using their columns, thereby insinuating that they lack either the intelligence or will to discuss this great national issue. I have neither time nor inclination for a newspaper controversy ; and, in addition, fear I could not make you understand so but what you would take my most serious arguments as jokes. You propose to attack the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ohio on the same line the liquor-sellers have been attacking them for years. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union ask me to answer you. Believing that a man who claims to be a temperance man, and uses his strength not against the common enemy, but against women working for the same cause, but not in his way, should be met and forced to choose between the temperance workers and their enemies, I, despite my youth, ignorance, and lack of platform experience, in defence of the policy of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, threw my glove into the ring, and asked God to give me strength and wisdom to defend the cause of the women and children and homes of this land. Is it to be taken up ? Further letter-writing is unnecessary.

“ Respectfully,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

“ NEW YORK, December 22, 1883.

“ *Hon. John B. Finch, Adams House, Boston, Mass.*

“ MY DEAR SIR : In rereading your letter of the 20th, I find several sentences of such extraordinary character and so offensive to me, that I write to ask if they were intentional ? I refer to such sentences as, ‘ I thank you from my heart for warning me, by reciting the number of

your past victories, of the danger I am to encounter,' etc. And, again, 'You will hardly add to your reputation for courage, manliness,' etc.

"These are very extraordinary sentences—the first one in particular—as I had not made the slightest allusion to a victory nor to anything of the kind.

"And, again, 'Curb your great powers.' And once more, your proposition to have a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and a member of the Distillers' Union or Saloon-Keepers' League on the platform—one to open and the other to close the debates with prayer—is of so extraordinary a character that I scarcely know what to say about it. If one is at liberty to assume that you are serious in this proposition, I can only say that it is monstrous and impracticable. If the proposition is made in irony, I take the liberty to suggest that it is far below the level of the proposed discussions.

"All these sentences are extremely offensive to me. I never either write or speak on that plane; but in all my labors in temperance, hygiene, or science, whether as a writer or a speaker, however feeble my efforts may be intellectually, I always try as well as I know how to be courteous to every one. And in the field of temperance, in which I have labored pretty constantly for forty years, I uniformly treat the friends of rum, when I believe them sincere, with the same politeness as the friends of temperance.

"Will you please tell me if these remarkable sentences were accidents, or written with a clear conception of their meaning?

"Very truly yours,

"DIO LEWIS."

"BOSTON, December 24, 1883.

"*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 22d is at hand. Please allow me to say if there has been any discourtesy in our correspondence it was in your first letter to me, when, after I had, on behalf of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, asked you to discuss the question, you,

instead of accepting or declining the invitation, went on to stipulate 'that I should be a representative Prohibitionist.' I challenged you as a man, and desired to meet you as a man for an honest comparison of views, but you declined to meet me unless I was a 'representative Prohibitionist.' Of course there must be a reason for this, and it must be one of two :

" 1. You were speaking as a representative anti-Prohibitionist for the great anti-prohibition organizations, as Brewers' Congress, etc. ; or,

" 2. Your own fame and personality were so great as to entitle you to make the stipulation. Under any other circumstances the stipulation was impertinent and insulting. I long ago learned that a man who hunted for insults lacked good sense, and was not inclined to think you meant an insult. I could not believe the first reason was the true one, so I was forced back upon the second as the real reason, and from that standpoint wrote my letter of the 20th. I wrote calmly, earnestly, dispassionately, fully comprehending all I wrote. I wrote as a young man to one of superior ability and experience, to say what I really thought ought to be said in return for favors which your letters seemed to grant. If you did not mean to warn me, why did you mention your contest with the Rev. Dr. Miner? Certainly it was matter entirely foreign to this case. I presumed it was a victory for you, for the vanquished are not apt to mention their defeats to new antagonists.

" You say, ' I never write or speak on that plane.'

" I have before me a book * and read this sentence : ' I will not say that those who make such statements are not honest men, and that they do not think they are speaking the truth ; but it is very easy to show that they entirely fail to comprehend the subjects and the facts.' This is said of the Rev. Dr. D. C. Eddy.

" Again I read : ' And yet Prohibitionists are some of them so loose-headed,' etc.

* Prohibition a Failure. By Dio Lewis.

“ Again : ‘ When we stop lying and utter our convictions about their trade in a reasonable and earnest spirit,’ and so on to the end of the book.

“ This book, with all its irony, insinuation, sarcasm, misstatement, misrepresentation, and illogical deductions, purports to have been written by you, and I am glad to be informed by your letter that you do not write on that plane, and that, consequently, the book could not have been written by you.

“ The issue between us is not a personal one, and on my part shall never be degraded to a personal one. It is a question of principle, and in the spirit of my first letter I ask you not to avoid the discussion by trying to insinuate that your personality has been attacked. I assure you I do not at all feel like raising false issues to get out of the discussion, but am truly anxious to meet you, hoping that by a comparison of views the cause of truth may be benefited, and I, by listening to you, be strengthened for the battle of life.

“ Respectfully,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

Two weeks after this letter was written Dr. Lewis wrote Mrs. Woodbridge declining to meet Mr. Finch, and received from her a very emphatic reply :

“ NEW YORK, January 7, 1884.

“ *Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge :*

“ MY DEAR MADAM : You ask me to send you information in regard to the proposed discussion between Mr. Finch and myself. In a recent letter he insists that he is serious in his proposition that on the platform at our discussions we shall have a member of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union and some representative of the liquor traffic to open and close the meeting with prayer. Mr. Finch declares in response to my remonstrance that this is not a joke, but that it was written ‘ calmly and dispassionately.’

“A large number of the most devout friends of temperance think that to call attention away from the moral agencies which they believe are the only effective forces in the temperance cause and fix it on the constable is a fatal error. This is my own deepest conviction. Many of our most enlightened and influential editors cherish the same thought. And now Mr. Finch seriously proposes that we get a rum-seller to pray for a blessing on our cause. I ask you, my dear madam, if you can believe that a discussion inaugurated by such a proposition as that can result in any good?

“I will not recall the very offensive personalities in Mr. Finch’s letters to me, for the public have read them, but it seems clear that while our discussions might amuse the boys, we should not contribute to the solution of a great problem. It is always difficult to keep oral debates within the sphere of instruction, so that many persons quite despair of their usefulness.

“I have participated in many public discussions, and confess to a liking for that sort of thing, but must now say that I am not willing to join in the proposed discussion with Mr. Finch.

“I will, however, if the leading papers in Ohio care to publish my contributions, prepare a series of brief papers on prohibition, and Mr. Finch can, if he chooses, respond to them. In this way we shall reach the entire reading public of Ohio, and much more effectively than in public debates, unless the debaters are filled with their subject and can forget themselves.

“With vivid recollections of past scenes in Ohio, and with a yearning hope that the earnest women of your great State may be divinely guided,

“Respectfully,

“DIO LEWIS.”

“CLEVELAND, O., January 11, 1884.

“*Dr. Dio Lewis, New York City.*

“SIR: Your communication of the 7th is before me, in which you decline the discussion with Mr. Finch which you had engaged to hold,

and assign as your reason ' his peculiar request concerning the opening and closing of the meetings with prayer.'

" Such excuse is wholly untenable, as Mr. Finch, in his letter to you of December 22d, writes, ' I do not wish it understood that I make it a necessary condition of debate.'

" We cannot, therefore, accept such excuse.

" Again you say : ' A large number of the most devout friends of temperance think that to call attention away from the moral agencies which they believe are the only effective forces in the temperance cause and fix it on the constable is a fatal error.' The people of Ohio do not advocate any such doctrine ; but if you think they do, it should be your desire to bring every influence to bear for their conviction and conversion to what you alone believe to be the truth.

" You also say, ' Through newspaper correspondence the reading public of Ohio would be more effectively reached, unless the debaters are filled with the subject and can forget themselves.' Again : ' It seems clear that while our discussions might amuse the boys, we should not contribute to the solution of a great problem.'

" I have never listened to an address by yourself, and cannot say if your personality is superior to your subject, or if you are usually amusing to boys, but I can positively affirm that Mr. Finch always forgets himself in his argument for the redemption of the people and the salvation of this Republic from the curse of intemperance, and never descends to trifling or buffoonery. So if you will guard yourself against being amusing, the meetings must be a success.

" You will perceive that your excuses for withdrawing from the debate are without foundation, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ohio holds you to your agreement, and will continue to arrange for the appointed meetings at Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati.

" Respectfully,

" MARY A. WOODBRIDGE,

" *President Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*"

" NEW YORK, January 21, 1884.

" *Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge.*

" DEAR MADAM : I can add nothing to the statement in my last letter to you. More than a score of trusted friends who have read Mr. Finch's letters to me advise against the discussion. I am sorry to hear from you that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ohio, notwithstanding my positive withdrawal from the debate, will still go on announcing me as one of the disputants. If any one should come to hear me he would be disappointed.

" I am to meet Neal Dow in an early issue of the *North American Review*. If the public journals do not reprint our papers, I will gladly join with the friends of prohibition in printing and distributing them throughout the State.

" Yours respectfully,

" DIO LEWIS."

" CLEVELAND, O., January 23, 1884.

" *Dr. Dio Lewis, New York City.*

" DEAR SIR : Yours of the 21st this hour received. The Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union continued the announcement of your coming for two reasons : 1. We could not think the 'advice of trusted friends,' though 'more than a score' in number, would tempt you to break an engagement in which your word and honor were at stake. 2. We believed the discussion would be of great benefit to our cause, and desired the communities where the meetings were to be held to be fully informed concerning them. Our experience gives us no assurance that a contract of any character would be binding on your part. We do not, therefore, care to consider your proposition.

" Respectfully,

" MARY A. WOODBRIDGE,

" *President Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*"

Mr. Finch tersely summed up and closed the epistolary

controversy. To the following incisive letter he received no reply :

“ BOSTON, January 28, 1884.

“ *Dr. Dio Lewis.*

“ DEAR SIR : Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge has just forwarded to me your letters declining to meet me in discussion in Ohio. I am not surprised, for I hardly expected that a man who would accept an invitation from Christian women to assist them in their work, and then propose to use the opportunity to attack their work, would care to meet in fair discussion a representative of those women. If an organization should invite me to speak for them, I should consider myself in honor bound, if I was opposed to their plan of work, to state so in my letter of acceptance. You knew prohibition was a primary principle of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union ; why did you not state in your letter to Miss Willard what you proposed to do ? In the West it would hardly be considered honorable warfare to accept the hospitalities of a person for the sake of catching him off his guard and attacking him. You seemed to think differently, and when your purpose was discovered, I was asked by the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union to meet you. You accepted the invitation in your letter of December 15th, and indicated how you wished the meetings conducted, by saying, ‘ There is great danger in such discussions that the meetings may be turned into a mere gladiatorial contest, and if the discussions occur, I hope that everything may be done to give them the same spirit which filled the very air of Ohio during my sojourn there ten years ago.’ What filled the air ? The spirit of prayer. The world knows this to be the fact. To carry out your suggestion and ensure the fact that no gladiatorial contest should take place, I, in my letter of December 20th, suggested that a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and Brewers' League, Distillers' Union, or Saloon-Keepers' Union be on the platform to open and close the meeting with prayer. In your letter of December 22d, you say, ‘ The proposition is monstrous and impracti-

cable.' Why monstrous and impracticable? If you did not mean prayer, what did you mean by 'the spirit of ten years ago'? I do not consider it either monstrous or impracticable to have a debate opened or closed with prayer. In your letter of January 7th you seem to convey the idea that the suggestion is monstrous and impracticable because a representative anti-Prohibitionist is to assist in the praying. In your speech in New York, January 4th, you said: 'It is not right to call the liquor-dealers devils and hell-hounds; many of them are as good men as anybody;' and yet, on the 7th, you object to one of these good men praying in meeting. Would it be 'monstrous' and 'impracticable' to ask you to pray? If a liquor-dealer is as good as anybody he is as good as you; and if it would be correct to ask you to pray, why not correct to ask him? Is not saying, 'It is monstrous and impracticable to ask a liquor-dealer to pray,' equivalent to saying he is a 'devil' and a 'hell-hound'? More than this, you know I positively stated the suggestion was not made a condition of the debate.

"In your letter of January 7th, you say: 'To call attention away from moral agencies and fix it on the constable is a fatal error.' You know that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union never did and never will advocate any such thing, and that prohibition does not contemplate any such thing. The inference conveyed by the sentence is false, and if your argument was to stand on such foundation I do not wonder that you avoided the discussion.

"You profess to be willing to take up the newspaper controversy. Your letters convey the idea that you grow brave, as you occupy ground which you know that no one cares to take the time to contest with you. I regret your refusal to keep your agreement, and that the anti-Prohibitionists have not a man in this country to defend the traffic on its merits; that all its defence must come under the cloak of temperance, with its defender protesting that he does it from a temperance standpoint. With kindest wishes, I am, my dear sir,

"Respectfully yours,

"JOHN B. FINCH."

On Sunday afternoon, December 23d, 1883, Dr. Dio Lewis delivered an address at the meeting of the Manhattan Temperance Association in Cooper Union Hall, New York. This was the speech prepared for the anniversary meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held on the same day at Washington Court House, O. He ridiculed prohibition and its defenders, as had been expected, and spun a web of gauzy sophistry around the central thoughts of "personal liberty" and "prohibition a failure."

Although Dr. Lewis had declined to engage in the joint debate, it was determined that Mr. Finch should have an opportunity to answer him. A meeting was therefore arranged for Chickering Hall, New York, for Sunday, February 10th, when he utterly demolished the frail fabric of false reasoning woven by Dr. Lewis.

Mr. Finch said :

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : A man standing on the snow-capped top of a mountain in Switzerland picked up a piece of ice and threw it down the mountain side. It struck many feet below, where, lo, the mountain side seemed to break loose, and an immense field of ice and snow moved swiftly and with resistless force toward the foot of the mountain. On it swept, moving swifter and swifter, grinding rocks to powder, tearing loose and carrying away old landmarks, until with a plunge it leaped into a ravine at the base, where it lay a disorganized mass, without motion or power. The man gazed in astonishment at the force his unthinking effort had set in motion, and on his way down the mountain stopped to look at the spent avalanche, when he saw it was already dissolving in the warm embrace of the lower atmosphere. The immense mass had moved from the arms of winter to the lap of spring, where the influence

of softer clime and warmer winds were liberating the water, and sending it laden with the powdered rock to turn the wheel of the mill and the factory, and then to fertilize the fields of intelligent industry, in the valley below.

“ ‘The Woman’s Crusade’ was an avalanche, set in motion by the words of Dr. Dio Lewis, and, like the mountain avalanche, it swept on during the winter of 1873–74, astonishing the world by its power, and then stopped, held by the hills of emotional reaction and public inertia, a disorganized, helpless mass. The world asked, ‘What good has been accomplished?’ The answer came in the organization of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. The movement had taken woman from the mountains of icy waiting and inaction to the more genial clime of religious and moral activity, under whose influence the force formerly latent was set free and made a blessing to the world by *the methods of action planned and developed by woman herself*.

“ The Woman’s Crusade was an effect, not a cause. For years the force had been gathering, and the breaking of social bonds, heart-loves, and home ties by the evils of the drink traffic made its liberation an easy matter.

“ The old adage, ‘A state of war is a state of immorality,’ was doubly verified during our terrible Civil War. The issue in the northland was national life ; in the southland, southern independence. In both sections all other questions were subordinated, and the public mind, constantly occupied with national issues, overlooked the minor matters of the enforcement of law and protection of public morals ; this, taken together with the fact that moral men are uniformly the patriots of the nation, while bad men always seize the opportunity offered by public danger and consequent demoralization to increase their ill-gotten gains and fasten securely on public life, led to a rapid increase of intemperance ; while the order directing the issuing of liquor rations to the troops made drunkards of thousands of previously temperate men. After the close of the war and the return of the troops, drunkenness hung like

a dark cloud over the land. Homes were wrecked, hearts broken, and the moan of the widow and orphan made by drink filled the land. Woman suffered in silence until her love for her home and dear ones shut out from her mental vision all other considerations but their protection and safety. It was Dr. Lewis's words, which, like the ice thrown from the mountain top, was just the force to set in motion woman, to right her own wrongs. His words hastened but did not cause woman's action. Only bitterest agony, united with anxiety for loved ones and humanity, could have forced modest, loving, cultured women to break away from the conventional restraints of ages, all the teachings of their early years, and amid the sneers and jeers of those they wished to save enter vile grog-shops to plead on their knees for their homes and loved ones. Like all force suddenly and thoughtlessly released, the crusade spent itself, and an emotional reaction came. As a temperance movement, *per se*, it was a wretched failure ; as a preparation for organized, systematic, intelligent work, it was of God, and by Him directed. [Applause.]

“ During this wonderful time of preparation, the mental horizon of woman broadened rapidly, and when the crusade had done its work and its time of usefulness had forever passed, they were ready to use their new-found powers in an intelligent, logical way. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union sprang from the brain of the women of the crusade like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. Dr. Lewis neither by word nor pen gave shape to the movement. His speech shows he has not developed since the crusade started, for he says :

“ ‘ I am an old man, but I expect to live long enough to see the friends of temperance turn their backs upon the constable, join hands and hearts in a grand movement combining the tactics of Washingtonianism and the Woman's Crusade, and within twelve months fill the most wonderful page in the history of Christian civilization.’

“ Not only has Dr. Lewis failed to grasp a sensible idea, but, like the great defender of the theory of phlogiston (fire-matter), seems to have

given up his own investigations and work in order to be free to devote his time to attacking those who differ with him. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union abandons the methods, not the principles of the crusade, and for this he attacks it.

“ It is a principle of all reforms, that while principles may not change, methods must change, to meet the ever-changing front of the evil assailed. As well say, it would have been wisdom for Grant to have trained his guns on the old field of Bull Run, when Lee was in Petersburg and Richmond, or for Lee to have trained his guns on Malvern Hill, when Meade was in Pennsylvania, as to say the temperance forces of to-day should attack the same position they did ten years ago. The moral, social, and religious position of the enemy is different ; his methods of defence have been almost wholly changed ; and to advocate the use of old methods would be like advocating an attack with the cross-bows and catapults of old upon a fortification armed with rifled cannon. [Applause.] The women who had been led into the crusade by their desire to protect themselves, their loved ones, and humanity from the evils of intemperance, were taught this principle by practical experience.

“ The attack of the crusade upon the grog-shops was based upon the following axioms :

“ 1. Knowledge of the material universe comes to a child through his sense perceptions.

“ 2. The child's habits, character, and powers depend largely upon the habits, customs, and institutions of which his sense perceptions take cognizance.

“ 3. Alcoholic liquors are a product of man's work, consequently the desire for and disease resulting from the use of must follow their manufacture. To grant even the existence of a natural desire for stimulants (which I would not do) is not to grant the desire for a specific stimulant, as the general desire could only become a specific desire when it had been trained to the use of the specific stimulant.

“ 4. Alcoholic drinks being a manufactured poison, the supply must precede and create the demand for them.

“ 5. The use of alcoholic liquors in all ages and nations has been proportionate to the public popular facilities for obtaining the same.

“ From these axioms it follows : that the public grog-shop, by exposing the liquors for sale and promoting social customs that lead to their use, is a school of drunkenness, and for this reason the crusade moved against it. Upon any other theory the crusade was unjust, indefensible.

“ The leaders of the organized movement examined closely the theory of the crusade. They were to deal with mankind. To understand the reform it is necessary to study mankind.

“ Man is a social animal. Society is necessary for his development. To isolate him is to destroy him as an intellectual being, and to degrade him to the level of the brute. The effects of solitary confinement in the prisons of France and the United States, the history of persons lost on uninhabited islands—all prove that man was created as a social being ; that, removed from his fellows, he ceases to be man. Therefore, any system of ethics is weak and defective which fails to recognize the dual nature of man as an individual responsible to God, and as a social unit responsible to society, made necessary by his very nature. Man is dependent, and his individuality must bend to that fact. Perfect natural liberty means liberty in accord with nature. The liberty or licentiousness that has a tendency to destroy society and thereby deprive man of social intercourse, which nature has made imperative for his development, is opposed to the laws of nature, opposed to God, and is therefore wrong. [Applause.]

“ The ability of society to fulfil its high function depends almost wholly upon the character of the social units. This hall is a brick building. The unit of the structure is the individual brick in the wall. The strength of the building depends somewhat upon its form and the work done upon it ; but all architectural calculation is based upon the strength and durability of the material which is used. Suppose that the

architect had drawn the plan, the masterworkman and masons been ready to do good work when the material came, and an examination of the material had shown it to be poor, weak, soft, would the men have gone forward with the building? No! The strength of the building depends upon the strength of the material, and it would be worse than useless to erect a building of weak, poor material. If it would be useless to erect a building of poor material, would it not be criminal to allow persons to weaken and destroy the material of a building already erected when its destruction means the destruction of the building and the thwarting of the purpose for which it was erected? [Applause.]

“Society is a structure; its material, reasonable, ethical human beings. Any business or custom which develops or strengthens the God-nature of man develops and strengthens society, of which he is a part, and the reverse of the picture is equally true. Any business or custom which develops the animal nature of man at the expense of the intellectual God-nature weakens and degrades society. To fulfil its mission society—mankind as a whole—must establish and maintain institutions and customs necessary for man’s development, comfort, and happiness.

“Trade is a social institution, born of society, developed by society, and subject to society, to assist in promoting the interests that necessitate society. [Applause.]

“This statement of fundamental truths leads to the axiom: ‘The use of alcoholic liquors in all ages and nations has been proportionate to the public popular facilities for obtaining the same,’ or, in other words, on the open alcoholic liquor trade. The alcoholic liquor trade is a social institution subject to the social law governing all trade—viz., to assist in promoting the interests that necessitate society. True, millions of dollars are invested in it, and thousands of men depend upon it for a livelihood; but its magnitude only gives it greater power to do evil, if its results are evil. It is entitled to the same protection from society as other trades, if its work produces the same social results as other trades.

Only gravest charges, fully sustained, can justify its destruction ; but if charges sufficient are sustained, its very magnitude must bar the dealers from pleading the ' baby act ' as an excuse for their crimes. [Applause.] The traffic is the act of the dealer, and if it is evil it is his crime ; and to talk of the crimes of the traffic is nonsense. The traffic is itself a crime ; the dealer can only be held responsible for his traffic as shown by its results, but he must come into the people's court and answer for them. [Loud applause.] The open bar-room, exposing the supply of liquors with tempting signs and alluring accompaniments, constantly creates a demand where no demand existed before. Two men passing along the street, with no thought of drinking, see the tempting sign, and step into the public popular place and drink ; not that they care to drink, but to be social. Several young men enter a saloon to play billiards. They do not care for liquor, but ' when they are with Romans they must do as Romans do,' and they drink to be social. The business, outlawed and driven into holes, would be followed by the victims it had already ruined and chained, but not by the boys of the land who care nothing for drink.

" Drinking, in its incipency, is the result of social customs ; in its advanced stages, of diseased nervous and muscular conditions, which create an unnatural craving, falsely called an appetite. The treatment of the victim as an individual is one part of the work of the reform, but the fact of his relation to society, and society's relation to him, must not be lost sight of. If alcoholic drinks injure the user, then they injure mankind as a whole—society—of which the user is a part, and it is a matter of self-defence for society to discourage their use. Granted the effects of alcoholic drinks on the habitual user are, primarily, muscular and nervous degeneration and disease ; secondarily, weakened intellect, sensibility, and will, and it follows that the individual thus injured, being a social unit, society must suffer from the use of alcoholic liquors ; and that the public bar-room, by stimulating the use, becomes an enemy to society, and therefore subject to trial, conviction, and destruction.

[Applause.] Society tries men for their acts—institutions for their results. If the liquor traffic builds up its customer socially, morally, intellectually, and financially, no argument can justify its overthrow ; but if it tears down its customer socially, morally, intellectually, and financially, no sophistry can justify society in continuing it. [Applause.]

“ I hope I have liquor-dealers before me to-day, and if so they will please correct me if I misstate the results of their traffic. Four workmen were paid off last night. Each received twenty-five dollars. On the way home one spent a large part of his money in a dry-goods store, one in a boot and shoe store, one in a hardware store, and the other commenced last night, and is continuing to-day, to spend it in a saloon. Each of these men has a family to provide for and educate. Next Wednesday we will visit the homes of these men. We enter the home of the man who spent his money with the dry-goods merchant, and ask what his family received in exchange for his hard-earned dollars. His wife would show us the new dresses, and say : ‘ We needed the clothes, the merchant needed the money, so we traded ’—an exchange of values benefiting both parties. The same answer, simply varied to the article purchased, would be given by the wives of the men who traded at the boot and hardware stores ; but when we enter the home of the saloon customer to ask, the misery, wretchedness, and poverty would answer before the lips could utter the question. The saloon takes material values from the customer, and returns something worse than nothing. Far better for the man if they had simply robbed him, for then he would have had a clear head and sound muscles to go on and provide for his family, while by selling him liquor he is temporarily unfitted for work, and sent home a maddened brute to abuse and insult those he should love and protect. [Is not society bound to protect those helpless ones from the outrages of both drinker and seller ?] To illustrate more fully, let me ask a liquor-dealer a hypothetical question : Mr. Dealer, suppose a young man, standing high in social and business circles, commenced

to patronize you to-day, and does so for the next ten years, all the while increasing the time spent daily in your saloon and the money spent at your bar. At the end of the ten years, what will you have done for that man in return for all the money and time he has given you? Must not the dealer answer : ' He would have been better socially, morally, intellectually, and financially if he had never entered a saloon.' Another, please : Suppose a man with a family patronizes you the same way and for the same time, what will you do for his family in return for the father's money and time? The answer must be : ' The family would have been better off, and the children had a better chance for manhood and womanhood, if the father had never entered a saloon.' No liquor-dealer dare deny that the whole tendency of the saloon is to degrade its customers. [Applause.] The bar-room, under whatever name, is a nursery where criminals and paupers are bred—a cradle where vice is fondled and rocked. [Applause.] Its path through the ages is stained with blood and tears, and made horrible by the countless skeletons of its victims, who, decoyed by its influence from the up-hill path of denial and duty into the by-way of sensual pleasure and drunkenness, have then been dragged, by the cravings of diseased bodies, in disgrace and madness to dishonored death. Judged by its own record, the traffic is a curse to all the higher elements of manhood and womanhood, a disgrace to our Christian civilization, and an ulcer on the nation's life. [Applause.]

" That the liquor traffic, and the men engaged in it, constantly outrage that part of society not engaged in the traffic follows from what we have stated, and the punishment and destruction of the traffic must come from the society founded on the relations of right—the State. It is the duty of the State to destroy this traffic, and thereby prevent its results. [Applause.]

" The liquor traffic, being a social institution, has no private rights, but is responsible to its creator—mankind, society—for its acts. The State must not only guard its own life by preventing the traffic from

debauching the units of society, but as an institution of justice it must protect innocent third parties from the wrongs of the seller and buyer. The wife and babies of the drinker, the taxpayer and sober men liable to be assaulted by drunkards, must be protected. To try to settle this issue by simply taking into consideration the seller and drinker indicates a shallow mind and narrow thinker. [Applause.] To say the Government cannot destroy a social institution that is an enemy of society is to deny the capacity of man for self-government, and no loyal citizen will thus challenge the strength and value of Republican institutions. [Applause.]

“To conform to these fundamental truths, and meet the enemy at all points, the leaders of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union broadened their movement, and instead of the single line of attack on the saloon, pressed the battle on the line of evangelistic work, juvenile work, prison and police work, work among the intemperate, Bible work among the Germans, suffrage work, scientific work, work with the colored people, work in the kitchen garden, circulation of temperance literature, work with the soldiers and sailors, work in the Sunday-school, and many other lines I have not time to mention—all tending to the destruction of the alcoholic liquor traffic.

“Because they have thus changed, and propose to destroy the traffic by developing public intelligence to a point where public opinion, crystallized into public will—law—shall prevent the traffic, instead of following the defective methods of the crusade to accomplish the same thing, Dr. Dio Lewis issued his bull of December 23d against them, and that bull, at the request of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Ohio, I am here to examine and answer.

“Until I undertook this task, I never realized the truth of Lincoln’s saying, ‘It strains a man terribly to kick at nothing.’ [Applause.] A close examination of Dr. Lewis’s speech shows that he bases his attack upon the policy of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union upon three propositions :

" 1. The distinction between crime and vice.

" 2. The failure of prohibition.

" Personal liberty.

" Let us examine them in their order, because he says :

" ' Upon the distinction between *vice* and *crime* hinges the whole theme of prohibition. No one can intelligently consider this important subject except in clear view of this distinction ;' and if his distinction is wrong his whole argument fails.

" I do not desire to put words which misrepresent him into his mouth, as he constantly does into the mouths of Prohibitionists ; so I will read from his speech his definition of crime and vice. He says :

" ' Our errors may be divided into *vices* and *crimes*. A *vice* is a harm I do to myself in a mistaken pursuit of happiness. A *crime* is a harm I do to another person with *malice prepense*. Without this *malice prepense*, or criminal purpose, there can be no crime.'

" To be sure, I understood his definition, I examined his book, ' Prohibition a Failure,' and find the same statement in different words. He wrote :

" ' A crime must possess three features :

" ' 1. There must be at least two persons—the actor and the victim.

" ' 2. The act must be committed with evil intent.

" ' 3. The act must be committed without the consent of the victim.'

" ' *If either of these features be absent the act is not a crime.*'

" Having given his definition, he lays down as the basis of his argument :

" ' All crimes, large and small, are justly punished by force or law. All vices, large and small, must be treated by reason and persuasion.'

" It is a little remarkable that a man talking from a Christian standpoint should omit from the list of errors ' sin,' as all writers on ethics group crime, sin, vice ; but one pauses astonished at his definition and its manifest absurdity.

" A man alone in a wild forest and country could injure only himself,

and his errors would be sins, because, alone with himself and his God, anything he does that is not in violation of Divine Law as revealed in the Bible or written in his own being is right. When man is considered as a social being, he is seen to be subject to rules of conduct which condemn and prevent many acts, customs, and habits which he would have a perfect right to do or practise if he were considered as living by himself and for himself. His social right to be educated, to be protected, to have his property defended, to have his loved ones protected, takes with it the duty to see that others have the same rights, and to do nothing to prevent others from enjoying the same rights. Certain habits, customs, or acts of his may tend to injure the rights of others. To prevent such injury, and to determine his rights and duties as a social being, man has established an institution of justice—the State. It is evident that there must be some standard by which to judge acts, customs, and habits. Dr. Lewis lays down an arbitrary rule. What right has he to lay down a rule? He says: ‘It is the distinction of common-sense.’ Whose common-sense? Is Dr. Lewis’s common-sense infallible, and must the world accept its definition when the common-sense of the world says, ‘It is nonsense’? The common-sense and conscience of individual man cannot be trusted in determining his own social duty. The standard must be the common-sense of the people formulated in public opinion written and unwritten. [Applause.] By this, habits, acts, and customs are judged and classified as right and wrong. The wrong acts, habits, customs are graded by their results as vices and crimes. There is and can be no arbitrary rule defining what is vice and what is crime. Public opinion alone determines; and as public opinion changes, the definition changes. The thing which was not even a vice yesterday may be a crime to-day. Public opinion crystallized into public will—law—defines what is crime; public opinion in the unwritten law of morals based on Divine Law takes cognizance of acts, customs, and habits which the people, though considering bad, do not consider dangerous enough to be prohibited as crimes. Then

'morals relate to the practice, manners, or conduct of men as social beings in relation to each other, as respects right and wrong.'

"Webster defines vice as 'A moral fault or failing ; especially immoral conduct or habit.'

"Worcester defines vice as 'Opposite to virtue, an offence against morality, or the violation of the moral law.'

"Lewis says : 'Vice is a harm I do myself in a mistaken pursuit of happiness,' and presumed the people were ignorant enough to believe him when he said : 'This is the distinction of the dictionary.' Examine his definition closely. If a young man should freeze his feet while going to see his girl, it would be a vice. If a man resting on a bluff to enjoy the air should fall and break his arm, it would be a vice. If a man going to Europe to study should be shipwrecked, it would be a vice. [Applause.] The public would hold any pursuit which injured the man to be a mistaken one, and who is to say whether or not the pursuit was a mistaken one ?

"If Lewis's definition of vice is foolish, his definition of crime is infamous.

"Webster defines crime as 'Any violation of law, either human or Divine ; an omission of duty which is commanded, or the commission of an act which is forbidden by law.'

"Worcester defines crime as 'An infraction of law, but particularly of human law, and so distinguished from (not opposed to) sin ; an offence against society or against morals as far as they are amenable to the laws.'

"Bouvier's Law Dictionary defines crime as 'An act committed or omitted in violation of a public law forbidding or commanding it.'

"Blackstone defines crime as 'An act committed or omitted in violation of a public law.'

"The courts hold : 'The vital and preserving principle has been adopted that all immoral acts which tend to the prejudice of the community are punishable criminally by courts of justice,' and they define

crime as 'A wrong which the Government notices as injurious to the public; and punishes in what is known as a criminal proceeding.'

"The scholar knows that 'crime' is derived from Latin, *crimen*, a judicial decision, and must mean an act committed or omitted in violation of law.

"Dr. Lewis says: 'Crime is a harm I do another person with *malice prepense*. Without *malice prepense* or criminal purpose there can be no crime,' and as in his definition of vice, presumes that the people are ignorant, and says: 'This is the definition of the courts.'

"Any man of ordinary intelligence could have told the doctor that *malice prepense* is not necessary to constitute crime. If Dr. Lewis should go to Nebraska, and being entirely ignorant of the laws of that State, should shoot a prairie chicken in the month of June, he would be arrested as a criminal and punished, and his ignorance of the law and innocence of all criminal intent would be no defence. The courts hold that ignorance of law is no defence, that every man should and is supposed to know what the laws are. If Dr. Lewis was a switch-tender, and should thoughtlessly leave the switch open, and a train be wrecked as the result of his carelessness, he would be tried and punished, and it would be no defence to say he did not intend to do it.

"If a patient suffering from pain, and certain to die in an hour, should ask Dr. Lewis to give him something to end his life, and the doctor should give it, the law would try and punish him for murder.

"If Dr. Lewis in a fit of anger should strike a friend and kill him, it would be no defence to urge that he did not intend to kill, although it would reduce the grade of the crime. [Applause.]

"Take his definition and apply it: 'The act must be committed with *malice prepense* and without the consent of the victim'; then it follows that an act committed without malice and with the consent of the victim is not crime. This would take polygamy, prostitution, fornication, gambling, adultery, lotteries, etc., out of the list of crimes and the domain of law, because all these offences are committed with the con-

sent of both parties, and Dr. Lewis says : ' If either of these features are lacking there is no crime.'

" With Dr. Lewis as law-giver, if a man should seduce your daughter it would not be a crime, because she gave her consent ; if a man should win your son's money by gambling it would not be crime, because he gave his consent. You should not prosecute the seducer or gambler criminally, because Dr. Lewis says : ' All vices, large and small, must be treated by reason and persuasion.' The doctrine enunciated by Dr. Lewis is the doctrine of free-love, polygamy, anarchy ; and if it became the controlling doctrine would make America a rascal's paradise.

" Examine his illustrations and you will see how utterly he fails to comprehend his subject. He says :

" ' No man commits a crime until his nature has been poisoned and demoralized by vice.'

" Every person knows the records of the courts show thousands of cases of men who have always been moral men up to the time when passion or weakness led them to commit crime. He says :

" ' The Fugitive Slave Law declared it to be a crime to help the panting fugitive. No good man believed it was a crime to conceal and feed him.'

" The Fugitive Slave Law was attacked by the Abolitionists, simply because it contravened what they considered to be God's law, and they held that when human law defined as a crime, what God's law declared to be right, the higher law must prevail. Will Dr. Lewis claim that a law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors contravenes God's law ? and does he follow the proposition that if human law cannot make wrong, what God in His revealed law, written in the Bible, and His natural law, written in man's body, has declared right, so human law cannot make right, what God in the same way has declared wrong ? St. Louis passed laws legalizing prostitution, but that did not make prostitution right. New York has a law making the liquor traffic legal, but that does not make it right, because license laws contravene God's natural and re-

vealed laws for man's development as a social being. [Applause.] He says :

“ ‘ Man steps in to punish his fellow-man when these vices develop into crimes.’

“ ‘ Man as man never punishes his fellow-man. Society, that the transgressor helped form, punishes him for doing what he, by regulations that he as a social unit helped to adopt, prohibited individuals from doing. To illustrate :

“ ‘ Who is to say when the vice becomes a crime ? He says : ‘ A vice can never be a crime.’ Who is to determine when it ceases to be a vice and becomes a crime ? Public opinion crystallizes into public will—law—and this constantly changes and depends upon the intelligence and moral sentiment of the community. Bouvier says : ‘ With regard to adultery, polygamy, and drunkenness, in some communities they are regarded as heinous, *mala in se* ; while in others, owing to perversion of moral sentiment by prejudice, education, and custom, they are not even *mala prohibita*.’ The distinction between vice and crime then depending upon public sentiment, the expression of that sentiment must determine it, and fix its punishment.

“ ‘ He says :

“ ‘ ‘ When, in the field of human conduct, the law has punished crime and legal nuisances, it is done. Public sentiment, infinitely more potent and vital than law, of which the greatest general of modern times declared, “ I care little for the armies of Europe, but tremble in the presence of its public sentiment ”—this public sentiment, the synthetic outcome of social, moral, and religious forces, all-pervading and irresistible, will control all other departments of human life.’

“ ‘ What is law ? Public opinion crystallized into public will. Who passes laws ? The Legislature. Who elect the Legislature ? The people and the Legislature express public sentiment. Law is one of the ways in which public sentiment expresses itself, and to distinguish between law and public sentiment, and make one independent of the other, is to

show the ignorance of the person who attempts it. [Applause.] In the field of human conduct law defines duty, when it says man shall serve on a jury, serve in the militia, pay poll-tax, etc. It defines property rights, provides for schools, and does a thousand and one things to better the condition of the people and *prevent crime*. Think of a man of intelligence saying: 'The province of law is to punish crime and legal nuisances.'

"In his defence of the grog-shop, he constantly justifies the seller because the buyer consents to the transaction. Society does not attack the traffic, because it works against the individual as an immortal soul, but because it injures mankind as a whole by injuring the individual as a social unit; and it holds the liquor-dealer responsible for injuring society by injuring the social unit. The wife and babies of the drinker, the pocketbook of the tax-payer, and public order are to be protected, and it is no defence for the dealer, responsible to society, to plead that the man he made drunk wanted to get drunk. The consent of the drinker does not release the seller from responsibility for the results of his traffic. The dealer is a social being. He is responsible to society. He is not compelled to enter the liquor trade. If he does so, it is of his own free will, and to release him from responsibility because his customer wished to buy, would release the gambler, the keeper of the house of ill-fame, the manager of lotteries, and the printer of obscene literature. [Applause.]

"But as one does not need to demonstrate that two and two make four, so one does not need to take time to expose his foolish definition of crime and vice. It is contradicted by the dictionaries, courts of law, and the common-sense of an intelligent people. [Applause.]

"In his second proposition, 'Prohibition a Failure,' he presents nothing new. It is the argument that has been used by the liquor-dealers for years. He writes from the standpoint of ten years ago, beyond which point he has not advanced.

"It must be remembered—

“ 1. That during the Civil War, while public attention was taken up with the great question of national existence, the drunkenness and immorality resulting from the war enabled the illicit liquor-sellers in several States to destroy prohibitory laws, and in other States to prevent their enforcement, until the excitement of the ‘ Reconstruction period ’ passed, and a moral reaction came. To say that during that period liquor-sellers were able to destroy prohibitory laws and defy their enforcement, is not an argument against the law, but an argument against the patriotism of liquor-sellers.

“ 2. That Prohibitionists do not claim law will accomplish the whole work, any more than the law against adultery will make men moral, or the law against gambling will make men honest. They simply claim : ‘ It is the duty of the State to make it easy for men to be good, difficult for men to be bad.’ In no States where prohibition has been adopted have temperance workers given up the work of picking up fallen men and educating public sentiment.

“ 3. In a State where license is granted, public sentiment will not justify punishing the drinker and not the seller. The rule of arrests in license cities is : ‘ Arrest no drunken man until he is helpless or disturbs the public.’ In these cities the drinker is allowed to sleep off his drunk in the bar-room before he goes on the street. In prohibitory States where public sentiment makes it a crime to sell, it is a crime to get drunk. There is no place where the drinker can sleep off his drunk ; the dealer dare not have him around, as it would lead to a detection of the illicit sale, hence drunkenness in a prohibitory city or State is seen, and as the drunken man is a valuable witness against an outlaw, he is always arrested. Not one in ten of the men who get drunk in license cities are arrested. Not one in ten of the men who get drunk in prohibitory cities escapes arrest. One might as well argue that because there has been during the past year more arrests for gambling in Missouri, where the offence is a felony, than in New York, where it is a misdemeanor, the law making gambling a felony is a failure, as to argue

that because drunken men are arrested in prohibitory States, prohibition is a failure. A public sentiment that condemns and punishes drunkenness is the best indication of the success of the law.

“ Dr. Lewis attacks the working of the law in Massachusetts, and says :

“ ‘ There were, at the end of twenty-four years of prohibition, including those drug-stores where drinks could be purchased without difficulty, groceries, many of which sold by the drink, and all of which sold by the bottle—including these, with the saloons, there were in Boston almost five thousand places where intoxicating drinks could be purchased without let or hindrance.’

“ The issue raised by this statement is one of fact.

“ The Constable of the Commonwealth, in his second annual report, says : ‘ Up to the 6th of November, 1867, there was not an open bar known in the entire State, and the open retail liquor traffic had almost entirely ceased.’

“ Mr. Louis Schade, Agent of the American Brewers’ Congress, says : ‘ Had our friends in Massachusetts been free to carry on their business, and had not the State authorities constantly interfered, there is no doubt that instead of showing a decrease of 116,585 barrels in one year, they would have increased at the same rate they did the preceding year.’

“ Hon. Robert C. Pitman, Judge of the Superior Court, says : ‘ The law was repealed for its efficiency.’

“ If you have any doubt as to which you shall believe, Dr. Lewis or the other eminent men quoted, an examination of the doctor’s statements in regard to Maine may help you to determine. He grants that personally he can testify to the success of the law. But he set out to prove prohibition a failure, and says :

“ ‘ But at Augusta I obtained a recent report of the State Prison Inspectors of Maine, from which I learned that, during the year, 17,808 persons had been arrested in the State for street drunkenness. This was an official report, by prohibition officers.’

“ If the statement were true, it, for the reasons before given, would not prove prohibition a failure. An examination of the State prison reports of Maine convinced me it was not true ; but to be certain, I wrote to the State Prison Inspector of Maine, and he replied :

“ ‘ AUGUSTA, ME., January 30, 1884.

“ ‘ DEAR SIR : In reply to yours of the 28th inst., asking for the number of arrests for drunkenness last year, will say that the reports of the inspectors of the State prisons do not give the information referred to. During my term of service no such information has been given in our annual reports, and I may add it is no part of our duties as inspectors of State prisons and jails.

“ ‘ Very respectfully,

“ ‘ H. S. OSGOOD,

“ ‘ *One of the Inspectors of State Prisons and Jails.*’

“ You ask me upon what Dr. Lewis could base his statement ? I find included in the report of the inspectors, a report from the jails of Maine, which shows the total number of commitments for drunkenness in the entire State during 1882, to have been EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINE. If this is what Dr. Lewis meant, he should have used the last report, not one ten years old. To refuse to use the figures of to-day, because they contradict his theory, and use the figures of ten years ago, because he thinks they sustain his theory, does not speak well for the fairness or candor of the advocate.

“ Notice he arraigns prohibition in Maine as a failure, because it does close the saloons ; in Massachusetts, because it does not.

“ He claims that closing the saloons, increases secret drinking, and a worse condition than open saloons, and at the same time advocates the Woman’s Crusade to close the saloons.

“ Prohibition wherever honestly tried has been a success, and never in any place as great a failure as license laws. Mr. Lewis might as well

cite the case of Frank James in Missouri, to prove the law prohibiting murder a failure, or the case of a Mormon in Utah, to prove the law against bigamy a failure, as to cite the cases of Parker and Young to prove prohibition a failure. The facts are, that on one of the juries was a liquor-dealer, while on both of them were drinkers who were customers of the defendants. Do not understand me to say Dr. Lewis wilfully misstated the facts, but that in his anxiety to prove prohibition a failure he has placed himself in a position that no honest seeker after truth should occupy.

"In stating his third proposition, Dr. Lewis grants that his other propositions are false ; for if prohibition is a failure, how can it interfere with personal liberty ? How can a failure do what Dr. Lewis claims its success would do ?

"He proceeds to define terms with the same recklessness as before. He says :

" ' Personal liberty is the source of all progress, the lever of all conquests, the inspiration of all achievements, the precious jewel of the ages. '

"I might say, personal liberty is what enables the murderer to kill, the thief to steal, the villain to outrage your wife and daughter. It frees the knife of the assassin, the club of the murderer, the cord of the strangler, the torch of the incendiary. It has been the inspiration of debauchery, vice, and crime, the curse of peaceable men. If I said this I should be as near right as he is in his statement. What is true personal liberty ? He indicates it when he says :

" ' The greatest " public good " that any government is capable of, is to secure to each and every individual the full and free enjoyment of all his natural rights of person and property. '

"By natural rights, of course he means rights in accord with man's nature as a social being. These rights are to be secured against encroachments by other individuals ; by the restraint of their personal liberty to do as they please, to take what they please. This protection

is given by the will of society—law ; without law there is no true liberty. In the words of a great thinker (Dr. Lieber) :

“ ‘ Liberty, like everything else of a political character, necessary and natural to man and to be striven for, arises out of the development of society. Man, in that supposed state of natural liberty, which is nothing but a roving state, is, on the contrary, in a state of great submission. He is a slave and servant of the elements. Matter masters his mind. He is exposed to the wrongs of every enemy from without, and dependent upon his own unregulated mind. That is not liberty. It is plain barbarism. Liberty is materially of a civil character.

“ ‘ Where men of whatsoever condition—rulers or ruled, those that toil or those that enjoy, individually, or by entire classes or nations—claim, maintain, or establish rights without acknowledging corresponding and parallel obligations, there is oppression, lawlessness, and disorder, and the very ground on which the idea of all right must forever rest—the ground of mutuality or reciprocity, whether considered in the light of ethics or natural law, must sink from under it. It is natural, therefore, that wherever there exists a greater knowledge of right or more intense attention to it than to concurrent and proportionate obligations, evil ensues. What may there be found *à priori* is pointed out by history as one of its gravest and greatest morals. The very condition of right is obligation. The only reasonableness of obligations consists in rights. Since, therefore, a greater degree of civil liberty implies the enjoyment of more extended acknowledged rights, man’s obligations increase with man’s liberty. Let us then call that freedom of action which is determined and limited by the acknowledgment of obligation, liberty ; freedom of action without limitation by obligation, licentiousness. The greater the liberty the more the duty.’

“ ‘ The statement that man has no rights as a member of society that are not individual rights, he would find to be nonsense if he as an individual Christian tried to vote in a church of which he was not a member or in a State where he was an alien.

“The prohibition of the liquor traffic is not an interference with true personal liberty, and as Dr. Lewis does not say it is, but simply implies it, it is hard to imagine why he introduced the subject.

“Thus, it is plainly seen that his three primary propositions fail because they have neither principle nor fact to sustain them ; consequently his attack upon the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union is without cause. The motive is not apparent, but the liquor papers endorse the speech, and that interest is the only one benefited by it.

“His sneer at Prohibitionists—

“‘Resolved, That the Almighty has given the government of the world into the hands of His saints.

“‘Resolved, That we are His saints—’

he should have placed in quotation marks, and I must say it is below the level of manly discussion, and can only be answered by saying that any man who would stoop to such a fling would probably start in this way :

“‘Resolved, That the Almighty has given all intelligence to one man.

“‘Resolved, I am the man.’ [Applause.]

“For a moment let us glance at some of his absurdities. He says :

“‘The right to drink includes the right to buy.’

“True, but does not include the right to compel the people to furnish a man to sell. The right to cut off your hand does not include the right to insist that government shall make it easy for you to get the axe. [Applause.] Man’s right to degrade and ruin himself does not include the right to insist that a government based upon his intelligence and manhood shall furnish him the means to ruin his intelligence and manhood. To make such a claim is to claim that individual man has a right to make the Government commit suicide, and by so doing fail to protect the interests of thousands. [Applause.]

“He defines positively ‘a legal nuisance,’ and uses the word ‘legal’ in speaking of rights. Legal rights and legal nuisances change as the law defining them changes.

“ A ‘ legal ’ nuisance is a nuisance declared to be so by law. Anything law declares to be a nuisance is a ‘ legal ’ nuisance. If law declares the grog-shop a nuisance, it is a ‘ legal ’ nuisance.

“ He says :

“ ‘ We have as clear a right to suppress a nuisance as to defend ourselves against a personal assault.

“ ‘ The Salvation Army may preach the strangest absurdities—it is not a legal nuisance ; but if they shout in the streets and gather a crowd, even while preaching the most sacred truths, it is a nuisance.’

“ If this is true, how does he defend the Woman’s Crusade, for the ladies did sing and pray in the streets, and immense crowds gathered ?

“ He says :

“ ‘ A vigorous prosecution of adulterations would give such a blow to the liquor traffic in a year, as it will never get from the present methods of prohibition.’

“ Laws against the adulteration of liquors have been on the statute books of different States for years, and have proved utterly inoperative. If Dr. Lewis believes what he says, why does he not go to work and organize a movement to prosecute adulterations instead of wasting his powers by attacking the policy of other workers ? Does he mean to be understood that Prohibitionists are the only honest workers, when he says :

“ ‘ Prohibitionists miss their great opportunity in not prosecuting adulterations ? ’

“ Why not anti-Prohibitionists as well ? If Dr. Lewis believes in his theory, why does he not put it in practice ? He has large means, and all good men will co-operate with him. If he can only prove he is right, the world will accept his theory. I find no record of any attempt of his to put his theory in practical operation. If anti-Prohibitionists are honest, why do they not use their energies in making their theories work, instead of attacking workers who differ from them ? It may be well enough to say that men who furnish drunkard-makers ammunition

to fire at the homes of this country are honest men in thus dealing with this question, but I have neither sympathy for, nor confidence in a man whose utterances are constantly quoted by the drunkard-makers of this country, and who devotes his time to attacking temperance workers. If he is an honest worker the liquor-sellers will fight, not quote him. A man who attacks the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and apologizes for liquor-sellers is not the kind of a temperance worker this country needs to-day.

“ Notice the spirit shown throughout his entire speech, by his placing in the mouths of Prohibitionists words which no Prohibitionist ever uttered ; and then having set up a man of straw, proceed to knock him down ‘ *with great power, amid the laughter of the audience,*’ and there is not a drunkard-maker in New York City who would not laugh at and applaud his speech.

“ But his most laughable blunder is when he tries to put an incorrect statement in the mouth of a Prohibitionist, and makes one in answering it. He says :

“ ‘ Another Prohibitionist speaks of an old maxim : “ The public good is the supreme law.” I have never heard of such a maxim, but I have that “ The public safety is the supreme law.” ’

“ The maxim is, ‘ *Salus populi suprema lex,*’ and means : that regard for the public welfare is the supreme law. The courts hold : ‘ This maxim applies to cases in which the Legislature *ob publicam utilitatem* sometimes enacts very stringent provisions for purposes of general public good, involving great restrictions upon particular classes of men.’

“ In knocking down his man of straw he makes this additional blunder : ‘ The only object and duty of the Legislature is to protect the rights of the individuals who constitute the public.’ The poorest student in the science of government knows the object and duty of the Legislature is to formulate public opinion into public will ; that they have no power or authority to enforce the laws they pass ; that they cannot even protect themselves, much less the public, and that enforcement of

law and protection of individuals belongs to other departments of government.

“ But worse than anything yet noticed is the false assumption upon which his whole structure of reckless statements rests—viz., that the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, by seeking to utilize public will—law—to prevent the teaching of vice, has abandoned religious methods. The assumption is false, cowardly, and how any intelligent man can make it, passes my comprehension.

“ The religious thought of the crusade was faith that asked God to do the work ; the religious thought of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union is faith that asks God to direct each woman to use all the powers He has given her to stay the evils of intemperance, and trusts Him to do what is beyond her power. The one prayer was : ‘ Father, on our knees we plead with Thee to remove this plague.’ The other prayer is : ‘ Father, use us and guide, and direct, and help us to remove this plague.’ There was never a time, in all the history of this wonderful movement, when woman felt more her dependence on God than at the present hour.

“ As I stand here this afternoon, memory turns back the pages of the book of months, and I stand again in headquarters at Cleveland, in the midst of the struggle for constitutional outlawry of the liquor traffic. I see gathered in the parlors the great leader and her aides. I listen as the voice of prayer ascends, asking the loving Father to guide and direct. The service closes, and I see the leader, pale and worn from overwork, take her place at her desk to write her assistants in the field. I look over her shoulder and read. She is writing one who, with weary body and brain, is homesick for wife and baby living in a distant State. She writes : ‘ Remember we never forget you in our prayers. May God give you health and strength.’

“ Another leaf is turned, and I am at Bellefontaine, O., in the State Convention of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. A question on which members differ is being discussed. The debate grows warm,

and something like bitterness creeps into the words. How quick the leader's ear catches the sound, and, 'Ladies, had we not better ask God to guide us in this matter? Mrs. Smith, will you lead us in prayer?' turns the discussion back into the channel of Christian love and charity.

"Again, the turning leaf takes me to Lake Bluff, and in the soft hush of a Sabbath afternoon I listen to the national leader of the movement—a womanly woman, of highest culture and scholarly attainments, who has given up the comforts of home, the pleasant companionship of her books, the society of loved friends, and through summer's heat and winter's cold toiled on, given her life, her all, for poor fallen humanity. 'Why has she done this?' Listen, while lips and face struggle to conceal her emotion, as she tells how her call to her work came in the dying words of an idolized sister: 'Frances, tell everybody to be good.' From the meetings of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which I have attended, come floating to me, like the music of an angelic symphony, the notes of woman's prayer and faith and hope. Surely God has led and directed them.

"But hark! the music is interrupted by a sound like a cracked cow-bell, which says:

"'It is maddening to see people trying to push into the arena of social, moral, and religious struggles, civil law, with its "all thumbs," and neglect agencies a thousand times stronger.'

"Dr. Lewis knows that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has not abated one jot or tittle of its religious or educational work, and in his effort to throw distrust on their present work and parade himself as 'the only and original Christian temperance worker,' his language in the sentence quoted shows the ears of the real person, 'Maddening.'

"What Christian patience and meekness! Contrast his Christian meekness and humility with one of these women whom he criticises.

"At the close of the Ohio campaign, Mrs. Woodbridge, the great leader of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, wrote me: 'God has done wonderful things in Ohio. All praise to His holy name.'

“ Speaking of the crusade, Dr. Lewis says :

“ ‘ As the originator of the “ Woman’s Crusade,” I have made a deeper impression upon the cause of temperance than has been made by any other single individual upon the planet.’

“ I leave it to you, ladies and gentlemen, to say whether such self-forgetfulness and self-abnegation entitles Dr. Lewis to the position of a religious critic of the noblest band of women the world ever saw. [Laughter and applause.]

“ But I have already taken too much of your time with this review, of what would need no review if accident had not placed its author in a position where his utterances might be mistaken for the utterances of a temperance man, and as I close, you may ask : ‘ Will prohibition win ? ’ During the Bellefontaine Convention, which I have before mentioned, I was returning with my wife to the hotel from a session of the convention, when she said : ‘ Did you ever think that when a principle became a part of the religion of such women, the only way to kill the principle would be to destroy the women ? ’ There was a time when the temperance movement was largely the struggle of a few poor victims of the traffic to free themselves. That day has passed. The reform has become a part of the religious faith of this nation, and in spite of all the sophistries and work of the drunkard-makers and their aiders and abettors, the day is not far distant when a State will no sooner license a man to carry on a business to debauch the loved ones of the women of this land, than it will license a man to steal the jewels from their jewel-cases. [Applause.]

“ The time will come when the children of the man who now wins the approval and applause of the drunkard-makers by attacking these women who are struggling to protect their homes and loved ones, will ask his biographer to leave the dark page out of the record of an otherwise useful life.” [Loud applause.]

CHAPTER VIII.

GOOD TEMPLAR LEADERSHIP.

“ Guard the Faith.”

“ Truth shall prevail.”

The two last passwords given out by Mr. Finch.

AT the session of the Grand Lodge held in the city of Lincoln, January 15th and 16th, 1879, Mr. Finch was unanimously elected to the office of Grand Counsellor, the second office in the gift of the body. At the same session Mrs. Finch was elected General Superintendent of Juvenile Temples, and during the following five months she initiated over one thousand children into this branch of the Order.

Most of the work of Mr. Finch during the year which followed, was intended to direct public attention to the constitutional amendment plan of voting out the liquor business. While continuing pledge-signing as a prominent feature of his meetings, he gave more and more attention to the legal aspects of the question.

Mrs. Alice A. Minick graphically describes an incident in the work at Brownville, and sums up some of the benefits to society from his visit.

"In January, 1879, Mr. Finch delivered nine lectures to large and attentive audiences. Hundreds signed the iron-clad pledge and wore the red ribbon; the Good Templar Lodge was strengthened; a strong Temple of Honor was organized, and a city library and reading-room established. Mrs. Finch gathered one hundred and twenty children into a Juvenile Temple; afternoon prayer-meetings were held, in which Mr. Finch and the clergymen and Christian people participated.

"The lectures were given in a hall on the third floor, a narrow and steep stairway being the only means of access. On the evening of the last lecture the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, nearly every home in Brownville being represented. Mr. Finch appeared full of that force and fire which had won the hearts of the people. His convincing arguments were greeted with frequent applause.

"Suddenly some one cried, 'Fire! fire! The building is on fire!'

"A panic followed. Strong men guarded the door to prevent loss of life by crowding the narrow stairway. Mothers and children wept together. Some knelt in prayer, others fainted, and a few attempted to leap from the windows, while some despairing ones begged Mr. Finch to save them. Above the din and confusion of the surging crowd his clarion voice could be heard urging the people to be calm. It was soon discovered that a lamp had exploded, and the flame was smothered. As soon as this fact was announced, Mrs. Finch stepped upon a chair, and sang 'Hold the Fort,' the audience joining in singing as they returned to their seats.

"Mr. Finch resumed his speech, using the incident with wonderful effect to illustrate the conflagration of strong drink.

"In the years that have followed, this champion reformer, in the vigor of his manhood, equipped with the armor of righteousness and the shield of truth, has ever led fearlessly where the fire of battle raged fiercest, until he fell with victory just in sight, leaving a heritage of honor won by self-sacrifice and consecrated devotion to principle and truth."

Similar meetings, marked by great enthusiasm, and by deeper convictions daily growing in the popular mind, were held throughout the State. Grand Island, Central City, Clarksville, Beatrice, Brownville, Nemaha, Peru, Tekamah, North Platte, Blair, Red Cloud, Bloomington, Osceola, Syracuse, and many other towns and cities were visited and the dormant temperance forces roused to active effort, while hundreds of recruits from the ranks of the enemy were enlisted.

A great change had been wrought in the sentiment of the people since Mr. Finch, unknown and unheralded, arrived in the State two years before. His friends claimed and his enemies bitterly admitted that much of the improvement and development of radical ideas was due to his tireless energy and activity.

From the day that he began pleading for prohibitory liquor laws and reasoning concerning the justice and necessity of such legislation, the people of the State began asking of themselves and of their neighbors why they were not permitted to decide the question by a popular vote,

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod ;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

In January, 1880, Mr. Finch was elected Grand Chief Templar of Nebraska. From that time forward for two years he studied and labored steadily for the advancement

of the Order that he loved. He gave to the lodges the inspiration of his presence, and always responded to their calls for help. His warm sympathy with them in every hour of difficulty and discouragement won the hearts of the entire membership. His achievements in the Red Ribbon work, which had won him so great a name, made the Good Templars proud of their matchless leader.

He defended the Order against all assailants. To those who ridiculed or sneered he pointed to the splendid record of noble deeds wrought by the Order and its faithful workers. The slanderers who sought to disparage Good Templary by falsehood and misstatement were confronted with his sword of Truth wielded by an unsparing hand.

In a country school-house in Central Nebraska a good lodge had been established, and had interested several men who specially needed the influence of such an institution.

There also existed in the same community a church organization of a religious body who make opposition to secret societies one of their principal tenets. There had been no clash between the lodge and the church until a travelling elder came to hold revival meetings, which were quite successful in reforming some very rough men. Members of the lodge had steadily attended the church services and aided in every way in their power. In one of the closing sermons the elder took occasion to warn everybody against the Good Templars, saying that candidates were initiated with ropes around their necks, and were compelled

to assume frightful obligations, sealed by horrible oaths, and many other things equally false and absurd, clinching his mendacious declarations with the statement that he had been a member and knew the facts to be as he had stated them.

The preaching of this utterly baseless fabrication aroused the just indignation of the Good Templars. They immediately wrote for Mr. Finch, and he promptly came to their rescue. Notices of his coming having been extensively circulated, a large and excited crowd gathered at the appointed hour.

Some of the partisans of the minister were intensely angry, and some of the new converts, not yet schooled in Christian gentleness, threatened dire vengeance on Mr. Finch if he dared to reflect on their pastor.

Mr. Finch commenced his speech by calmly stating the plans and objects of Good Templary and explaining its system of work. He recited the pledge required and explained that all the secrecy of the Order consisted of simple signs and passwords, then repeated the words the minister had used in denouncing the Order, and added :

“Such a statement is utterly and entirely false, and was made with the knowledge that it was false.”

The pretended evangelist was present, and starting to his feet, demanded :

“Do you mean to say that I lie?”

“Did you say,” asked Mr. Finch, “that Good Templars

lead candidates about the room with a rope around their necks ?”

“ I said something like that,” was the response.

“ Did you say they required initiates to take frightful oaths ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Did you say you had been a member of a Good Templar lodge and knew all about it ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Why did you lie ?” calmly asked Mr. Finch.

“ I had a purpose in it,” was the testy answer.

“ No doubt you had,” responded Mr. Finch ; “ but it was the purpose of a hypocrite and a slanderer ; the purpose of a deceiver and an impostor.”

At this moment one of the new converts jumped into the room through a window and ran toward Mr. Finch, carrying a big club in his hands in a threatening manner and declaring with an oath :

“ You sha’n’t call my preacher a liar, even if he does lie !”

Regardless of personal danger—as was ever the case with him—Mr. Finch turned his back on the would-be assailant, and coolly pointing behind him, asked the alleged minister :

“ Is this brute a specimen of the results of your system of religious training ?”

No one replied. The man with the club slunk away and quiet reigned. Mr. Finch continued his defence of Good

Templary without further interruption, and at the close of his address several names were proposed for admission to the lodge.

While always ready to defend the Order against the attacks of its enemies, Mr. Finch would not permit the lodges to be aggressors. He urged them to work in perfect harmony with the Christian churches, and give time, money, and strength to the advancement of all moral and religious work.

It is sufficient evidence of the fraternal feeling between the regular pastors of the State and himself that wherever he remained over Sunday in any town or city he received the most cordial invitations to occupy the pulpits for both morning and evening service, if he would consent to the arrangement.

During his two years' administration as head of the Order of Good Templars in Nebraska, he brought the organization more prominently before the people than ever before in its history. He roused the membership to activity in every direction. Every lodge stood ready to prosecute violators of the license law ; to carry on a no-license campaign for a village or city ; to conduct temperance revivals ; to circulate petitions for the submission of amendments, or to battle for State and national prohibition.

After two years of laborious service for the Order he was unanimously re-elected at the Hastings session of the Grand Lodge in January, 1882, but he peremptorily declined.

Upon his retirement from the position of Grand Chief Templar a very fine gold watch and chain were presented to him with an appropriate speech. The gift was from the Good Templars throughout the State.

Activity in State work did not prevent him from studying plans for the broader work of the whole Order. As chairman of the Literature Committee of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge from 1880 to 1884 he wrought the impress of his ideas into the management of many jurisdictions. Circulars and letters were sent to all the lodges explaining the plans he had formed for the circulation of temperance books and periodicals, and urging that immediate steps be taken to secure aid in disseminating the truth more widely through the medium of these publications.

The plan of a literature collection, to be taken by the lodges throughout the whole Order on a certain week in November, was suggested and formulated into a by-law by him, and unanimously adopted by the highest body in Good Templary. This system is still in force, and has enabled the Order to make large and valuable contributions of printed matter for use in the contests against the liquor power and for constitutional prohibition in the various States. Millions of pages of documents have been thus distributed.

Other interests were not forgotten in his zeal for the wide dissemination of good and helpful literature. He urged the importance of a revenue sufficient to enable the

Right Worthy Grand Lodge to send skilled workers into every weak jurisdiction. By his persistent demands the attention of the Order was drawn to this question, and an improved financial system adopted, by which several workers have been employed each year to go to the rescue of declining grand lodges and save them from dismemberment.

It would be impossible to estimate the amount of good accomplished by these plans, which became doubly efficient when Mr. Finch was elected chief executive of the Order and empowered to superintend personally the working of each department.

At the session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge in Chicago, in 1883, he was nominated for the highest official position in the whole Order, and only lacked three votes of a majority. This was the first time his name had ever been presented for any elective office in that body, although he had been chairman of important committees.

At the Washington session of the body in 1884 Mr. Finch was again nominated for the office of Right Worthy Grand Templar, and was elected, more than two thirds of all the votes cast being in his favor.

On the day of his election he said to Mr. Sibley :

“ Frank, I will see the whole Order reunited before I leave this position.”

The possibility of so grand an achievement seemed very

remote, and the hope of its accomplishment had long been abandoned by nearly the entire membership.

In 1876 several grand lodges, whose aggregate membership exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand, left the parent body and continued work as an independent organization, almost identical in its name, policy, rituals, constitutions, and plans of work. The prospect of reunion was more doubtful, because the membership of the separate organizations was largely in different countries, the majority of the original body being in America, while most of the new branch were in Great Britain, and national pride was made a pretext to widen the breach between them.

For more than five years after the separation various methods to secure reunion were tried without success. Negotiations failed, and an extensive and costly system of proselyting and attempts at organizing by each within the territory of the other, adopted by both divisions, was equally unsuccessful. In the eight years that had followed the division there had been no time when the prospect of harmonizing the different sections of the Order seemed more shadowy and distant than at the date of the election of Mr. Finch as chief executive of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge.

Understanding most fully this general feeling of hopelessness concerning reunion, which permeated the membership, he was too wise to reveal his sanguine purpose to any one save a few most intimate friends, and even they, with

all their confidence in his power to win success, found it impossible to catch the inspiration of his faith in this direction.

At each of the annual sessions of the body—in 1885 at Toronto, Ontario, and in 1886 at Richmond, Va.—Mr. Finch was unanimously re-elected.

Very soon after his first election he began a correspondence with leaders of the independent branch to ascertain their views concerning reunion. With some interruptions, this correspondence was continued till his cherished plan was consummated.

In the spring of 1886 Mr. Finch began a more active correspondence concerning reunion. The idea that it was possible was very firmly fixed in his mind, and the determination to achieve it took possession of his energies and concentrated his thoughts upon plans and methods.

When he should have rested from his platform labors, in his occasional weeks at home, he spent his days and many nights in writing long letters of pleading, of argument, of explanation, to the leaders of both branches of the Order, begging them to forget past prejudices and differences and break down the barriers that separated the two divisions of the great fraternity.

So strong was his desire for success and so intense his anxiety, that he would sometimes pause and look up from a half-written letter, saying to Mrs. Finch :

“ Puss, I am afraid we shall fail.”

But the invariable answer was :

“No, you will not fail. I have faith that, after all the work you have done, you will succeed.”

Cheered by her words, he would bend again to his task and pen page after page in silence, closing his day or night of work with a cheery hopefulness, which alone could have sustained him.

Sometimes on these visits to his home Mrs. Finch would insist that he needed rest and must, for his own safety, desist from working so much. For an hour or more he would act on the advice, going out for a walk, sprinkling the lawn, or attending to some minor duty.

But the restless brain would still revolve his plans and hopes, and he would soon return to his desk.

A letter from Joseph Malins, who was regarded in America as the master spirit in the separatist movement, indicates how industriously Mr. Finch sought to bring all the Templars in the world into one magnificent organization.

“My first correspondence with John B. Finch was nearly three years ago, when we failed to understand each other. Correspondence was resumed in 1886, when he had fairly begun to set his mind for the accomplishment of reunion. I can now see many things which were done that summer to pave the way, and I cannot doubt that these were initiated or influenced by his far-seeing mind. His correspondence indicated no approach to assumption or dictation, but there was running through it all a quiet consciousness of strength which was quite impressive.

“His industry surprised me. Amid his travel and work I marvelled

how he, with his own hand, wrote such long and thoughtful letters. In no way did he follow just the beaten paths of predecessors, who had, nevertheless, worthily led the Order. There was a freshness about his methods exactly compatible with that youthful, clean-cut appearance and demeanor, which so favorably struck one at the very first moment of meeting.

“He was firm, and yet did not believe in trammelling with red-tape. He was frank, yet could keep his own counsel and bide his time. Altogether he was a keen, pleasing, genuine, and exceptionally fine specimen of the very best side of young America—a type of man whom all who love their country would pray to see multiplied.”

The letters of Mr. Finch to Mr. Malins are replete with evidences of his intense earnestness and devotion to the interests of truth and justice, and to the welfare of the race. He had a keen perception of America's social conditions and needs, and a thorough understanding of the difficulties in the way of the adoption of his plans of reunion. He fully comprehended that in the minds of the British Templars there existed a firm, though mistaken conviction that American Templars failed to do justice to the negro race. He knew, too, that in the United States the broad charity and warm sympathy of the whole Order had taught every Good Templar the lesson that

“Pity and need

Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all ; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck.”

Not knowing just how the misapprehensions of the Templars of two continents were to be set right, he felt that there must be some way to solve the problem, and that, with the help of God, he would find the true solution. Concessions, if they involved no sacrifice of principle, he was willing to make, but on matters of conscience and justice he stood as inflexible as iron. Mere pride he cast to the winds, preferring to yield something rather than to permit the glory of a universal brotherhood to be sullied by international dissensions.

Far-seeing statesmanship and shrewd diplomacy are nicely intermingled in the following letters :

“ EVANSTON, ILL., April 6, 1886.

“ *Joseph Malins, P. R. W. G. C.*

“ DEAR SIR AND BROTHER : Two questions, it seems to me, will determine the question of reunion :

“ First. Will the cause of total abstinence and prohibition be benefited by reunion ?

“ Second. Are the Templar leaders willing to forget self and personal prejudice and bury past mistakes and blunders ?

“ I am fully satisfied that union will be for the best interests of the reform. The struggle between your Order and the parent Order consumes time and money, which should be used to advance the temperance work. On the American Continent your Order has no standing, and its only power is to disintegrate the temperance forces and thereby help the drunkard-makers. Men and women who have entered the work to save the fallen and to save others from falling become discouraged and disheartened over this wrangle in temperance ranks, and thereby the reform suffers. The purpose of my co-workers is to destroy the evils

growing out of the drink habit and drink traffic, and they regard Good Templary as a means to accomplish the desired end. Good Templary is used to advance the reform, instead of using the reform to advance Good Templary.

“ Personally, I not only think that this strife in the Order ought never to have been, but that to continue it now is a crime against the cause and Order. If Good Templary was the end sought, a conflict along old lines with our rapidly-developing organization and increasing treasury to sustain it might be welcome, but a person who subordinates the reform to personal ambition or personal prejudice is false to humanity and civilization. Our increasing and your failing strength creates no desire to meet you in any other way than as equals. We are brothers, and the brother who wishes to humble or degrade his brother is not manly. The Templar leaders will meet you as an equal, and your delegation as they meet you.

“ In the second place, I have no personal prejudice against you or any of your leaders. My thought is, you committed a grievous blunder at Louisville in 1876. You think you did right. The only way we could agree on this matter is to let the dead past bury its dead. The work before us is God’s work. The little I have done for the work has been with His help and guidance, and as disunion and internal wrangles are an injury to the work, I am sure He will open the way for a union of the forces.

“ No persons in the world are more interested in the negro than the Abolitionists of the Northern States, and they are with us in our methods of work. Your system differs from ours, because you only reach the negro, while we reach both the negro and the white. One error in your philosophy on the negro question is, you think the white must develop the negro, while the fact is, the negro must be aided to develop himself. The burden of lodge work, church work, and school work must be laid on his shoulders. By use of his intellectual forces they will acquire strength, and he will be truly a man. The negroes in Northern States

where they associate and mingle with the whites occupy subordinate positions. The truly great negroes in this country have come from the South.

“ The negro must be taught to be proud of his race. He must be made strong by being placed where he is compelled to use his higher faculties. To place him in an organization where the superior education and advantages of the white would consign the negro to subordinate positions, and thereby prevent his intellectual growth, would be a crime against the negro. The colored ministers of Southern States did the wisest possible thing for the race when they demanded separate conferences and church associations. The colored population of the United States have made wonderful progress in twenty years, but much, very much remains to be done. They have to be taught and retaught the A B C of temperance work and organization. So thoroughly convinced am I that they develop more rapidly when the work is placed in their hands and official honors on their shoulders, that I employ educated colored lecturers instead of white lecturers to work among them.

“ The negro race has a great future before it in this country. It is increasing much more rapidly than the white race. The negro race will not be absorbed by the white race. Anglo-Saxon pride of race may lead us to dispute the assertion, but the facts all sustain the statement. The mixed bloods are disappearing in this country, while the pure negro is rapidly increasing. With these certainties before us, we must adjust our Order to develop the negro, because beneath his dark skin lies the solution of the problem of the future of his race. Negro progress must come from forces within, stimulated by forces from the outside. The question before us is how to develop these forces. As the result of our system, race prejudice is dying out in the South. The temperance work is succeeding grandly, and I cannot believe it either wise or expedient to destroy the independent position of the negro in Good Templary, and place him again under the tutelage of the white population. Your idea of race association would at present make the negro the ser-

vant or menial of the white. There can be equal association only among equals, and the negro, though rapidly advancing, is yet far from being the equal of the white in matters of business management or educational qualifications. To place him in association with the white is to put the white in all positions of trust and honor, and prevent the development of the negro. The Right Worthy Grand Lodge knows no distinction of race or color, and it will punish any lodge or grand lodge which discriminates against a man on account of his color, but it will not sacrifice the good of the negro race to the phantom of race association, by trying to compel them to associate before social evolution has made such association desirable on either side.

“The Order stands for the high ideal of race equality, and it will work to bring it about, by recognizing facts as they exist, and trying to develop the negro race socially, intellectually, and morally. Your system instead of rubbing out the color line has rubbed in the color line, and in every place where you have succeeded in the Southern States you have erected barriers between the black and white, which only time can break down, while in Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky, and other States white Good Templars are organizing the colored people into Good Templar lodges under our system. To open this question again is to kindle anew the fires of race prejudice and undo the work of ten years. Your system has been a failure in the Southern States, and the money you have spent there has been largely wasted. If reunion is brought about, you will find that your few colored lodges will object to white domination. You cannot force social equality by legislation. It can only come by working to remove the barriers which prevent it, and this evolution must be among the people affected, not among outsiders.

“If we can take Good Templary and your Order as they exist in this country, England, Scandinavia, and other countries, and after adjusting details go forward as one body, I shall be happy to appoint a delegation from our Right Worthy Grand Lodge to meet your delegation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the city of New York, May 16th, 17th, and 18th.

"In appointing this delegation, I shall not appoint it to gain any victory over your Order, and if your delegation is appointed to gain a victory over us, the conference had better not be held. We do not propose any ultimatum, neither will we accept any. The good of the work demands a cessation of the strife between brothers. Our delegation will have full power to settle on terms, and your delegation must be invested with similar powers. The proxy representation, affiliated membership, beer-drinking in Denmark, district representation, are details which would necessarily be adjusted, but the conference can determine these matters.

"I agree with you that the whole matter remain secret with delegations and executives until matters are adjusted or the attempt abandoned. If negotiations fail, neither side to print any of the correspondence, unless they publish the whole.

"Your friend,

"JOHN B. FINCH."

"EVANSTON, ILL., June 3, 1886.

"Joseph Malins, P. R. W. G. C.

"DEAR BROTHER : I very much regret that you failed to receive my letter of April 6th.

"The Right Worthy Grand Lodge adjourned on Monday after the most successful session ever held. The District and Worthy Grand Lodge systems were perfected and given a degree, a course of study was adopted, and much needful legislation done.

"I wish we could adjust matters early this year, so that we might all meet at Saratoga, N. Y., next year.

"Yours,

"JOHN B. FINCH, R. W. G. T."

"EVANSTON, ILL., July 6, 1886.

"Joseph Malins, R. W. G. C.

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER : Your note of June 15th is at hand. Please allow me to suggest that if you and your associates agree that it is wise

to send a delegation to meet ours, that you come in November. The reason for suggesting the time is, our elections come off the first of that month, and the excitement and work incident thereto will prevent our giving you such a reception as I desire to give you. At the close of the conference I would like to have you remain long enough to make something of a trip through our jurisdiction. I hope both you and Brother Gladstone may come over. I wrote Brother Lane I hoped your delegation would be free from men, if you have any, who have personal prejudices to gratify. I hope this matter may soon reach a satisfactory conclusion.

“ Your friend,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

“ EVANSTON, ILL., August 11, 1886.

“ *Joseph Malins, R. W. G. C.*

“ DEAR BROTHER : A letter from Brother Lane fixes September 27th as the day, and Boston, Mass., as the place for the proposed conference. I am glad it is settled, though I should have preferred a later date.

“ I write to ask you to arrange to stay several days after the conference, and accompany me to New Jersey and other points to see our aggressive prohibition campaign.

“ Please write me when and how you sail. May God give you a speedy and safe voyage.

“ Your friend,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

The conference on reunion, composed of eight representatives from each of the two great branches of the Order, met in Boston, September 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1886.

The members of the conference consisted of the Right Worthy Grand Templars of each of the two branches, and seven members from each side, appointed by them.

For the parent body the members of the Conference

Committee were : John B. Finch, R.W.G.T.; W. H. Lambly, R.W.G.T.; Francena C. Bailey, R.W.G.V.T.; Oronhyatekha, M.D., R.W.G.C.; W. Martin Jones, P.G.C.T.; N. B. Broughton, G.C.T.; Charles L. Abbott, G.C.T.; George A. Bailey, G.C.T.

For the other branch the following members were present : William G. Lane, R.W.G.T.; Joseph Malins, R.W.G.C.; William Ross, P.R.W.G.T.; Jesse Forsyth, R.W.G.V.T.; William W. Turnbull, R.W.G.S.; William M. Artrell, G.C.T.; William P. Hastings, P.G.C.T.; N. T. Collins, G.V.T.

Mr. Finch and Mr. Lane presided alternately at the sessions. The influence of Mr. Finch was the power that moved the conference, as every member recognized that but for his skill and persistence no effort for reunion would have been made or could have been successful.

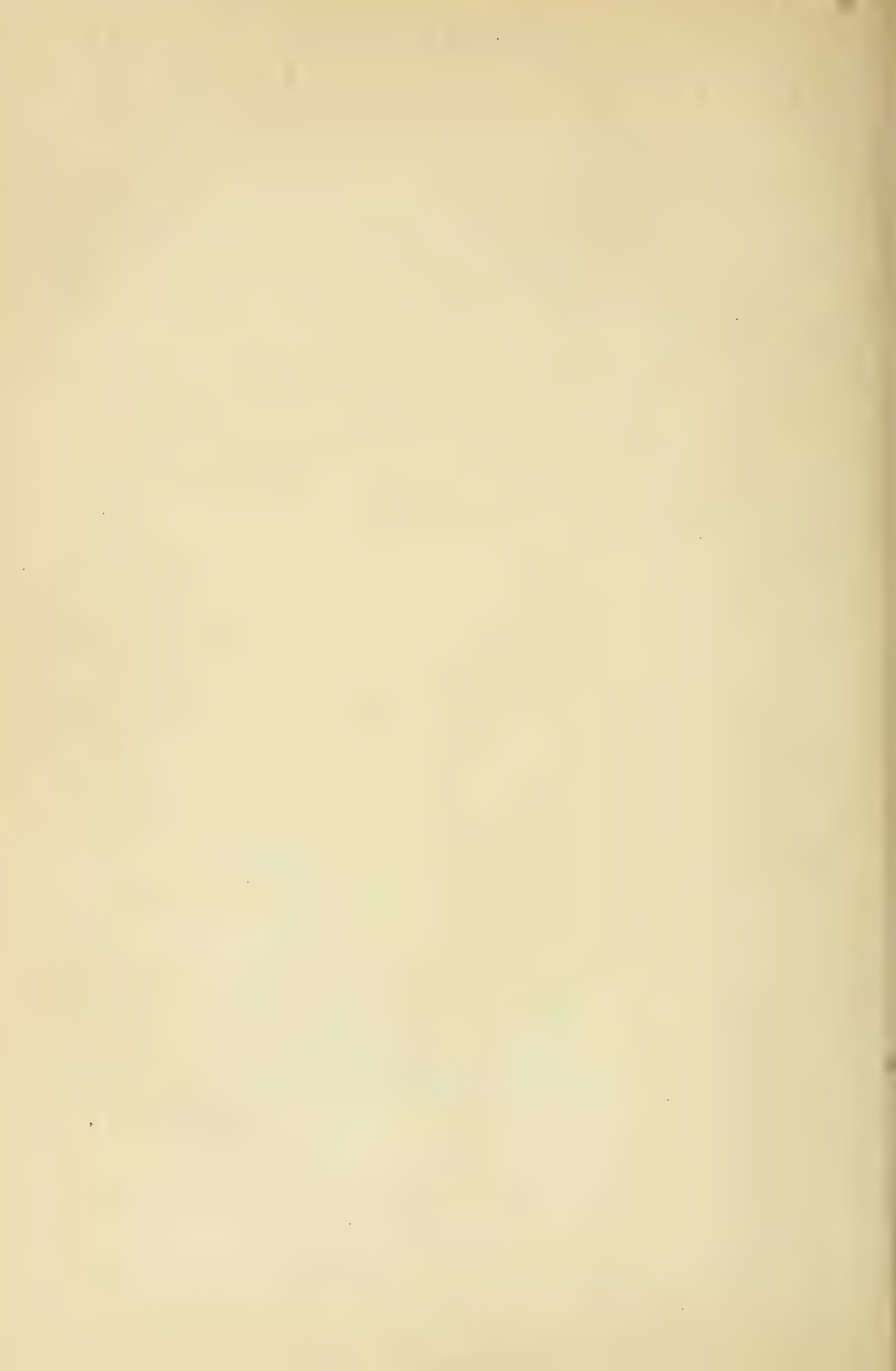
Twenty-six propositions were adopted as a basis of reunion, and it was agreed that both bodies should meet at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where the parent organization, at its Richmond session, had decided to meet in May, 1887.

The conference basis settled, Mr. Finch set out at once to secure the hearty co-operation of all the Grand Lodges in his jurisdiction. Under date of October 11th and December 9th, 1886, he wrote :

“ MY DEAR BROTHER MALINS : I shall immediately commence work to make reunion a glorious success in this country. In January shall commence a Southern trip in which I shall visit every Southern State, and

[illegible]

THE BOSTON CONFERENCE.



put our work on a sound and correct footing. It will cost me personally one thousand dollars, but it must be done. Now I want you to aid me in England by opening correspondence with the leading Grand Lodge officers, and, if possible, I wish you would see them personally. It becomes the strong and able to be generous. They can afford to be generous.

“ After reunion my thought is, it will take the first year to adjust matters in America and Europe. The Right Worthy Grand Lodge should want about two months of your time, for which it could pay you salary and expenses. The second year Africa, Asia, and Australia would take eight months. The whole work to be completed in two years.

“ Your friend,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

“ MY DEAR BROTHER MALINS: Thanks for all favors received. My health is very much better. There is very much to be done before next May, and I am sure God will give me strength to do it. Thanks for your suggestions in regard to English matters. I am writing our friends on that side by every mail. I want to be kind and firm. Am willing to stand or fall by the Boston Conference.

“ At the right moment all our Grand Lodges will be sounded on the question of reunion.

“ Your friend,

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

At Saratoga the strain upon the nerves was intensified tenfold. There his cherished plans were to be consummated and the hopes of years crowned with success, or forever shattered. He arrived three days in advance of the opening of the session. From the hour of his arrival till the close of the session his days and nights were full of sleepless activity. For nearly two weeks there was little

opportunity for rest. Meetings of the Executive Committee and other committees, consultations with members, conferences of leaders, were held late at night and early in the morning, to avoid interference with the regular morning, afternoon, and evening sittings of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge.

Noticing an anxious look in the face of his wife one day, he said :

“ Puss, you have all you can do to keep up. What do you think of me ? I have to endure it all, and preside over the sessions.”

According to the agreement, both Right Worthy Grand Lodges convened and officially adopted the basis of union of the Boston Conference. On the evening of the third day they ended their separate sessions and met together as one body, the supreme legislative and executive head of Good Templary throughout the world.

On the entrance of the members of the returning branch the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Handkerchiefs were waved and cheer after cheer rose from the assembly. An hour of intermission was granted for hand-shaking and congratulation.

The scene was one long to be remembered by all who were present. A benediction from on high seemed to breathe its hallowing influence upon the members. The opposition of years melted like snowflakes in the summer sun. Men who had been hostile almost to bitterness, stood

clasped in each other's arms, with tears of joy raining down their cheeks. Every voice united in singing :

“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,”

and

“ Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.”

When the rejoicing members were again called to order Mr. Finch called upon the chaplain to offer prayer, and the response was a most fervent offering of gratitude to God for the loving providence which made the union possible. In that solemn moment of communion with Heaven every soul seemed sanctified by the visible manifestations of the Divine Presence.

There was joy in the hearts of these representatives of seven hundred thousand Good Templars when they stood, for the first time in eleven years, a fraternal circle, around the sacred altar of the Order, and lovingly reconsecrated their lives to the overthrow of the demon of strong drink in all the lands and kingdoms and continents under the whole heaven.

Mr. Finch no doubt felt his blood leap faster with pulsa-

tions of gratification and thankfulness as he beheld the glorious consummation of his three years of most anxious hope.

The united body remained in session for four days, closing its business late at night on the 31st day of May. Mr. Finch was unanimously elected Chief of the reunited Order, and now for the first time in its history the Right Worthy Grand Lodge adjourned for two years.

After the adjournment of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge the newly-elected Executive Committee held several sessions, in which arrangements were made for Mr. Finch to visit immediately, England, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, to look after the interests of the Order in those kingdoms. He afterward found the demands of other branches of temperance work too pressing to permit an absence from the United States for three months, and therefore the plan for the contemplated visit abroad was abandoned.

In the proposed trip abroad Mrs. Finch and little John were to accompany him, and some other friends were expected to join the party. The following was the memorandum of route outlined by Mr. Finch :

“New York to Glasgow, through Scotland and England, cross from England to Denmark, thence through Sweden and Germany, returning to England and sailing from Liverpool for home.”

Immediately after the close of the session Mr. Finch wrote :



RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.



“In the midst of the rejoicing over union of the Templar forces, the future work of the Order must not be forgotten. Union simply clears the deck for action. The union movement was begun because disunion prevented successful work, wasted funds, and misdirected force. Union was not a sentiment, it was a necessity. With the blessing and guidance of God it was accomplished. The forces are united, ‘We are one.’ But if this is to be the end, the work will have been worse than wasted and union will prove a defeat instead of a victory. The Good Templar Order must be the aggressive temperance missionary organization of the world. It is the duty of every Good Templar to study and work to make the Order in spirit what it is in numbers—the greatest temperance organization in the world. The Order needs and must have the best thought and work of its members. One trouble in times past has been that many Templars, while members of the Order, have neglected its work and given time, money, and praise to other organizations. Temperance organizations should co-operate as temperance organizations, but deserting one’s temperance home to praise and support some other temperance society is about as sensible as deserting one’s wife and children to support those of another man. If the Order of Good Templars is old and useless, it is the duty of every Good Templar to leave it and join a live organization. If the Order is live, active, and aggressive, it is entitled to the honest, loyal support of all its members. The fact is, the Order is the leading temperance organization of the world to-day. It holds more meetings, raises more money, and circulates more literature than any other organization. But the demands of the time are for more and better work, and the object of this letter is to urge every Good Templar to give his best thought and energy to building up and developing the Subordinate, District, and Grand Lodges.”

The *People’s Friend*, Hobart, Tasmania, of September 1st, contained the following letter to the business manager,

Mr. John Andrews, dated at Evanston, Ill., U. S. A.,
June 18th, 1887 :

‘DEAR SIR AND BROTHER : The *People's Friend* comes regularly to my office, and I am under great obligations to the kind friend who sends it. Of the more than one hundred temperance papers which come to me each month, none is read with greater interest. Tasmania seems a long way off, but your paper brings it wonderfully near.

“ Please allow me through its columns to send greeting to the Good Templars of Tasmania, and to congratulate them on the reunion of the Good Templar Order. Before you receive this letter the news of union will have reached Tasmania. The Right Worthy Grand Lodge being united, it is expected the Grand Lodges will unite within a year. The next session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge will meet in Chicago, U. S. A., May, 1889. The next two years will be devoted to arranging the details of union between Grand Lodges, to perfecting the missionary machinery of the Order, and to actively and aggressively pushing missionary work. Good Templary must be, and with God's help and guidance shall be, the aggressive missionary organization of the world. Disunion during the past ten years has crippled our forces and wasted our funds. To-day we are united, and ready to go forward to battle for the homes of the world. We have nothing to do but perfect our Order—raise funds to circulate literature and hire speakers, and force the fighting. Our enemy is the alcoholic drink habit and the alcoholic drink traffic. The Templars' war-cry is—‘Total abstinence and total prohibition.’ The stronghold of the liquor traffic is the ignorance of the people in regard to the cause of the evils of intemperance and the true remedies for such evils. This ignorance must be overcome by literature and lectures, and the Templar army must furnish the means to provide both. Templars were not enlisted for a holiday parade. The battle with the liquor-traffic is a battle to death. No license of any form, nor under any circumstances, for the alcoholic beverage traffic, must be blazoned on the

shield of every Templar. The wives, mothers, and babies of the drunkards are looking to us for protection. In the name of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' I want to urge every Good Templar to be true to himself, true to the Order, true to his country, and true to his God. The executive of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge will do all in its power to find the weak places in the line, and to assist the Worthy Grand and Grand Lodges to strengthen them. The wisdom and bravery of your local leaders have often been told us, and I want to thank them publicly for services grandly rendered ; and also want to say to the rank and file, that in being loyal and true to your local leaders, you are loyal and true to the head of the Order.

"I had hoped to come to Australasia this year, but business and political duties prevent. However, if our Heavenly Father so will, I shall try to be with you in 1889 or 1890.

"Praying God's richest blessings on the Tasmanian Grand Lodge of Templars,

"I remain your friend,

"JOHN B. FINCH, *R. W. G. T.*"

One of the last official communications ever sent out by Mr. Finch, the proclamation for a week of prayer, is full of the thought of union.

"DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS : The Constitution of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge provides as follows :

"SEC. 9. The fourth week in November of each year shall be known throughout the Order as 'Missionary Week,' and the entire Order, at the Subordinate Lodge meetings held during that week, shall be requested to raise at least ten cents, or its equivalent, from each member of the Order, to be sent to the Missionary Fund of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, to be used by that body in the circulation of temperance literature. The funds raised shall be sent by the Secretaries of the

Subordinate Lodges to the Grand Secretaries of the Grand Lodge, and by him to the Right Worthy Grand Secretary. The Right Worthy Grand Secretary shall acknowledge the receipt of, and forward the same to the Right Worthy Grand Treasurer. The Right Worthy Grand Secretary shall show, in his annual report, the amount of this fund, and by which Grand or Subordinate Lodge contributed.

“At the Saratoga Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, the following recommendation of the Committee on Petitions was adopted :

“And we would earnestly recommend that inasmuch as the Constitution of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge has set apart the fourth week in November of each year as “Missionary Week,” that it will also be designated as a special season of prayer, and that the Right Worthy Grand Templar by proclamation invoke the Order all over the world to unite at that time in praise, prayer, and generous giving for the welfare and prosperity of our Order.’

“In accordance with the law and instruction of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I proclaim the fourth week in November, 1887, a week of prayer throughout the Order. At the regular lodge meeting held during that week let the entire membership join in prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty God for the wonderful blessings vouchsafed to us as an Order during the past year. The greatest blessing during the year has been the union of the divided Order, and I want to urge the whole united Order in every part of the world, by a contribution of at least ten cents by each member, to place in the hands of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge Executive, the funds to liquidate certain debts which prevent full and perfect union of the Order. The need is great, and I plead with every Grand Lodge to make the collection a general offering of the Order for the blessing of union.

“In F., H., and C.,

“JOHN B. FINCH, *R. W. G. T.*”

W. W. Turnbull, of Glasgow, Scotland, who succeeded

Mr. Finch in the office of Right Worthy Grand Templar, in his address upon assuming the duties of the position, said :

“ Brother Finch was no ordinary man, no ordinary Good Templar, or Right Worthy Grand Templar. Amid the galaxy of brilliant leaders of our great temperance organization, no name stands higher than that of him who was raised up and honored by God to arrange and carry through the union of our forces. The name of John B. Finch will be held in everlasting remembrance as a peace-maker, the restorer of the sundered fellowship between estranged brethren, and the turner of their energies from fratricidal strife into the useful channels of promoting the interests of humanity and the furtherance and triumph of total abstinence and the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The union of the Order may be regarded as the greatest work of his life. For this cause, I believe God raised him up and gave him the confidence of every member of the Order throughout both sections, and we are thankful to God that He spared that useful life not only to see the union of the two Right Worthy Grand Lodges at Saratoga, but gave him, ere he was called to rest, the satisfaction of knowing that in New South Wales, in Victoria, in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, in Scotland and in Ireland, in Cape Colony and in India, the two branches of the Order had been harmoniously merged without a single dissentient voice or vote. Never is the addition of the word ‘ Past ’ to be applied to Brother Finch’s title as Right Worthy Grand Templar of our united world-wide Order. His name will always stand at the top of the roll as the first in the new union made in his native State in May last. His winning manners, his cheery words, and his pleasant smile carried our hearts by storm.

“ Nothing has impressed me more in all my correspondence with him than the deep-toned piety which he unconsciously expressed. During the negotiations regarding reunion he wrote to me, saying : ‘ Good Templary can only succeed by methods which God can approve.’

“John B. Finch ‘served his generation by the will of God,’ and finished the work God gave him to do. He has passed to ‘where beyond these voices there is peace.’ In our blindness we feel in our hearts like crying, ‘Would to God he was with us still.’

‘Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!’

But no ; we crush back the feeling, for ‘it is well’ with him. Dearly beloved, friend and brother, farewell ! Thou dost rest from thy labors, and thy works follow thee. In a little while, we know not how soon, our working days will also be over, and we, too, shall enter upon our rest. God grant that when our time comes, like you, we may be found at the post of duty, and that we may meet you in the better land, there to grasp hands again as friends and fellow-workers, to share together in the bliss of the redeemed, and to engage in the uninterrupted service of God.”

From far-off India, the notes of rejoicing over the future prospects of the Order were mingled with praise of the leader whose clear brain had planned reunion.

The *United Indian Templar* said :

“The infinite tact Mr. Finch displayed in dealing with questions regarding reunion at Saratoga won the admiration of all observing men. He combined in a remarkable degree that *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re* which are always found in able politicians.”

In his annual report to his Grand Lodge, Theodore D. Kanouse, Past Right Worthy Good Templar and present Grand Chief Templar of Dakota, wrote :

“The schism of 1876 was completely healed at Saratoga. The Right

Worthy Grand Lodge and the so-called Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World met according to the agreement, and, like good Christian folk, 'buried the hatchet' and agreed from thenceforth to march 'neath one banner from zone to zone, and at the bidding of one commander-in-chief. This glorious result was brought about by the wonderful skill in diplomacy of our Right Worthy Grand Templar, fairly met in supreme council by the patriotism of noble souls from all over the world. The reunion having been legally accomplished, it yet remained for some one to be sought out who should by his wisdom and tact unite us in bonds of brotherly love. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' was the all-absorbing question. The courageous, valiant, peerless captain who had led the Order up the mount overlooking the promised land became the inspiration of all hearts, and with one voice John B. Finch was chosen. The modest man whose wonderful grasp of great questions had won for him the admiration of our world's great men went forth to the accomplishment of his high commission. In the discharge of his duty, he came within our own jurisdiction to consult concerning plans for the advancement of our cause and Order. The 24th, 25th, and 26th days of September last were 'Red-Letter' days with my family, for on those days Brother Finch was our guest. On Monday morning the 26th we bowed together at our family altar and commended the cause for which Brother Finch was giving his life, to Him who careth when the sparrow falls. To me it was a solemn moment, for being far from the centres of Brother Finch's work, I did not expect soon again to enjoy his presence in my home. Amens were said, and we arose, and at eleven o'clock we bade our beloved chief good-by with a promise soon to meet him in Chicago. This promise we kept—not, as he had urged, for further consultation, but to assist in entombing his earthly remains; for on the 3d day of October in the city of Boston, Mass.—as the German tradition of Moses is—'The Lord kissed him and he was not.' The world of temperance workers felt the shock of his death, and we shall ever mourn his loss as one of God's brightest and best."

That grand, true-hearted hero, Past Right Worthy Grand Templar, Samuel D. Hastings, who for nearly fifty years has nobly fought the battles of two great reforms, reviewed the history of the reunion of the Good Templars in his Memorial Address in Madison, Wis., November 27th, 1887. He said :

“As an organizer and worker, John B. Finch was no less distinguished than as an orator and as a leader. As the head of the Order of Good Templars he accomplished a most extraordinary work. The Order extends all over the civilized world, and in the discharge of his duties as its chief executive officer, he was in almost constant correspondence with persons residing in all parts of its wide extended jurisdiction. One of the duties devolving upon him as head of the Order was that of Superintendent of Missions. In the management of this work he exhibited the most consummate skill and the highest order of executive ability. His reports as Superintendent of Missions show a wonderful grasp of the work as a whole, while his oversight of details, even to the most minute particulars, shows that nothing escaped his watchful eye. A brief extract from the introduction to his report as Superintendent of Missions presented at the recent session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge will serve to give those not connected with the Order some idea of his views as to its principles and aims in this direction.

“Says the report : ‘In the early history of the Order, before the line of battle had been formed, temperance work was a novelty, and thousands joined our ranks ; but when the increasing bitterness of the struggle forced upon them the fact that the battle between the alcoholic liquor traffic and the Templar forces, was a battle to death, the holiday soldiers became frightened and left the ranks by hundreds. The Good Templars first proclaimed that no compromise or treaty would be made with the liquor traffic. The liquor-sellers at once met the issue by attacking every politician, every political party, business man, newspaper, and

church that was not openly or secretly in favor of legalizing drunkard-making. The dullest person in the world to-day knows that to join the Good Templars is to enlist for the war, and that by joining he declares eternal hate to the alcoholic drink habit and traffic. . . . Acting under your instructions, I have endeavored to do permanent work. . . . Ideal Good Templary plans for the wide circulation of papers, books, and documents, and the permanent employment of a corps of lay evangelists, who shall visit every village, hamlet, town, and city in the Grand Lodge jurisdiction during the year. To this ideal I have tried to turn the thought of our workers and leaders.'

"His greatest work in connection with the Good Templars was, doubtless, the bringing about the union of the two branches of the Order, that for ten years had spent in opposing each other, time and energy that ought to have been spent in fighting the common enemy. Unfortunately, in 1876, the Order was divided, owing to a difference of views touching the status of the colored man in the Order. Efforts were made at different times during the ten years of separation to bring about reunion, but all had resulted in failure. Shortly after Mr. Finch was placed at the head of the Order, he concluded to make one more attempt to bring about union. After a vast amount of labor, and after surmounting obstacles that would have discouraged an ordinary man, he succeeded in accomplishing what he had undertaken. At the session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge held at Saratoga Springs in May last, he was made glad by seeing the representatives of the two branches of the Order, from all parts of the world, come together as one body, constituting the largest temperance organization that ever had an existence. His unanimous election to the chief executive chair of the united body was evidence that his efforts were appreciated.

"One who was not in a position to know what had to be done to bring about this union can have no adequate idea of the immense amount of labor performed by Mr. Finch in securing the result.

"Few men could have performed all the actual labor that he per-

formed in bringing about this union had they had nothing else whatever to occupy their time and attention. Mr. Finch not only did this, but he attended carefully to his work as Superintendent of Missions ; he promptly discharged his important and responsible duties as the chief executive officer of the Order ; he attended to his duties as Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Prohibition Party, and during the whole time was almost constantly travelling, speaking almost daily, frequently at points so wide apart as to make it seem as though he was almost omnipresent.

“ Mr. Finch had an immense correspondence, and yet I have seldom known a man more prompt in replying to letters than he was.

“ He had a wonderful knowledge of the situation of the battle not only all over this land, but, as far as the Order of Good Templars was concerned, all over the world.

“ He seemed to know just what was needed at every point all along the vastly extended line of battle.

“ If a surprise was contemplated at any point, he seemed to be aware of it and to know just how to meet and counteract it.

“ If an unexpected attack had been made at another point, he was quick to send the needed relief. He knew personally nearly all the prominent workers in this country, both in the Good Templar Order and in the Prohibition Party, and he seemed to be able almost intuitively to gauge not only their mental but their moral standing ; and when he wanted a man for any particular service he knew just the right one to call upon. By correspondence and other means he had a knowledge of the leading members of the Order in other parts of the world, and so correct was he in his estimate of their characters, that seldom, if ever, was he mistaken in selecting men for the performance of special service. In communicating his wishes to those he selected for such special service, he did it in the most terse and concise language, and yet in such clear and definite terms that there could be no mistake what he wanted done. It seemed as though he imparted something of his own personal

magnetism to his correspondence, so strongly did he impress himself upon those whom he desired to respond to his wishes.

“During an active intercourse with my fellow-men for more than half a century, in which time I have been brought in contact with many men who have been distinguished as orators, leaders, organizers, and workers, I feel warranted in saying that I have never met a man who, in his own person, in all these respects excelled or even equalled John B. Finch.”

How the whole order trusted and honored Mr. Finch tributes from two hemispheres testify. From every zone and every continent came cries of lamentation when Good Templary lost his peerless leadership.

A few words of appreciation from friends who knew and loved him, and equally warm and heartfelt memorials from others who only knew him by his work, are selected as expressive of the high esteem for him felt by members of the Order throughout the world.

“We only knew the Right Worthy Grand Templar officially—through his many labors for temperance reform, his published addresses, and some private correspondence—yet he held a high place in our esteem as one of the most able, effective, unwearied, and hopeful leaders in the temperance army. It is consolatory to know that though the worker, and even the leaders in the work fall by the wayside, the work goes on. ‘God buries His workers, but carries on His work.’ Were it not so, we should be ready to despair when such men as John B. Finch are called to their rest ere their task appears to be half performed. He is gone from us, and we see him not nor hear his voice again, but the influence of such a holy life can never die! It is eternal, and cannot cease to live. Inspired by the memory and by the abiding influence of the short but

grand and purposeful life, many shall arise to carry on and complete the work he has left undone.”—*Temperance Herald, Dunedin, New Zealand.*

“Our leader is dead. The man we all loved, whose counsels we prized, whose opinions we cherished, whose judgment we respected, the master hand of all our work, he who planned and shaped our very being as an Order, is gone and gone forever.”—*Central Good Templar, Ohio.*

“In the loss of our illustrious chief, the world has lost a worthy citizen and HUMANITY A SINCERE FRIEND, whose life-work will be remembered for aye, and whose memory will be enshrined in Templar history for all time.”—*Resolution of Executive Committee of Grand Lodge of Yorkshire, England.*

“John B. Finch was a man of noble impulses, generous to a fault, true and steadfast in his friendships ; a man of genius, a fine logician, a grand debater, unequalled on the platform ; he had all the requisites that Cicero claimed for the true orator : sincerity, integrity of character, brightness of imagination, and, above all, a high and exalted sense of the importance of his subject, and a passionate belief in its truth in the highest and purest meaning of the word. Dignified yet forcible, graphic yet pertinent, his sentences fell like ponderous thunderbolts to convince. The grand man has gone to rest, and we shall not soon see his like again.”—J. J. HICKMAN, *Past Right Worthy Grand Templar.*

“My feeling toward my friend and leader, John B. Finch, was different from any I ever entertained toward another human being. It was like the combined love for wife, brother, son, and friend.

“When he disclosed a policy, I never thought of questioning its wisdom or utility. Our relations were intimate, because I relied on his judgment, and he trusted me to carry out his plans. While I live I shall never become reconciled to his early death. To me he seemed generous to a fault, true as the needle to the pole, able to an eminent degree, and a Christian in the best sense of the term. Letters from five continents

prove that he was loved and honored by people in all lands, who think well of their kind.”—B. F. PARKER, *Right Worthy Grand Secretary*.

“Those who had intimate relations with Brother Finch have been highly favored. Oh, that I could have been with him more, when both were less pressed by public duties !

“Able, earnest, logical, eloquent, and full of soul, he never failed to reach and hold his hearer’s convictions ; the right word and act ever in the right place ; his administrations were wise, strong, and prosperous. He loved his work for humanity’s sake. Others saw it, and, as to a magnet, rallied around him with a hearty support on all his measures. Christian civilization, world-wide, has lost a mighty leader.”—HON. S. B. CHASE, *Past Right Worthy Grand Templar*.

“His character as revealed in the story of his life from early manhood till the hour of his death, was marked by perseverance, zeal, devotion, fidelity to principle and true Christian service, which won the love and gratitude of millions, and recorded his name in our annals as one of the noblest of the world’s benefactors.

“In the lesson of the ‘golden rule,’ he formed the solid foundation of a true human brotherhood, and in the precepts and example of the great Master, the inspiration for his daily life.”—REV. J. H. ORNE, *Past Right Worthy Grand Templar*.

“His manly form, apparently so healthful and vigorous, induced the hope that he had many years of usefulness ; but alas ! it has been otherwise ordered, and the great Master whom he served so faithfully and well, has sent one of His messengers with the mandate, ‘Come up higher.’ We cannot call him back, but we can strive to follow in his footsteps ; and if I, when I have to die, can look back upon doing a little after his bright example, I shall feel that I have not altogether lived in vain.

“In this distant colony our members were often cheered by his writings, and his short, pithy, racy letters were to me very grateful when disheartened by failures, doubts, and difficulties. I always used to look forward to the pleasure of one day seeing him in this country, and have

often spoken with delight of the hope I was indulging. In one of his last letters to me, when sending as he did very kind messages of remembrance, he added, 'I don't at all give up the idea of visiting Africa,' and I have over and over again tried to picture to myself the improvement in the condition of things which I hoped would follow his advent here."

—REUBEN AYLIFF, *Past Grand Chief Templar of South Africa.*

"I first met Brother Finch at the conference on reunion, and was impressed at once with his manly bearing and dignified appearance.

"While it was plain that he was a born leader, there was a gentleness and persuasiveness in his manner which compelled his associates to follow him, unconscious of being led. He exercised the same effect on his hearers, and hence the great good he was able to perform for the cause he loved so well, and for which he sacrificed his life."—WILLIAM M. ARTRELL, *Grand Chief Templar of Florida.*

"For nearly four years I knew Brother John B. Finch intimately and well. In uninterrupted correspondence with him, I had learned to esteem him as a man, honor him as a leader, and love him as a brother. God gave him an active and powerful brain, and a loving, gentle heart. Up to the time of his death he improved God's gifts until, when called, he went in the fulness of Christian manhood. The nation has lost the grandest temperance leader it had. I have lost a dearly loved and deeply mourned friend and brother."—E. R. HUTCHINS, *Grand Chief Templar of Iowa.*

"Few men compress so much and such good work into a long life as our dear 'John' has put into his few years."—REV. D. C. BABCOCK, *Past Grand Chief Templar of Pennsylvania.*

"I can only assure you that we all loved our leader, that we were prepared to stand at his side in his noble self-sacrifice for humanity, and that to you we extend the hearty sympathy of brothers and sisters in God."—*From a letter of Rev. William G. Lane, Nova Scotia, Past Right Worthy Grand Templar, to Mrs. Finch.*

"Eight years of acquaintance with Mr. Finch impressed me with the

master qualities of his mind and the royal attributes of his heart. In his death prohibition has lost its ablest advocate.

“Why are the brightest and best taken? We cannot answer, and nothing but a sublime faith in the infinite wisdom and goodness of God can reconcile us to such a loss as this.”—JAMES A. TROUTMAN, *Past Grand Chief Templar of Kansas*.

“Not as ‘a stranger,’ but as a friend and sister, and one who mourns in common with the whole temperance world, I mourn the loss of an honored leader.”—MRS. M. E. RICHARDSON, *California, General Superintendent Juvenile Work*.

“John B. Finch was the most marvellous man I ever met. He was a noble leader and a wise statesman. To know him rightly was to love him. I believe he had a greater influence over men than any man I ever knew. He spent days at my home, and was always full of happiness and sunshine. No death has ever affected me as did his, for I loved him so much.”—P. J. CHISHOLM, *Past Grand Chief Templar of Nova Scotia*.
“To Mrs. Finch:

“I am instructed by my Executive to convey to you their heartfelt sympathy, and condole with you in your sudden bereavement. We, the members of the Executive of New South Wales, feel that a great and good man has been called away, a man and a brother who was worthy of admiration and high esteem, a man worthy to be followed.

“His devotion to the cause of Templary, and his efforts to secure the total prohibition of the liquor traffic are well known to us, and a feeling of deep sorrow at his loss will pervade the entire membership throughout the world. We trust that God will raise up others to continue the work that your husband has had to relinquish, and that your natural grief under this affliction will be tempered by the remembrance of his noble life. That the Almighty will comfort and sustain you is our sympathetic prayer.”—JAMES B. PRICE, *Grand Secretary, for Executive Committee of the Grand Lodge of New South Wales, Australia*.

“Denmark, conspicuously among the countries of the Scandinavian

group, held a warm place in the heart of our world's Templar leader ; the most cordial relation existed between himself and Templar Helmer and Secretary Morck of the Danish Grand Lodge, with whom he frequently corresponded. It was by his wise directions that the scattered lodges of Schleswig were united and placed under the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, also that a successful campaign was inaugurated there, J. Wollesen and P. C. Schmidt, of Apenrade, Germany, and myself, as his lieutenants. Denmark was among the first to respond approvingly to Brother Finch's plan of union. He cherished the hope of some day visiting those interesting countries, and it was only three weeks before his death that he made provisions for the organization of a Grand Lodge for Germany."—VICTOR HOLMES, *Denmark*.

"On the two occasions that I met Mr. Finch, his handsome person, polished manners, and expressive countenance impressed me with the high character which his speeches and career have justified. With a loving heart was combined, in an eminent degree, a quick and incisive intellect, a nature lofty, generous, and just, and a decision and will which fitted him for a leader of men."—DR. F. R. LEES, *Past Grand Chief Templar of England*.

"Though he had passed but his thirty-fifth year, he was the acknowledged leader of the temperance and prohibition armies of the world, and had addressed more people, and his speeches had received a wider circulation than any man of his age. His days were few, but he filled them all with deeds of glory. There was, there is no purer, nobler, grander man."—E. W. CHAFIN, *Grand Chief Templar of Wisconsin*.

"The king of the rostrum, that grand old temperance warrior and leader, my honored friend, comrade, and co-worker is dead. Dead, but yet he lives. Old, did I say? Yes, old in experience, old in eloquence, old in wisdom, old in judgment, old in that work of works in which no other man has done a greater amount. Old, did I say? Oh, no! But thirty-five years. A young man just merging from the budding into the blossoming time of young manhood, yet having lived more years,

when viewed from the success of the work he did, than any man of whose history I have knowledge. . . . In his death this country—aye, the whole civilized world—has met with an irreparable loss. A brilliant, glittering, blazing star in the great firmament of temperance workers has fallen, and there is no man to fill the place thus vacated.” —DR. D. H. MANN, *Grand Chief Templar of New York*.

“He was the ablest debater upon the platform that I ever had the pleasure of hearing.” —PHIL ALLEN, *Past Grand Chief Templar of Wisconsin*.

“A more manly man, a truer friend or a kinder brother we will never find. As a leader, he was without a peer. The loss to our Order is beyond estimate.” —H. B. QUICK, *Grand Chief Templar of Minnesota*.

“I have never intimately known a man with more individuality than had Brother Finch. He impressed himself upon all his work. He combined in his make-up all the essential elements of a great and successful leader of the Good Templar armies. . . . As an organizer of forces, he was without a peer.

“His methods were unique and uniformly successful. He would originate and formulate his plans, then discuss them with his trusted lieutenants, and having gained their hearty support would seemingly be retired from the contest. But all the time he was the general who directed their movements, and they would fight the battle and win.” —GEORGE C. CHRISTIAN, *Past Grand Counsellor of Illinois*.

CHAPTER IX.

PROHIBITORY AMENDMENT CAMPAIGNS.

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

Marvell.

IN every State where prohibitory constitutional amendments were submitted to a vote of the people, Mr. Finch took some part in the campaign.

In Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Maine, Rhode Island, and Michigan he addressed the people in the chief cities, meeting in public discussion any who dared to offer opposing argument, and answering from the platform and through the press the deceptions and sophistries promulgated by the friends of the dram-shops.

To the managers of State campaigns he seemed a tower of strength, and they always felt secure against all attacks by the opposition when they had obtained his services.

In Kansas, where the first amendment campaign was conducted, Mr. Finch expressed to the State Executive Committee his willingness to go into the frontier counties, where the work had been neglected because of the danger of personal violence. In several of these counties no

organized amendment work had been carried on, and few votes were expected for the measure.

Mr. Finch spent a portion of the time for which the Grand Lodge of Nebraska yielded him to the sister State, in the endeavor to rouse the people who had not been reached by any other workers.

When the reports from the election were received, the lines of travel he followed could be distinctly marked by their larger percentages of favorable votes.

James A. Troutman, Past Grand Chief Templar of Kansas, said in a memorial address delivered in Topeka :

“I had known Mr. Finch as a strong local temperance worker in Nebraska for two years before our great and decisive campaign for constitutional prohibition in this State in 1880. He spent six weeks in the State during that campaign, and we were together much of the time. From that time until the date of his death we were steadfast friends.

“The Kansas campaign, especially the ten days spent at Bismarck Grove, where the leading temperance orators of the world were gathered, did much to advertise the marvellous powers of Mr. Finch as a speaker. The youngest of more than a score of orators, known to but few at the beginning of the meeting, he was acknowledged king of the rostrum when it closed. Francis Murphy, preceded by a world-wide reputation ; General Sam Carey, whose eloquence and wit had captivated audiences for more than a third of a century ; Governor St. John, backed by the prestige of his high office ; George W. Bain, one of the most charming orators that ever stood upon an American platform, and many others, old in the service and known to fame, were there. John B. Finch came unheralded, and spoke from the same platform with these men and to the same audiences not once only, but a dozen or more times. Bain surpassed Finch in the pleasing elegance of his diction ;

St. John, in the fervor of his utterances ; Carey, in the mirth and wit of his addresses ; Murphy, in pathos ; but in all the constituent elements of a great orator, this young man, who was a babe in his mother's arms when the others began their public career, surpassed them all. From that date Mr. Finch's reputation spread with wonderful rapidity.

“ No two public speakers addressed as many audiences as he during the last seven years of his life. His were not mechanical, stereotyped lectures. Each was full of new and progressive thought. In considering the temperance problem as a financial, historical, scientific, and moral question, or as a legislative and political question, John B. Finch was the most accomplished and thorough temperance scholar in America. He was master of every phase of this absorbing problem. His mental resources seemed illimitable. I have heard him deliver over forty lectures in Kansas and elsewhere, and each one was replete with the mighty thoughts of a prodigious brain. He delivered at one time sixty successive addresses from the same platform, and a very intelligent gentleman who heard them said to me that if Finch repeated himself during the whole course he was unable to detect it. This seems improbable, but it aptly illustrates the breadth of his information, the depth of his thought, and his matchless genius and versatility of expression. While he was eloquent and pleasing, witty and sarcastic, the predominating characteristic of his brain was of the massive order, and he dropped into an argument with remarkable ease. I never heard him talk five minutes that he did not begin battering down the walls of sophistry that sustain the liquor traffic, with that tremendous hammer of logic that he wielded with invincible skill.

“ When I read in the telegraphic columns of our local papers, ‘ John B. Finch, Dead,’ my mind instantly leaped back two years to a time and circumstance that had, up to that moment, been forgotten. Mr. Finch and I were sitting upon the banks of Lake Erie, discussing the temperance work. I told him all I could about the contest in Kansas. He told of his work—where he had been, and what success he had gained. ‘ I

had hoped,' said he, 'to have some rest this year, but the calls are so numerous and so imperative, and the undeveloped field so wide, that I will have to put it off again. But,' he added, 'unless I do take more rest in the future than I have during the past few years, you will some day hear of my sudden death.' But he went on and on, responding to calls, until his own prophecy was fulfilled. Energy, work, thought, killed John B. Finch. Many men who have reared for themselves imperishable monuments of fame, and whose names have a lease upon immortality, first made their reputation, and then burned and cemented it into the minds, the hearts, and the affections of the people, by a long life of public service. If John B. Finch had been permitted to live and labor for fifteen years longer, until he reached the age of fifty, he would have woven for himself a brighter chaplet of renown than ever encircled the memory of a departed orator. But the intense activity of his life robbed us of a great and useful man just as the legacy of immortality was about to be bequeathed to him.

"Mr. Finch was not merely an agitator, but a born organizer and leader. He was the most systematic and symmetrical advocate of temperance reform that has ever engaged in the work. A Hercules upon the platform, in advocating advanced legislative and political action, he was none the less strong and powerful as the champion of educational measures. He proceeded upon the correct theory that every reform depends for its success upon the intelligence of the masses. Popular intelligence, an enlightened conscience, are written in burnished letters upon the face of every successful reformation in history.

"He sent five thousand copies of '*The People vs. The Liquor Traffic*' to the Kansas State Temperance Union, at a time when educational forces were needed in this State, at less than it cost to publish them.

"The loss sustained by a cause yet in its infancy in the death of such an agitator, such an organizer, and such a leader as Mr. Finch is great. Who can fill the vacant place? No man can answer; but it will be filled. This great cause, to which so brilliant a life was sacrificed, is

greater than any or all of its advocates. No error is more prevalent than the idea that a great cause can be defeated, or even retarded in its growth, by the death of its leaders. Despair and death have never been written upon the face of any just cause, and in the Divine adjustment of forces not one Finch, but a score, a hundred, a thousand, if need be, will be developed to carry on the work. Leaders may come and leaders may go, but this cause will go on until its final triumph is achieved. As Gough and Finch died, all the bright and courageous leaders may die ; but others no less brilliant, no less intrepid, will take up the cause and hasten the victory. The withering, blighting curse of rum will some day cease.

“ Do you say this is a mere dream of romance, a frenzy of fanaticism—that this evil will linger to the end of time ? Then the regeneration which God has extended to some men cannot be extended to others ! Then the Gospel of Truth is a failure, and preaching is vanity ! Then wrong shall triumph over right ! Then, in the great antagonism of forces, vice shall prove itself superior to virtue ! Then the Word of unchangeable truth, that righteousness shall cover the face of the earth as the waters cover the sea, shall be demonstrated a failure ! I do not believe this. You do not believe it. It is not true. It may not be in my time, it may not be in yours, but the period in the history of this work will be reached when the wails of sorrow that came up from the unfortunate victims of intemperance will cease ; when its dangerous and pernicious effects that now permeate every department of life and industry shall be felt and feared no more ; when the track of desolation its century of havoc has made shall blossom as the rose. Majestic and powerful as he was, our cause will survive the death of John B. Finch. I have no sympathy with that sentimentalism that says the loss can never be repaired. To say this is to impugn Omnipotent power. There is a prevalent distrust of the men and agencies of our own time, and a pessimistic scepticism as to the future, that ought to be banished from the hearts and minds of intelligent people. No age in the world’s his-

tory was as good and as pure as the present. No age has produced as able, as brilliant, and as courageous men. Students of history look with admiration upon the men and the achievements of past ages, and are apt to make comparisons unfavorable to the present. History records and perpetuates only the virtues of men. All defects of greatness slumber with mortality. Frailties which are colossal when in actual view are never known by those who come after. And when the infirmities of this age follow those of other ages into oblivion, and all the master monuments of the present stand out in bold relief, made stainless by the generous offices of time, the student of history will mark it down as an era which records the noblest and purest triumphs of men.

“No man in all the history of moral efforts in the past has done as much and given his life as a sacrifice to a great cause, when but thirty-five years old, as John B. Finch. But his master mind, his brilliant genius, his dauntless courage, were aided by the bold and felicitous promptitude with which the American heart and conscience take hold of public questions.

“In an age of intense activity no sluggard can accomplish good. When a man can stand upon a platform and utter great truths that reach the borders of civilization within twenty-four hours, it quickens perception, stimulates activity, and gives him a wonderful lever for the accomplishment of his purpose. Great movements are accelerated by this very galvanism of the thoughts of their leaders. And it takes a brain and nerve such as John B. Finch possessed to utilize the matchless forces of the present in conquering the vices of men.

“Such men as he impart purity and strength to the governing influences of society.”

When the campaign for prohibition in Iowa was made in 1882, Mr. Finch was among the first in the field, and remained till the election was over, often speaking twice each day. His physical endurance was equal to the strain

till the last hour of the struggle, but when the great contest was over, exhausted nature asserted itself, and he was prostrated by a severe illness on election day.

It had been agreed that all who had participated in the platform work of the campaign should meet at Des Moines on that day. Whenever these workers sought admission to his room at the hotel they were cordially welcomed, and in spite of his weakness and pain he conversed with each one about the work that had been done and the prospects of the day's voting.

On the following day, when it had been ascertained that the amendment was carried by a large majority, Mr. Finch asked Mr. Sibley to prepare an address to the people of Iowa, to be signed by all the Good Templar workers who had assisted in the campaign. Although he was so ill, he did not forget that the great victory of the day before was but a single battle won in the war that must be waged until the armies of rum were utterly routed and disbanded.

The following is the address as published in the city papers the next morning :

“ To the Independent Order of Good Templars of Iowa.

“ SISTERS AND BROTHERS : We, the representatives of other jurisdictions, who have been with you in your struggle for constitutional prohibition, ere we return to our homes to continue the contest in our own States, desire to return to you our sincerest thanks for the hearty cordiality with which you have everywhere welcomed us and cheered our hearts by your kindness. Hoping we have been helpful to you in the

campaign now crowned with such a glorious victory, we bid adieu, but, ere we part, cannot but offer a few words of advice and warning.

“In the hour of victory there may be danger. When the enemy has been routed and the weary soldiers bivouac on the battle-field, the skilful general does not forget to post a line of sharp-eyed pickets to peer through the darkness, watchful lest the opposing forces return and surprise the sleeping camp, wresting hard-earned laurels from the victor's brow.

“Is there not danger that some, who have been valiant in the fight, untaught in the wider, underlying principles of temperance reform, may now lay down their arms, and fold their hands in the delusive dream that their work is ended and the final victory won? ‘Good laws only wound the devil; the killing has to be done by hand.’

“For thirty years Good Templary has taught that moral suasion without prohibition is a body without bones; and prohibition without moral suasion, a fleshless skeleton. The union of the two makes the strong, vigorous, and active living organism.

“For thirty years the Order has sought to make the business of drunkard-making legal and moral outlawry. Your State has now accomplished this. The drunkard factory, the gambling hell, and the house of death now stand on the same legal footing. The law will do its part, but you must do yours. The Christian Church cannot abandon the preaching of the Gospel of peace because law protects the people from violence.

“The State of Maine has been wise, and has to-day more Good Templars in proportion to population than any other State in the Union, while sister organizations are equally strong. The law blocks up the road to crime and vice, and makes the road to manhood easier. Let the Order go out to the highways and byways and persuade men to take the brighter, better road. The law having closed up the dram shops, you must convince the victim as an individual that it is unwise, unmanly, and foolish to try to dig around and find a hidden cesspool. The work

of the Order in this State should hereafter be wholly educational. The scientific truths concerning the effects of alcoholic liquors should be widely disseminated by speaker, book, paper, and document, and the moral work of redeeming fallen men should be pressed vigorously. A temperance educational campaign, such as Iowa has never seen, should be pressed at every point. It may be asked if Good Templars should not devote their whole time to enforcing the law. We answer, No. The Government has machinery and officials, and our work must be to educate the people so that only officers who will enforce the law can be elected. Press the organization of lodges until there is not a town, village, or hamlet but has a Good Templar band. Thus, marching on the highway of success, you shall plant your banners on the hills of victory.

“THEODORE D. KANOUSE, P.R.W.G.T., Wisconsin.

“JOHN SOBIESKI, P.R.W.G.C., Illinois.

“GEORGE W. BAIN, P.G.W.C.T., Kentucky.

“J. W. NICHOLS, P.G.W.C.T., Illinois.

“E. W. CHAFIN, D.C.T., Wisconsin.

“JOHN B. FINCH, P.G.W.C.T., Nebraska.

“FRANK J. SIBLEY, G.L., Nebraska.”

The Des Moines *State Register* published the address with an editorial comment headed :

“THE GOOD ADVICE OF NOBLE HELPERS.”

“In the great struggle for the amendment in Iowa, the fight so actively and splendidly made at every step of its progress, the temperance people of Iowa have had the great help of as strong and noble a band of workers as ever lent their services to any cause in this State. Indeed, we believe never before in the history of Iowa, or indeed in its contests for humanity, have so many strong men from other States taken part in our struggles. With an ardor like soldiers fighting under inspiration, with the strength of men who both knew the courage it takes to lead in revolu-

tion and had the courage to do it, these gallant orators from sister States have done as noble and faithful work for man in Iowa in the past few months as any men ever did on the hustings. They have made the struggle their own, and have given of their time without limit of sacrifice, and have done everything and anything that strong and generous men could do. Indeed, we think that the entire nobility of this cause, the grandeur of heart and conscience and unselfishness there is in it, have been most fully proved among a thousand proofs of it, in the great and noble work that these outside men have done, in leaving their own business, their own States, and coming here to help carry Iowa without fail. All hail to this noble corps of Christian workers, and God bless them and make the generous work they have done for this State but the guaranty of an equally noble victory in their own States for the cause that is so near their hearts. They will bear with them always the gratitude and love of the best people of Iowa, and all the gates on our borders will ever stand open in welcome to them all.

“We may not, with justice or courtesy, particularize as to this splendid band of outside workers, nor mention one by name to praise him more than others. All are equally deserving of praise in effort. While some may have had more power and ability to do, and eloquence to plead, all have equal heart and equal devotion, and all will be equally preserved in the gratitude of Iowa. Not the least valuable in their work in Iowa is their card of thanks, warning, and appeal that some of these gentlemen, who were in Des Moines yesterday, left to the custodians of the cause and the guardians of the victory in this State. We publish it below. It says what we were moved to say ourselves, but which, being so much better said by these gentlemen, we print below, endorsing every word, and thanking the authors of it for making it. Its words are the counsel of abounding wisdom, and we hope it will serve to hold the line in Iowa for the rest of the battle—a battle which is not yet a quarter fought.”

When the Ohio campaign for prohibition commenced

in 1883, Mr. Finch was one of the first to receive a call to come to the State and help carry the amendment. With Senator John Sherman and gubernatorial candidate J. B. Foraker and Governor Charles Foster leading the Republican Party and denouncing prohibition, and candidate George Hoadley leading the opposition to it from the Democratic side, it was felt that the strongest and ablest defenders of the principle would be constantly needed on the platform to lay bare the fallacies and sophistries of these distinguished political leaders.

How well and faithfully Mr. Finch performed the difficult labors of that campaign is told by Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, the able and skilful general of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who conducted the campaign of the prohibition forces :

“I knew John B. Finch when he wrought as one who thought the welfare of the nation depended upon his able, skilful, honest, upright discharge of the important trust committed to him.

“He came to Ohio in June, 1883, and with brief exceptions was in the State until the close of the prohibitory amendment campaign on November 9th—more than four months of unceasing labor, during which time he never referred to hardships—of hours early or late ; of two or three addresses a day, or of long distances travelled to meet appointments. All seemed to him a part of the service which he gladly performed, though sometimes battling with disease.

“After one of his mighty efforts he was suddenly stricken, and while patiently enduring untold agony, his constant fear was that he might fail to meet an important engagement the following day. Under the influence of medicine he rested, but arose with the morning. Friends who

ministered to him in the night endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain. Firmly he said, 'I must be up and doing; it will not be long.' And thus the strong soul marched on! He was never baffled, but when some new phase presented itself, he would diligently study the problem, until re-enforced he stood before his opponent a battery of facts and figures, and poured them forth with a power that shattered and shrivelled all objections. He carefully examined his own position, and as keenly questioned the standing of others. He proclaimed total abstinence for the individual, and total prohibition of the liquor traffic for State and nation. The eloquence of his deep conviction and the enthusiasm of his faith encouraged doubting hearts.

"One Sabbath evening, in an elegant church, he found no minister of the Gospel willing to ask God's blessing to rest upon his service. The President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was troubled, but when the Scriptures had been read, Mr. Finch calmly rose and poured forth his soul in prayer. Those ministers will never forget the words of truth that fell from his lips that evening.

"The balance and versatility of his mind were an astonishment to his co-laborers. He was by nature a detective. Nothing that could be made useful in the warfare in which he was engaged escaped him. He was the first to learn of the intrigue by which the amendment was to be crushed. Walking to and fro in the parlors of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Headquarters in Cleveland, he turned suddenly, and addressed me :

" 'Sister Mary, our cause is lost! Ohio politicians, State and national, have held council in a murderer's den in Cincinnati, and the word has gone forth, "*The amendment must not carry.*" Speak it not, but work as for life, that we may have done our part, and the curse may not rest upon us as unfaithful servants.' The array of facts I presented, the encouragement gathered from telegrams and letters, were all in vain. He replied, 'You are helpless as children; the prohibition vote is to be counted out. I have it from one who has already received the com-

mand, but will not obey it.' He first discovered that the amendments were to be printed incorrectly upon the tickets of the old parties, and aroused our overworked women in various places to almost superhuman effort to counteract the effect.

"The press bitterly assailed him. When reading the cruel attacks, his thin lips would compress, his matchless eyes would flash, but he would sit in silence until self was conquered, then calmly say, 'My work will bear the test of God; they will not dare to stand before Him with those falsehoods upon their lips.' Finding his popularity ever increasing, politicians branded him as a traitor; and when it was proclaimed that, 'as a Democrat, he had aided and abetted secession,' and he was asked, How shall the charge be met? he answered, 'Give the date of my birth, 1852, and perhaps they will not only recognize the falsity of their charge, but see their contemptible meanness as others see it.'

"Mr. Finch did not begin his amendment work in Ohio. He had before struck mighty blows for the cause in Kansas and Iowa, and had greatly aided in creating the public sentiment that secured the adoption of constitutional prohibition in those States.

"A compilation of his speeches had been published under the title of 'The People vs. The Liquor Traffic.' Through the generosity of Hon. Ferdinand Schumacher, the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union was able to send a copy of this work to each minister of the State. Thus Mr. Finch's name became a household word among the people. Before his arrival the demand for his labor was far in excess of the possibility of supply. Frequent appeals were received for his return to fields where he had stirred the people to action, with assurance that the community would vote right if he could be heard again.

"He adapted his addresses to all classes. State officials, legislators, ministers, magistrates, business men, and farmers were alike impressed with his logic, clear, forcible argument and pointed illustrations. He felt his personal responsibility, and endeavored to impress upon others the duty of extirpating the liquor traffic through a vote for prohibition.

“ Ere he left the State, the eyes of the nation were upon him. Drunkard-makers and their abettors feared him, and lovers of home and good government rejoiced in him with thanksgiving. Maine and Rhode Island witnessed his heroic labors, and when the battle waged in Michigan he again buckled on his armor and entered the hottest of the fight. His crowning victory was his debate with D. Bethune Duffield, the pro-slavery, anti-prohibition advocate, of Detroit.

“ Temporary victory or defeat were as one to him ; he worked for the fulfilment of the prophecy of Bethlehem—‘ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men,’ which he saw could not be until the liquor traffic was destroyed.

“ Ten days before his death, when a similar campaign was in progress in the Territory of Dakota, in which we were both engaged, there came to me the request, ‘ Wait until the afternoon train ; I will arrive before noon.’ Never had I seen him look physically better, nor listened to his speech when the radiance of his intellect more impressed me. He told me of his hopes and fears for the crucial year 1888, and seemed as one inspired. As I entered the carriage to go to the station, he said, ‘ I have told you what I believe should be done in the campaign of next year ; what I would seek to have accomplished if my hand were on the helm ; but it will not be there !’

“ On the following Wednesday we met for a moment at Yankton, where his hearty hand-shake, pleasant greeting, and kind farewell cheered and strengthened me. But five days, and then flashed to the civilized world the words, ‘ John B. Finch is dead !’ Not a nation only, but a vast host from North, South, East, and West stood dumb with sorrow, for their chieftain was gone and they would not be comforted.

“ The earthly chrysalis was broken on that memorable night, October 3d, 1887, and the wings of the new being, illumined with heavenly light, fluttered in the zephyrs of the eternal morning. He put on the freshness of perpetual prime, and his cheeks were mantled with eternal bloom.”

In the contest for the adoption of a prohibitory amendment in Maine, in 1884, Mr. Finch, as the representative of Good Templary, stood in the front of the fight. Thirty years of continual defeat had discouraged and disorganized the liquor forces, but in a few towns and cities there was some activity in opposing the amendment. The principal danger feared was that friends of the cause would feel secure in the long-standing statute, and neglect the opportunity to insure permanence by incorporating prohibition in the fundamental law.

To every danger point the local managers sent Mr. Finch.

On the evening following the great victory the temperance people of Portland gave a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Finch in honor of his work in the State. Mr. Chase, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, presented Mrs. Finch an elegantly bound volume of poems with these words :

“ Mrs. Finch, we appreciate the sacrifice you make in giving your husband to the service of humanity in his efforts to save the nation from the curse of strong drink. Your home is often very lonely, because you are willing to have his work given to the making of other homes happy. As a small token of our appreciation of this noble sacrifice, we present you this volume.”

That grand old hero, Neal Dow, of Portland, Me., says of Mr. Finch :

“ I was shocked and almost stunned by the news of the

sudden death of John B. Finch—such a blow as it was to the temperance cause in which he was one of our ablest and most successful workers. He generously helped us in Maine during our campaign for constitutional prohibition, and his work had a large share in obtaining the grand result, a majority of 47,075 in favor of the suppression forever of the manufacture, sale, and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors.”

While the Rhode Island Legislature were considering the question of submitting an amendment in 1886, Mr. Finch was in the State pleading for its adoption and consulting with State leaders upon plans for a campaign, if the Legislature should take favorable action.

Unable to return because of serious illness when the campaign opened, yet he was there in spirit and influence, for he donated several thousand copies of his speeches, which were widely scattered among the reading and thinking people of the State, and no doubt contributed toward the victory won at the polls.

H. W. Conant, Grand Chief Templar of Rhode Island, writes :

“ Words fail to express my estimate of Mr. Finch as a man or as an advocate of our great cause.

“ Mr. Finch contributed essentially to the success of the Constitutional Amendment campaign in Rhode Island, although he was prevented from taking part in the last part of the canvass by an attack of rheumatism of the heart, which sent him to his home. He had set the ball in motion in the distribution of literature.

“ Personally he was to me a very firm friend, whose advice was always considered most valuable in the work of the Good Templars and all other phases of the temperance work in which we were alike interested.

“ His death seems to be an irreparable loss to the cause, but He who has a greater interest in this cause than we can have will overrule it for our best good.”

In the campaign for the amendment in Michigan, in March, 1887, Mr. Finch made a marked impression on the canvass.

A telegram came to him while he was “ in the field ” engaged every night in addressing public meetings :

“ Will you answer D. Bethune Duffield in Detroit Saturday evening, March 26th ? ”

Weary and worn with his constant labor, he felt unable to comply with the request, and telegraphed back, “ Answer him yourselves ; I am too worn to prepare.”

The committee insisted upon his coming, and sent several very urgent telegrams, which finally induced him to give his consent, and he at last sent the following answer :

“ Will answer Duffield as requested.”

The great anti-prohibition meeting addressed by Mr. Duffield, a prominent lawyer of Detroit, Professor Kent, of Ann Arbor University, and Senator Jones, of Florida, was held on Monday evening, March 21st, and Mr. Finch received the published reports of the speeches on Wednesday, the 23d, leaving only three days for preparation. He analyzed the statements of the three speakers carefully, and

was impressed with their recklessness of assertion concerning the positions of public men and the conditions of affairs in prohibition States. He determined to make a substantial refutation of what he believed to be deliberate falsehoods. Accordingly he sent more than a score of telegrams to men whose position had been misstated ; to officers of legislatures charged in the speeches with the intention of overthrowing prohibition statutes, and to prominent citizens in the States where prohibition was alleged to be a failure.

Armed with the answers to these telegrams, he was able to add crushing weight to his sledge-hammer blows against the flimsy framework of falsehood and sophistry reared by Duffield, Kent, and Jones. His speech made a profound sensation in the ranks of the enemy, and they found it difficult to cope with the sturdy truths it contained.

The speech was delivered to an immense audience in Beecher's Hall. Mr. Finch said :

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : For years the question of what is the correct policy of government in dealing with the alcoholic liquor traffic has agitated this State. It has been discussed in the pulpit and upon the platform, written about in the press, prayed about in the prayer-meeting, and sworn about in the political caucuses. At last the Legislature of Michigan in its wisdom has seen fit, by proposing an amendment to its organic law, to refer this whole question to the voters for their decision on the 4th day of April next. The question involved in this submission is the existence or non-existence of a great traffic. Last Monday night in the Opera House in this city a mass-meeting was addressed by prominent speakers in opposition to the proposed prohibitory amendment,

and I have been asked by leading citizens to come here to-night and reply to the statements made by the learned gentlemen who addressed that meeting.

“First, let me call your attention to the difference in the conditions under which the two meetings are held. As I have already stated, the issues involved in this campaign are questions affecting the existence of a great business—a business in which thousands of men are employed and in which millions of dollars are invested. I hardly need stand before an audience of this character and urge that questions involving such interests should be discussed calmly and investigated intelligently.

“One of the speakers at the Monday night meeting, the Hon. Charles W. Jones, *from* the United States Senate, in his speech asserted: ‘This is not a sentimental age; this is eminently a practical age; and I am sure there are no more practical people in the world than the people of the State of Michigan.’ His experience along *sentimental* lines in this State will preclude me from challenging his judgment, and I am sure if he has reached this conclusion, the fair State of Florida will not long be without a second representative in the Senate of the United States. If, by leaving his post in the Senate and devoting his time to sentiment in Detroit, he has failed to make the people of the State of Michigan sentimental, I am sure they are not a sentimental people, but are fully ready and duly competent to discuss and settle an issue of so great importance as the question of prohibiting the alcoholic liquor traffic.

“The advocates of the amendment simply ask for a full and fair investigation of all the facts which may be brought forward during this campaign. In a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, freedom of speech, freedom of investigation, and freedom of action is the only guarantee of wise and conservative legislation. With this thought I do not propose to challenge the intelligence, the motives, or the conscience of any man who votes against this amendment, and I only regret that the opposition have deemed it wise, by systematic organization, to threaten to ruin the business of any man who dares speak or

write or vote for this amendment. Free America is reaching a dangerous point when the Strohs, the Ruoffs, the Goebels, before they can speak the American language, may say to American business men, 'You shall not examine, discuss, or determine matters affecting the policy of the State.'

"The meeting on Monday night was held under the boycotting pressure of the saloons of the city. A prominent business man who signed the call for that meeting informed me to-day that at the time of the signing he did not read the call, had no knowledge of the statements that it contained, and really had little thought of what the meeting meant until he saw the call in print, and said, 'I should not have signed it had not my business interests been threatened.' I submit that any trade or institution whose only defence is boycotting, bulldozing, and intimidation is entitled to very little sympathy at the hands of intelligent men.

"I regret very much that the gentlemen who addressed the meeting on Monday night saw fit to avoid the main issue involved in this contest because it must inevitably create the impression they could not or dare not meet it; and, in order that we may intelligently consider all the points raised by them, let me examine the real issue and state the object and the purpose of the Prohibitionists of this State. This is made doubly necessary by the speakers in the previous meeting placing in the mouths of Prohibitionists words which they never used, and making them assume positions which they never maintained.

"All the speakers distinguished themselves in demolishing a man of straw of their own creation. Professor Kent said, 'The Prohibitionists say we are in favor of prohibition, though the result should be that whiskey should be entirely free.' In all fairness the learned professor should have stated *what* Prohibitionist used such an expression and where it was used. It is not an honorable act to manufacture expressions to place in the mouths of opponents. I say to Professor Kent that Prohibitionists have made no such statement. Prohibitionists attack taxation, because under taxation or license whiskey is free, and they ask

for prohibition because in the light of experience they know that prohibition does and can prohibit.

“ The proposed amendment simply operates as an indictment to bring the liquor business into the court for the people and place it on trial for crimes against society and government. There are but two ways in our Government for trying institutions of this class—the one autocratic, by the Legislature ; the other democratic, by the people. The Legislature of this State might have passed a prohibitory law outlawing the liquor business, but such a law would have been the opinion of a majority of the members, and would have been entitled to the respect accorded to the judgment and conscience of that number of men. The cry would have been at once raised that it was in advance of public sentiment, that the people were not educated up to the position, and the liquor-sellers, using these cries, would have organized to defy the statute and to continue their business in violation of law. The Legislature, in my judgment, chose the correct method when they referred the whole question to the people. Constitutional amendment is the American method of revolution. The provision for a peaceable change in the principles underlying our Government provides for a revolution by ballots instead of a revolution by bullets ; and when Mr. Duffield steps out of his way to impugn the intelligence, the honesty, the integrity, and the conscience of the Legislature by saying, ‘ Political manœuvring and tactics rather than an honest opinion on the part of two thirds of the Legislature that this amendment is called for is the secret of its submission,’ he weakens his case by introducing special pleading to justify this attack. When he says : ‘ We recall the fact also that in 1868 an amendment was submitted to the people prohibiting license of the sale of liquor as a beverage, and it was defeated by a majority of 13,000 votes,’ and forgets to state that the clause prohibiting the license of the sale of liquor as a beverage was in the old Constitution, which it was proposed to overturn by the new one at the same election, and that the new Constitution was defeated by 39,000 votes, he must think that the old people of this

State have short memories and that the young people do not read history. And when he stated that in 1876 'the people struck out from our present Constitution the old equivocal clause forbidding the license of liquor selling,' and neglects to state that the Supreme Court of the State, by its decisions sustaining tax laws, had made the clause utterly worthless, so that it was voted against by temperance men, he leaves the position of a lawyer and descends to the level of a pettifogger. Should the Legislature have submitted the amendment? For years the people of this State have discussed the relation of the liquor traffic to our free Government and civilization. Time and again the Legislature has been petitioned to submit this question to the people; a political party casting 25,000 votes at the last election has been organized on this issue alone; and you must admit that if there was ever a question which circumstances justify submitting to the people for their examination and final determination, it is the question of what shall be done with the alcoholic liquor traffic in the State of Michigan. But all side issues are out of place in this discussion. The fact is that the amendment has been submitted, and that on the 4th of April the question of its adoption or its rejection will be settled. The issue involved is the life or the death of the drunkard-making traffic. The business of liquor-selling and making drunkards is on trial, not the men who are in the business. The issues raised are not personal issues. If there is any liquor-seller in Detroit who labors under the delusion that he is of importance enough to have this temperance movement aimed at him, he has a very much better opinion of himself than we have. If you could catch every liquor-seller in the State of Michigan to-night, tie him hand and foot and drown him in the Detroit River, unless you could root up the accursed law which propagates liquor-sellers as a hot-bed propagates vegetation, you would have another crop in three months just as mean as the old one. But if you root up the law that makes legal a business in which a man can make more money with less capital and less brains and less character than any other business on earth, the good men, if there

are any such in the business, will go into other trades and professions, and the mean men will fetch up in State prisons, where they should have been long ago. The liquor business is simply on trial on account of the record it has made in society. Society never tries men or institutions for their names. It tries men for their acts, institutions for their results. The law of this State would recognize one difference between me and my friend David Preston. It would recognize me as an alien, it would recognize him as a citizen ; but though I am an alien, though I pay no taxes in this State, I am as safe as my friend—that is, as long as I behave myself as well as he behaves himself ; but if at the close of this meeting I should go out of the hall, and as I went out should draw a knife from my coat and bury it to the hilt in the heart of some person, then I would be arrested and locked up, and he would be allowed to go home. Now you would not arrest me because my name is Finch, and let him go because his name is Preston. You would not arrest me because I am a lawyer, and let him go because he is a banker. You arrest me because, of my own free will, I had taken human life. For the act I would be arrested, for the act I would be tried, for the act I would be hung ; and as society would deal with me, it would deal with anybody before me. As long as man lives in society sober, temperate, honest, so long society defends and protects him ; but when a man wills to commit crime, wills to injure another socially or financially, then the Government reaches out and takes that man from the ranks of other men and tries him, not for what the Government has done, but for what he has done ; not because it wants to, but because it must do it. The punishment is not the result of the act of the Government, but the result of the act of the man who made the punishment necessary. As society deals with men it deals with institutions and trades.

“ As long as an institution or a business or a trade promotes the interest of society, so long the Government defends and protects that trade ; but when a trade or a business establishes a criminal character by the production of vice, crime, pauperism, and misery, then the Gov-

ernment arrests the business and tries it for its results. In this way the Governments of most of the States have tried and condemned lotteries. The Governments of cities try and suppress slaughter-houses, fat-rendering establishments, soap factories, and gunpowder factories, and the Government of the United States has tried and is punishing the practice of polygamy by the Brighamite Mormon Church. The Prohibitionists ask that the alcoholic liquor traffic as represented by the saloon, the beer garden, the dance hall, the concert saloon, the dive, the brothel, and the gambling hell shall be tried exactly as the Government tries lotteries, slaughter-houses, and the Mormon Church. The charges against the liquor business are plain, positive, definite, and specific ; the question raised is simply the guilt or the innocence of this business as a social institution, and if guilty the proper punishment for crime of such enormity is entire destruction of the business.

“ I will not to-night take time to prove the guilt of the alcoholic traffic. The men in the business concede its guilt. This trial has now been going forward for weeks, and no one has stood in the pulpit or on the platform to defend the history, the record, or the results of the alcoholic liquor traffic as a social institution. If the Church had been assailed, the Church would have been defended ; if the dry-goods trade had been assailed, the dry-goods trade would have been defended ; if the school had been assailed, it would have been defended ; but here is a great business on trial for its life ; the men engaged are worth millions of dollars ; no one can doubt their ability to employ talent to present their case, if they have any case to present, and yet this trial is drawing to a close without a single defender standing before the people to urge the innocence of the charge made against it, to justify its record, or to claim by its own merits that it ought to be allowed to live. If you assail the Democratic Party, the man who defends it is a Democrat ; if you assail the Republican Party, the man who defends it is a Republican ; if you assail the Methodist Church, the man who defends it is a Methodist ; but if you assail the liquor traffic, the man who steps up to defend

it claims to be just as good a temperance man as you are. The meeting of Monday night is a sample of meetings held in defence of this system. The farmer who goes out to defend the interests of the farmers wears the weapons of a farmer ; the printer wears the armor of his trade ; the merchant wears the armor of his craft ; but the apologist for the continuance of the liquor traffic commences his speech with the statement, 'I am a temperance man,' and denies that he represents the liquor interest or is friendly to its continuance. In justice to my cause, I call your attention to the fact that the saloon-keepers of this State unanimously indorse the speeches of the Monday night meeting, and that they are circulating those speeches by thousands over the State. A minister who would preach a sermon which could be indorsed and circulated by the devil to sustain and promote sin should be expelled from the Christian pulpit. A temperance doctrine which is indorsed by the brewers, the distillers, the saloon-keepers, the dive-keepers, and circulated by them as a defence of their trade should be repudiated by all enemies of drunkenness, immorality, and vice. Mr. Duffield, Mr. Kent, and others protest again and again that they do not represent the liquor interests. Why this reiterated protestation ? Why is it necessary for them to constantly affirm that they are temperance men ? Is it because they feel the pressure of the old rule : 'A man is known by the company he keeps,' and because they know the indorsement and support of the liquor-sellers throws doubt on them and this doctrine ? The speech I shall make here to-night will not be circulated by the liquor-sellers of this State, and I do not envy the speakers of Monday night their champions and their defenders.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I would go half way around the world once and pay my own fare to find a man with cheek hard enough and impudence great enough to stand on the public platform and claim that the public bar-room, judged by its history, its record, and its results in this country, was entitled to live in any decent State, in any decent nation. I have never heard such a defence, I never shall. The business is guilty,

guilty, guilty, and the only question is the method of dealing with the criminal.

But two methods are proposed—the one license or tax, the other prohibition. I hardly need stand here to demonstrate that license and tax in their effects upon the liquor trade are identical. I appreciate the sneer of Mr. Duffield when he says, ‘Shall Tom, Dick, and Harry, hired at \$10 or \$20 a night, go on the stump of prohibition, and claim that taxation is identical with license?’ I regret as much as Mr. Duffield can that the poverty of our clients will not justify our receiving a larger fee ; but our misfortune is his gain, for our clients have been made paupers by his clients. We stand here to defend the drunkards’ wives, the drunkards’ children, and the drunkards’ homes. He stood on the platform to oppose the destruction of the liquor traffic. The millions of dollars in the liquor business of this State have been drawn from the homes, from the wives and the children of Michigan. I would rather stand before this audience to plead in behalf of the wrecked woman and the ruined child for nothing, than to stand to plead in behalf of the bloated oligarchy of liquor-sellers for all the money in the blood-stained coffers in that trade in the State. His sneer was undoubtedly made to cover the weakness of his position ; let us inquire what are the facts in regard to the identity of these two methods. Under license, grog-shops exist and are protected by the State ; under tax, grog-shops exist and are protected by the State. Mr. Duffield says : ‘ Were they familiar with the Michigan law they would drop their license feature and adopt the taxation and regulation style.’ Taxes are levied for two purposes—revenue and regulation ; and Mr. Duffield admits that the tax law combines both of these features. Judge Cooley says : ‘ The protection of Government being the consideration for which taxes are demanded, all parties who receive or are entitled to that protection may be called upon to render an equivalent.’ I pay taxes on my home for the protection that Government gives that home. Under license the man who has paid the license fee is entitled to the protection of Government, and Mr. Duffield

will not dare claim that under taxation the man who has paid the tax is not entitled to protection ! If a mob should attack a saloon, would not the Government be compelled to defend it ? Is there any legal process by which the saloon may be destroyed if it complies with the tax law ? Is not a saloon-keeper who pays the tax entitled to protection and defence from civil government ? Mr. Duffield says, ' Taxes are burdens,' but he is too good a lawyer not to know the burden is borne for the greater benefit of the protection afforded by the Government, to support which the tax is levied. Juggle with words as much as you please, and you will not be able to show any difference in the effects of the saloon which under regulation pays \$500 license, and the saloon which under taxation pays \$500 tax. Government permits everything that it does not prohibit. Under your old prohibitory law the liquor business had no existence in Michigan, and there were no property rights in liquor. To-day under your tax law the liquor business has a legal existence in this State, and there are property rights in liquor. Now, what gives it this legal existence and what creates these property rights if it is not the tax law ? To say that the Government which recognizes the existence of the saloon by receiving tax from it, and which recognizes the evil effects of the existence of the saloon by providing for its regulation, does not sanction its existence under those regulations, is to talk nonsense. And when the learned Professor Kent, from the Law Department of Ann Arbor University, confounds the taxing power of the general Government with the police power of the State, it is not to be wondered at that the country is full of poor lawyers. And when he says, ' When, in consequence of the war, it was necessary, by Federal legislation, to tax the sale of liquor, the liquor-dealers undertook to say that in consequence of that tax their business was protected in cities where the law forbade it, they took the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that court decided that taxation was not license and no approval of the business,' the learned professor should know and ought to have stated, that the decision was that the tax permit of the general Government was

no bar to proceedings against the liquor business under the police power of the States ; and with his intelligence I am sure he would not wish to be understood as holding that the payment of the \$25 tax to the Federal Government is not a bar to proceedings against the liquor business by the general Government under its present law.* While the United States tax will not act as a permit in the State as against the police power of the State, it does act as a permit by the general Government against its own power. But the point I wish to maintain, outside of all legal technicalities and quibbles, is that the social effects of a licensed saloon and the social effects of a taxed saloon are identical.

The quibbling and twisting over the distinction between taxation and license is a confession on the part of the advocates of tax that the liquor business is wrong. If it is not wrong, why object to licensing it? If the liquor business is right, there is no reason why the Government should not license and permit its existence. If the liquor business is wrong, then to seek to justify its existence upon the ground that the Government has not specially said, while deriving benefits from the traffic, that the traffic may exist, is the trick of a sophist. But, for the sake of the argument to-night, let us grant that there is a difference between license and tax, and say that the methods of punishment for the liquor crime now being discussed in this State are tax and prohibition. From this point I desire to go forward to prove that of all the humbugs, frauds, and failures ever written upon the statute-books of a free State, the liquor tax laws of this country are the worst ; that they never have been enforced ; that they never will be enforced ; that they never can be enforced. First, because they are wrong in theory. There appear in society three classes of institutions : good, part good and part bad, and bad. Government protects and defends the good, regulates and restrains the part good and part bad, and prohibits the bad. Regulation implies something good in the thing regulated that is to be developed by regulation. You regulate to develop, not to destroy. You take your boy across your knee and regulate him, to develop the good traits

and repress the bad traits in the boy ; you do not regulate to kill. You take the whip in your hand to regulate the ugly horse, not to destroy, but to develop the good tendencies and destroy the bad tendencies. In one corner of your yard is an apple-tree, crooked as a horn. Shall it be pulled up? "No. The apple-tree is good, the crooks are bad. You drive down a stake to regulate the crooks out of it, because in after years the tree will reward the labor. In the other corner is a thorn-bush as crooked as the apple-tree. Do you regulate that? No, because it is utterly worthless, and the time spent in regulation would be useless. There in a lot is a calf with a broken leg. What do you do? Regulate the leg so as to mend the bad fracture, and in after years the cow pays for the labor. In another lot is a mad dog with a broken leg. Do you ever regulate that leg? No. The more you fuss with the animal, the worse off you are. It is utterly bad ; the remedy is to prohibit existence. In your lot stands a large apple-tree with knotty limbs, with little runts of apples. Will you cut it down? No. Regulate it, trim it up, and graft it. Ten years pass away and here is a large apple, the legitimate fruit of regulation ; but regulate the grog-shops of Detroit with your accursed tax law from now until Gabriel blows his trumpet, and the last fruit you will pick off the accursed things is the same you get to-day—'bummers' every time. Do you expect you can ever regulate the grog-shop so as to produce Christians? that you can ever regulate it so that its customers will be good men, their wives happy and their children happy? Do you not know that as long as you permit the thing to exist, that just in the same proportion it will breed drunkards, broken-hearted women, and beggar children? It is bad and all bad, vile and all vile, evil and all evil, and should be destroyed. The system of taxation and regulation has been tried in England for more than four hundred years, and under it the liquor business has grown to be the master of the British nation. In this country, under the system of regulation and taxation, the liquor-shops have doubled in numbers within the last twenty-five years. There is not a lawyer before me who does

not know that it will not take one half the force to enforce prohibition that it does to fail to enforce license or taxation. The reason is that taxation gives the liquor business a standing in society, creates property rights, and makes a majority of all the sales legal. Under it, violation becomes the exception, and the legal sale the rule. In this way the presumption of innocence is in favor of the liquor business. To secure a conviction you must break down the presumption of the legal sale and establish the exception of the illegal or unrighteous sale. Your tax law prohibits the sale of liquor to minors and licenses the sale to adults. In this State you prohibit murder. You start down the streets of Detroit in the morning accompanied by your boy, who is seventeen years old. As you approach a saloon, he says, 'Good-morning, father,' and enters. You wait. Two hours after he comes out stupidly drunk. You have watched the door during that time ; you know he has not left the place. He went in sober and came out drunk. Is that any evidence that the man in the place sold him liquor in violation of law? No. I go into another building later ; you see me come out, and soon after you discover that a man has been murdered ; he has been killed by a knife in his heart. You come to my home, you find blood on my coat, scratches on my hands. Is there any evidence that I killed the man? Unless I can show how the blood came on my coat and the scratches on my hands, unless I can show what I was doing in that place, how the man was killed, you will send me to State's prison for life for his murder. Yet the evidence that would send me to State's prison for murder would not touch a taxed liquor-dealer for selling liquor to your boy and sending him to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hereafter. The law prohibits the sale of liquor on certain days. You enter a saloon on one of those days, see a man step to the bar, hear him call for liquor, see the liquor turned out, drank, and paid for. Can you swear that liquor was bought and drunk in that place? If you think so, go upon the witness-stand and swear that the taxed drunkard-maker broke the law and sold liquor in violation of the statute. The defendant's attorney asks

you where you stood in the saloon. You answer, 'Just inside the door.' 'How far from the bar?' 'Ten feet.' 'Can you smell whiskey ten feet?' 'No.' 'Did you taste that stuff that man drank?' 'No.' 'Did you smell it?' 'No.' 'How do you know it was whiskey?' 'Well, it looked like whiskey.' 'Are there other things that look like whiskey?' 'Yes.' 'Will you swear that it was whiskey?' 'Well, I think it was.' 'You are not swearing to what you think, you are swearing to what you know; will you swear it was whiskey?' And the answer must be, 'No.' To secure a conviction under the tax law you must enter a saloon, induce the liquor-seller to sell liquor to you in violation of the law, thereby becoming *particeps criminis*. You must turn the liquor down your own throat so as to be able to swear you know what it was. Then enter the court-room and hear the judge charge the jury that a man who deliberately induces another man to commit a crime becomes *particeps criminis*; that his evidence should be thoroughly corroborated before it should have weight with the jury. If it took the same evidence to convict a man of murder that it does of illegal liquor-selling under the tax law, the witness would have to swear that he rode astride the bullet and saw it enter the murdered man's heart. The result is that the tax law of this State is openly and impudently defied. This Mr. Duffield admits when he says, 'The only objection urged against it is that it is not carried out. That may be true to some extent, but that is no fault of the law;' and again, 'In some large cities there is some difficulty in enforcing the Sunday and night law, but in most of the smaller cities and in nearly all the villages it is fairly well enforced.' Now, I stand here to assert, and I challenge denial, that the tax law is violated in every city, every town, and every village in the State; that convictions for violation are the exception and not the rule; that convictions under the forms of evidence required under the tax law are practically impossible; and what is true in Michigan is true in every State where a tax or high license has been tried. The grand jury of Chicago, in a recent statement to the court, said: 'Having discovered

that a majority of the cases of robbery sent to the grand-jury by the different police justices of Chicago originated in the low saloons in certain districts of the city, the perpetrators of which are licensed to carry on their nefarious business and enjoy immunity from police authorities of the city of Chicago, a committee of our body was duly appointed to ascertain if such charges of irregularities and flagrant dereliction of duty on the part of the police officers were true ; the committee reported that they were, and that furthermore the ordinance requiring the closing of saloons by midnight has by long custom become a dead letter in the community, and a partiality seemed to exist in favor of grogeries of the very lowest character, and they have been described on the sworn testimony of policemen before our body, as robbers' dens.' Andrew Paxton, agent of the Law and Order League of Chicago, speaking of the condition of things under high license, says : ' Some of the low dens are of the most infamous character and are a menace to the city. They are filled with thieves and debased women. The chances are that any man who enters them will be drugged and robbed. One of these places was raided one night, and eighteen women of the basest sort were found there. Some were drunk and nearly all partially so. Two weeks later another raid was made, and about the same number was found. Our own agents went there, and were solicited by the women to go with them to their rooms. One night a young man came with a considerable sum of money. He became drunk and was followed out by the bartender and robbed. In our protest against the renewal of the man's license, we set forth these facts, and the evidence sustained them, yet the license was renewed in this infamous place, frequented by the worst characters. Young girls in short dresses are kept to lure in young men. From some of these dens women are sent out to intercept working girls on their way home, and try to induce them to accompany them. Their purpose and the deplorable results need no explanation.'

"The effect of high license is to fortify the immoral features of the liquor business, to destroy the semi-respectable part of the trade, and to

develop its worst tendencies. In Nebraska, under low license, numbers of Germans kept grocery stores, and sold lager-beer in connection with that business. No gamblers, no prostitutes frequented these places. The effect of high license was to close these places because they did not sell enough liquor to pay the tax ; but not so with the place where bad women were kept to tempt men, or the place where gambling was carried on ; not a place where men were held up and robbed was closed by increasing the tax. 'The little corner grocery stores cannot carry these burdens, and therefore they disappear,' urges Mr. Duffield ; but I say to him, the dive, the concert garden, the gambling hell, can carry these burdens, and therefore they remain. Mr. Duffield *prints*, speaking of the license law of Illinois : 'There the tax law went into operation,' (notice that he calls a high-license law a tax law) 'in 1883 only, and what has it done there ? It closed, in one year, 1000 saloons in Chicago alone, and blotted out 4000 in the State.' I must call your attention to the fact that he dodges the whole and the real question—viz. : 'Does tax decrease the evils of intemperance ?' What does it matter whether there are sixteen or fourteen saloons on a block ? Cannot the people get as drunk in fourteen as in sixteen ? But, as he sees fit to avoid the real question, we must follow him into his chosen field and ask what are facts. A leading lawyer of Illinois, the Hon. George C. Christian, sends me the following statement : 'My grocer told me that he had just quit selling beer to families. I asked him when ; he replied, "When high license went into effect." "Why ?" "Because I didn't sell \$500 worth in a year, and therefore I couldn't afford to pay the tax and make money." I asked, "Is this general ?" "Yes," said he ; "there are 3000 family groceries in Chicago. One half or more sold beer to families before high license. Now not over 100 take out license." The number of saloon licenses the year before high license was 3820 ; number of saloons licensed now, 3760—an apparent decrease of 60 ; total old saloons licensed, 3820 ; less family groceries, say 1000, equal 2820. Present number of saloon licenses and only 100 family groceries selling,

3760. Total increase in saloons, 940.' This shows the suppression of the class of liquor-sellers who handle liquor with other commodities, and an increase in the grog-shops proper. Mr. Duffield came within 940 of getting the correct figures, which is wonderfully accurate, considering the side of the question that he is discussing. In regard to the closing of saloons in other parts of Illinois, the State is working under local option, and the decrease in the saloons is owing to prohibition, not taxation. I challenge Mr. Duffield to show a single town in Illinois where the saloons have been driven out by tax, while it is easy to show numbers of towns where the high tax acted as a bribe, and broke down local option. Again he speaks of the working of tax in Ohio. Under tax in Ohio the Christian Sunday has been destroyed in all large cities, and it is as legal to sell liquor on Sunday as on Monday. Concert gardens and saloon dives make the day hideous, and interrupt persons on their way to and from places of worship. Desiring to get at the facts, I telegraphed Dr. Bayliss, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and asked him how tax was working in Cincinnati. I received the following answer :

“ ‘ CINCINNATI, March 23.

“ ‘ Dr. Bayliss away. I have seen Methodist preachers in the city. Unanimously for constitutional prohibition. Tax law unworkable and unsatisfactory. .

“ ‘ (Signed),

H. W. WILLIAM, Asst.’

“ How does this agree with Mr. Duffield’s statement : ‘ Everybody in Ohio is satisfied with the tax law ’ ?

“ You will notice that the witnesses cited by Mr. Duffield himself make the prohibitory feature of the law the only one which can be defended. Judge Foraker says : ‘ Practical prohibition has been secured under the local-option feature of the Dow law in at least one hundred and fifty municipal corporations in the State.’ His other witnesses say the local-option feature pleases the Prohibitionists. Nearly every day

adds to the municipalities availing themselves of the local prohibition feature of the tax law. Notice this is not the result of taxation, but the result of prohibition by people who utterly repudiate the principle of taxation.

“In Nebraska the Hon. H. W. Hardy, ex-Mayor of Lincoln, the father of the high license law, says : ‘High license utterly fails to abolish the evil effects of the liquor traffic. As a temperance measure, it is an entire and complete failure.’

“Rev. J. B. Maxfield, Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church, says : ‘Men who pay the \$1000 license resort to every possible means to secure trade. The result is that prostitution and gambling have largely increased in the State.’ Mr. Duffield, in his defence of the indefensible tax system, gives special prominence to the prohibitory features of the law, and admits that the taxing principle is an impure and an unsound position. He says : ‘Take a township or a village, for instance, where there is a pure and sound sentiment on the subject of temperance and the liquor traffic, and the trustees meet, or the board, and say, ‘We do not want any saloon in our town or village. Now let us fix the amount of the bond required from any and every man who wishes to sell at \$6000 and no less. This can be done under the law.’ Now, if a pure and a sound sentiment will lead men to adopt prohibition by the roundabout way of refusing the bonds offered by the liquor-sellers, then the sentiment that advocates tax and opposes prohibition is impure and unsound. ‘Pure and sound sentiment on the subject of temperance ; I thank thee, Duffield, for the word. In speaking of the tax law, he says ‘that it is illegal to sell liquor where billiards and other games are played ; it is illegal to sell in any hall adjacent to a variety show or theatre ; it is illegal to keep open bars or places for the sale of liquor on the Sabbath day, election days, regular holidays, and all such places must be closed after 10 or 11 o’clock at night until 7 A.M. ; that no child under sixteen years of age shall be permitted to remain in any bar-room, nor shall any saloon-keeper give an entertainment on Sunday in his place.’ All these

features are prohibitory features, and not taxation features. If it were not for the prohibitory salt distributed through the tax law of Michigan, it would stink in the nostrils of decent people. To defend the principle of taxation, he cited the opinions of eminent men in the East. When I read his speech, I regretted that a bad cause compelled him to adopt questionable methods to uphold it. To place leading men in false positions is neither fair nor honorable. To cite Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler as opposed to constitutional prohibition after Dr. Cuyler had written him a letter urging him not to make the speech, deserves a more severe reprimand than I care to give on this platform. As he had called these witnesses, and unfairly used the influence of their great names, I, knowing he had done so, telgeraphed them the facts, and now want to read Duffield's witnesses against Duffield, and want you to bear in mind they are his witnesses, and he must accept what they say ; that he cannot impeach them

“ ‘ NEW YORK, March 24.

“ ‘ I am not opposed to constitutional prohibition, but sincerely hope the people of Michigan will adopt it.

“ ‘ (Signed),

NOAH DAVIS,

“ ‘ *Ex-Judge of Supreme Court.*’

“ ‘ NEW YORK, March 23.

“ ‘ No man has a right to quote me on the question. I simply stood for high license in the State of New York as the most prohibitory measure that could be passed at the present time.

“ ‘ WILLIAM LLOYD,

“ ‘ *Of the Central Congregational Church.*’

“ ‘ NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 23.

“ ‘ I am now, and have been since the movement started, in favor of constitutional prohibition.

“ ‘ THEODORE L. CUYLER.’

“ Under the present law of Michigan there were, in 1885, 4180 liquor manufacturers and dealers. Will any man claim that there is any difficulty in obtaining liquor, or that drunkenness and crime and vice are not the result of these taxed saloons? The case summed up against taxation is this :

“ 1. Taxation creates property rights in liquor, gives a liquor-dealer a legal standing in the community, and renders the enforcement of the law practically impossible. If Mr. Duffield doubts this, let me suggest that he commence to-morrow to try and enforce the tax law in this city. When the liquor-dealers sell liquor to minors, let him enter a complaint. When they sell liquor on Sunday, enter a complaint. When they sell liquor on holidays, enter a complaint. If, at the end of six months, he is not a Prohibitionist, I will buy him the best suit of clothes he ever wore in his life. Is it not a fact that under the tax system of this State the business men are terrorized and intimidated so that they do not dare to make complaints, but ask the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the temperance organizations, or some irresponsible parties who have no property to be injured by the liquor-sellers, to undertake the enforcement of this law ?

“ 2. It reduces the number of groceries that sell liquor incidentally ; it increases saloons that sell nothing else.

“ 3. It permits a business in cities and towns that makes drunkards, paupers, and criminals.

“ 4. The tax paid by the business goes into the city and town treasuries. The taxes to support the criminals and the paupers made by the business comes from the entire State, thereby laying on the shoulders of those who receive no part of the revenue of the liquor traffic, the burdens of the liquor traffic itself.

“ 5. It leads to the desecration of the Christian Sabbath, to the debauchery of workingmen, and the degradation of workingmen's homes.

“ 6. It is everywhere violated, and little or no attempt is made to enforce it.

“ 7. The prohibition obtained under it can only be procured by false methods and in circuitous ways, which makes it valueless when obtained.

“ 8. It creates a class of drunkard-makers who live by working to increase the sale, and consequently the consumption of liquor.

“ 9. It is a failure as a temperance measure.

“ Mr. Duffield is the father of the tax law. The tax law is openly and impudently violated in Detroit. Mr. Duffield is a lawyer and a man of wealth and standing in the community. Why does he not make his law work? It will not do for him to ask Prohibitionists to enforce a law in which they do not believe, and yet his sneer that ‘ no Prohibitionist ever attempted to enforce the law,’ is utterly unfounded. In fact, it seems to me that a man of his experience and knowledge of the affairs of this State must have known it to be untrue. It is the Prohibitionists who have tried to enforce the tax law, and thereby demonstrated its utter worthlessness as a regulative measure. The members of the law and order leagues of this State are largely Prohibitionists. Prohibitionists have furnished the money and done the work to attempt the enforcement of this law, while Mr. Duffield and men who, like him, advocate the tax law everywhere, do nothing to make the law operative, and justify their indifference and idleness by sneering at Prohibitionists, and insisting that they shall enforce the tax law. I challenge Mr. Duffield to show that the tax law of Michigan has decreased the crime, pauperism, and vice resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors, or made it more difficult for the drunkard to obtain liquor. I challenge Mr. Duffield to prove the tax system is workable by trying to enforce it. I say the law is so bad that it cannot be worked by the constitutional machinery of Government, and challenge Mr. Duffield to prove my statement false by enforcement in Detroit.

“ The question is now, Will the prohibitory law work better? I repeat my statement that it will not take one half the force to enforce prohibition that it does to fail to enforce license.

“ The trial of prohibition in this State was made during the terrible

period of our civil war. The whole attention of the nation was absorbed in the issues of that great struggle. Churches languished, schools grew weak, but the liquor business flourished. With the close of the war there came a reaction, and with the reaction an attempt to enforce the law. The last year that the law was on the statute-book of this State, the grog-shops decreased 2862. Yet Mr. Duffield presumed upon the ignorance of his audience, and asked: 'Did you ever hear, Mr. Sheley, of a prohibition law that wiped out ten saloons?'

"Mr. Sheley—'No, never.'

"And then in the next breath he claims that the tax law has largely reduced the number of saloons, quoting figures one year from the United States internal revenue reports and the next year from the State reports, but neglecting to state whether there were any saloons in that year that continued selling without paying the tax, and also neglecting to explain that a Red Ribbon movement which swept through the country, and the consequent temperance sentiment created by that movement, was the real cause of the reduction, or the seeming reduction, of the saloons in Michigan, instead of the tax law. When this pressure was brought to bear upon the liquor-dealers, a brewers' congress, held in Detroit August 12th, 1874, demanded the repeal of the law. If the law had injured them sooner, a demand would have sooner been made for its repeal. It was not until the law was becoming effective that the liquor-sellers demanded at the hands of the politicians of this State that the law be strangled. The conditions to-day are entirely different. The temperance forces are thoroughly organized. Total abstinence is taught in the schools. The churches are thoroughly awake on the question. The politicians are aware that they can no longer slight it, and prohibition, if adopted in this State, will be enforced. I am surprised and astonished to see the statements made by Mr. Duffield against prohibition in other States. When I read the speech I knew that the statements, or rather the inferences from the statements, were not true. So I telegraphed gentlemen of undoubted integrity that he had seen fit to

drag into the controversy in the States referred to, and asked for the facts in the case. The witnesses I shall call are honored in the States where they live. I regret that in discussing this question I am compelled to meet Mr. Duffield in two ways—first, Mr. Duffield as printed ; second, Mr. Duffield as spoken—and that he deemed it necessary to make one speech for the people of Detroit, and one for the farmers of the country. In his attack upon prohibition he bases his whole charge upon the statement of the Internal Revenue Commissioner of the United States. Mr. Duffield is a lawyer, and knows that the tax permit issued by the general Government to the saloon is identical with the tax permit issued to the drug-store, or any place that retails alcoholic spirits. He also knows that in a State under tax the man who obtains the permit holds the permit for an entire year—that is, a man under prohibition who wants to violate the State law pays the United States tax to prevent an interference of that Government, so that he shall only have one power to fight. That if a man is arrested and imprisoned, the permit appears in the records of the United States ; so that in one town in Kansas where twenty-one permits were granted, nineteen of the liquor-sellers were in the jail, and the other two skipped the country, and the town did not have an open grog-shop during the year. Mr. Duffield is either very ignorant or else he knows that the tax permit of the United States is absolutely no evidence, that it does not show that a single liquor-shop is open, or that the State law is violated ; that it simply shows the intent of the party in paying twenty-five dollars to violate the State law if he can. In exposing the fallacy of his position, I desire, in all cases where possible, to criticise the printed speech, and only refer to the speech that he really made in order to get an explanation of his views.

“ Mr. Duffield printed : ‘ Let us, for instance, take the State of Rhode Island. There the prohibition law has been in operation now for six months, and carries with it very stringent provisions for its enforcement. What record has it already made for itself ? The records in Providence County show that of the whole number of cases tried for the

last six months there were but three convictions. In the September term there were 106 liquor cases on the appeal docket, and in the December docket 116, and of the whole number there were but four verdicts of "guilty" rendered ; the rest of the cases were variously disposed of by discontinuances on payment of cost, discontinuances on conditions and disagreements of juries. The same state of things is being enacted there that prevailed under our prohibition laws of twenty years ago. The result is that already the best men in the State are deluging the General Assembly with petitions for the law's repeal, many signers being those who voted for the prohibition law. One petition represented men of property to the amount of \$3,000,000 ; another, of \$12,000,000, and the Legislature is now pondering on what is its duty in the premises. At a recent meeting of the Law and Order Society in Providence, President Robinson, of Brown University, admitted that " the frequency of intoxication upon the streets, notwithstanding the prohibition law, was a scandal and outrage upon decency." Mr. Duffield gives no authority for his statements, nor does he tell where he got his figures.

" To find out whether this statement in regard to a resubmission of the question was true or false, I telegraphed Hon. E. A. Wilson, Speaker of the House, and received this answer :

" ' PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 23.

" ' Proposition to submit repeal of prohibitory amendment indefinitely postponed without debate, unanimously. The liquor nuisance will be served with equal unanimity. Prohibition will prohibit in this State.

" ' E. A. WILSON.'

" To meet another statement, I telegraphed Professor Robinson, who answered :

" ' PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 23, 1887.

" ' Constitutional prohibition is good. Political intrigue attempts to thwart reform in Providence.

" ' W. H. ROBINSON.'

“ Desiring to give the people of Michigan the real facts in the case, I telegraphed the Rev. H. W. Conant and to C. R. Brayton, Chief of State Police. They replied as follows :

“ ‘ PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 23.

“ ‘ Increase of arrests for drunkenness and revelry in Providence last six months’ license, over 18 per cent. Decrease in first six months’ prohibition, over 42 per cent. Common drunkenness in same time decreased in Newport 100 per cent ; Pawtucket, 50 per cent ; last two months, 75 per cent. Official figures.

“ ‘ H. W. CONANT.’

“ ‘ PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 24.

“ ‘ The statistics from the city of Providence, the largest city in the State, show an increase of drunkenness during the last six months of the license law of 18.3 per cent, while during the first six months of prohibition, as compared with the corresponding period under license, drunkenness decreased more than 42 per cent. The commitments to the State Workhouse, whose inmates are largely victims of the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors, for the first six months under prohibition, as compared with the corresponding period under license, show a falling off of more than one half, resulting in the large saving to the State of more than \$18,000 per annum in the item of board alone. The “ growler,” or tin-kettle trade, has almost entirely disappeared from the streets, and children are not now seen frequenting liquor-saloons for supplies of liquor, as before prohibition went into effect. Many a family that never saw a penny of the weekly earnings of its head, now receives the full benefit of his labor. The Legislature, now in session, has just indefinitely postponed, by an almost unanimous vote, a proposition to submit the repeal of the prohibition amendment to the people, and will at this session make the prohibition law more effective.

“ ‘ C. R. BRAYTON.’

“ Mr. Duffield says in regard to Kansas : ‘ Take the State of Kansas. Under free traffic ’ (you see that he admits that traffic under license or

tax, is free traffic), 'before the prohibition law of last year was enacted, there were 2339 liquor-dealers. In 1886 under prohibition there were 1850.' You will notice he fails to say how he knows there are any liquor-dealers in Kansas. Against his empty assertion I want to put Governor John A. Martin, who recently said: 'The liquor sold in the city of Topeka amounted under license to two thirds as much as is sold for all purposes in the whole State under prohibition.' He estimates that under license the State sold \$60,000,000 per year, and under prohibition less than \$5,000,000.

"Mr. Duffield prints: 'In Vermont, with thirty years of prohibition, the United States revenue shows 446 open saloons.' I know it shows no such thing. Mr. Duffield presumed upon the ignorance of his audience when he insinuated that any men could determine from the United States revenue whether the tax permit was issued to an open saloon, 'a hole in the wall, or a drug-store.' Yet Mr. Duffield said, but did not print, 'while this is the number of saloons, it does not reckon in hotels, club-houses, or private drinking-places.' I submit this is either reckless assertion or impudent pettifoggery. Dare Mr. Duffield claim that the United States Government allows hotels and club-houses and private drinking-places to be carried on in Vermont, without the necessary permit?

"To prove the falsity of his statement, I telegraphed the Hon. Frank Plumley, one of the most brilliant Republican leaders of the State of Vermont. He was chairman of the last Republican State convention, and has been in the Republican campaigns of this State several times. He answered:

" 'NORTHFIELD, VT., March 23.

" 'Your denial of open saloons in Vermont, to my knowledge is absolutely correct.

" 'FRANK PLUMLEY.'

Mr. Duffield prints: 'In the State of Iowa, before the prohibition law, there were 3834 dealers; under prohibition in 1886 there were 4033,

and the manufacture of 5,894,544 gallons.' Mr. Duffield seems to be ignorant of the fact that in the State of Iowa they have had prohibition of the sale of distilled liquors since 1853 ; that a recent prohibitory statute simply added to the prohibitory law the prohibition of vinous and fermented liquors.

" To show the absolute working of prohibition in Iowa I telegraphed Hon. E. R. Hutchins, Commissioner of Labor Statistics. Mr. Hutchins answered :

" ' DES MOINES, IA., March 23.

" ' Governor and Attorney-General both say prohibition has constantly improved the moral, financial, and social condition of Iowa, and is successfully enforced in eighty-five of the ninety-nine counties ; also growing rapidly in favor in the remainder.

" ' E. R. HUTCHINS.'

" I will not quote his statement in regard to Maine. It is the old one, and has been so often answered that there is no need of replying to it in detail. But I would call the attention of the audience to the fact that in quoting the *Maine Farmer* Mr. Duffield fails to tell where the paper is printed or to give the date or number of the issue containing the statement. But if he makes another speech he should be honest enough to say that the *Maine Farmer* is and always has been a consistent advocate of prohibition. His own showing of figures in regard to Maine proves that the prohibitory law more nearly suppresses liquor-selling and drunkenness in that State than does the tax law in Michigan. However, to corroborate the statement of James G. Blaine, William P. Frye, Eugene Hale, and all other public men of Maine, I telegraphed Joseph R. Bidwell, the Governor. He answered :

" ' AUGUSTA, ME., March 23.

" ' The finances of the State never more prosperous. Drink habit is fatal to prosperity in any community. Prohibition promotes morality everywhere. Nearly all crimes can be traced to rum either directly or indirectly. The law is well enforced in the country towns. In some of

the cities it is not quite so effective. The new law will aid the enforcement there.

“ ‘ JOSEPH R. BIDWELL.’ ”

“ Hon. Nelson Dingley, Congressman, and editor of the *Lewiston Daily Journal*, writes me :

“ ‘ LEWISTON, ME., March 23, 1887.

“ ‘ The prohibitory law is well enforced, and is a blessing to the State.

“ ‘ NELSON DINGLEY.’ ”

“ Mr. Duffield makes a great point by citing Rev. A. L. Ladd, of Bangor, Me., as opposed to prohibition. Mr. Ladd telegraphs me :

“ ‘ BANGOR, ME., March 24, 1887.

“ ‘ Prohibition is a success throughout the State. The amendments to the law, recently passed, will make it still more effective in cities.

“ ‘ A. L. LADD.’ ”

“ In 1884, after the prohibition law of Maine had been on trial for thirty years, the people, by a majority of 47,000, placed it in the State Constitution. Few men in this country will presume to claim that the people of Maine are either fools or idiots, and yet to charge that they made prohibition a part of their organic law when it increased pauperism and crime and vice, is to challenge their judgment and intelligence, because prohibition with them was not an experiment. They had lived under it and seen its workings for thirty years.

“ Mr. Duffield prints, in speaking of the State of Georgia : ‘ Take the State of Georgia, where it is claimed that prohibition and local option have been at work, and we find that, according to the Internal Revenue Office of the United States, there are to-day more distilleries in the State than ever before, and they are rapidly increasing. The increase is not alone in the number of stills, but in their capacity—old ones having increased from five bushels to fifty.’ As a public man Mr. Duffield must know that immediately following the war Northern Georgia, Eastern

Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and South Carolina were filled with moonshine distilleries. All attempts to enforce the internal revenue laws resulted in unblushing crime. But as time has passed on, the enforcement of the law has become more uniform, and the so-called report of increase in distilleries is simply a statement that the law is better enforced, and that the distilleries of the South are becoming more law-abiding. Desiring to call reliable witnesses, I telegraphed the business men of Atlanta. The answers were as follows :

“ ‘ ATLANTA, GA., March 23.

“ ‘ Georgia, 115 of 137 counties absolute prohibition. With imperfect system of assessment, taxable valuation constantly increasing. State in a very prosperous condition.

“ ‘ W. E. WRIGHT,

“ ‘ *Comptroller of State.*’

“ ‘ General merchants from all parts of the State report business good.’—*J. T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture.*

“ ‘ Atlanta, compared with same dates last year, increased population, 5000 ; most moral city in the world. Prohibition does prohibit.’—*Howard Van Epps, Judge City Court.*

“ ‘ Business increased \$50,000 last two months.’—*Kizer & Co., wholesale dry-goods.*

“ ‘ Business never so good.’—*E. P. Chamberlain, dry-goods.*

“ ‘ Never saw anything like it.’—*G. T. Dood & Co., wholesale grocers.*

“ ‘ Will transfer \$200,000 of real estate this week ; on eve of biggest kind of boom ; workingmen buying homes.’—*S. W. Goode, real estate.*

“ ‘ Sales of school-books increased 100 per cent.’—*J. M. Miller, bookstore.*

“ ‘ It is doubtful if Atlanta has ever been the scene of such a religious movement as at present.’—*Daily Constitution, March 23, 1887.*

“ ‘ Indorsed by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne and every minister of the city.

“ ‘ Every business but undertakers’ doing well.’—*J. B. Thromer, contractor.*

“I might close my case in favor of prohibition by this statement : Under prohibition in 1882, Maine paid taxes upon spirituous liquors amounting to \$25,247.05. On fermented liquors, \$2,993.34. Michigan, under tax, the same year, paid on spirituous liquors, \$129,405.02. On fermented liquors, \$323,137.02 ; total, \$452,542.04. The effects of prohibition in restraining immorality, vice, and crime, are such that the prohibitory law of Maine is indorsed by every public man, by every teacher in their colleges, by every minister in their pulpits, while the effect of the tax law in Michigan is such that it is antagonized by the churches, the ministers, the teachers, the women, and most of the farmers of this State. The contrast between prohibition and license is ably drawn by Dr. C. L. Randall, of your own State, whose statements I have not seen contradicted : ‘ That during the last two years the prohibitory law was on our statute-books there was a reduction of 2862 places where liquor was sold, and \$39,142.25 in United States revenue and 11,393 barrels of beer, and we had but one State prison at Jackson with 703 inmates. How was it ten years from that day ? After ten years of taxation, or legalized rum, we find more than one prison, as follows : State prison at Jackson with 670 inmates ; State Reformatory, Iona, 611 inmates ; Detroit House of Correction, 314 inmates ; total, 1595. Draw the contrast. Prohibition twenty years, with a terrible war, 703 criminals. Taxation one year, with peace and plenty, 1595 ; although our population has increased but 22 per cent, our criminal population increased about 120 per cent.’

“Then I urge in favor of prohibition :

“1. That it destroys property rights in liquor obtained after the law is passed, and makes possession *prima facie* evidence. It destroys all legal sales for beverage purposes, and so removes all legal protection from the drunkard-maker. Proof is simplified and prosecution aided.

“2. That it makes liquor-selling a crime.

“3. That it forces the liquor-dealer into business and trades which develop the prosperity and general morality of the public.

“ 4. That it turns the earnings of the laboring man from the grog-shop to the store, and from the bar-room to the school.

“ 5. That wherever tried it has reduced liquor-selling, and the effects resulting from liquor-selling.

“ 6. It destroys the open, popular saloon and the social habits of treating which drag young men to lives of debauchery and crime.

“ If prohibition be adopted on the 4th of April, and it will be if an honest ballot and fair count is guaranteed, the question raised by Professor Kent when he stated, ‘ In my judgment, this amendment, if passed by a majority, will be utterly ineffectual,’ and gave as a reason that it interfered with the property rights of the liquor-dealers, is entitled to consideration. The question is simply, Will the State be compelled to compensate the manufacturers and dealers in liquor for the injury which may result to breweries, distilleries, saloons, and stock on hand, from the prohibition of the beverage sale of alcoholic liquors? Professor Kent, with the greatest solemnity and with due judicial deliberation, says : ‘ In my judgment, if the amendment is adopted, it will be held void so far as it undertakes to forfeit the rights of individuals in the liquor which they now have.’ Professor Kent should know that the prohibitory law does not contemplate the forfeiture of the rights of individuals in the liquor which they now have. It simply says to those individuals, ‘ You shall not sell those liquors to injure public morals, public intelligence, and public prosperity.’ The attack upon the liquor business is the result of the wrongs of that business. But for its own wrongs there would never have been a prohibitory amendment. The prohibitory law is a police regulation made necessary by the wrongs of the liquor business itself. The law on this question simply is : ‘ *The trade in alcoholic drinks being lawful, capital employed being duly protected by law, the Legislature then steps in, and by an enactment based on general reasons of public utility annihilates the traffic, destroys altogether the employment, and reduces to a nominal value the property on hand. Even the keeping of it for the purpose of sale becomes a criminal offence, and without*

any change whatever in his own conduct and employment, the merchant of yesterday becomes the criminal of to-day, and the very building in which he lives and conducts the business, which before the amendment was lawful, becomes a subject of legal proceedings and liable to be proceeded against for forfeiture. A statute which can do this must be justified upon the highest reasons of public benefit; but whether satisfactory or not, the reasons address themselves exclusively to legislative wisdom.'

“Government compensates for private property taken for public use. Government never compensates for prohibiting the wrongful or injurious use of private property. If the liquor business had produced the same results as the dry-goods business, there would have been no attempt to prohibit it. The prohibition is the result of the effects of the business. It has made its own suppression necessary, and cannot plead its own wrongs in any court of equity. The professor concedes the weakness of his position when he says in the first part of his speech: ‘I do not advocate the right of any man to keep a saloon.’ The tax assessed against a saloon-keeper is for one year, the bond is for one year, and when the saloon-keeper enters a business, pays his tax, and gives his bond, he knows that at the expiration of the year all privileges and all rights under that tax and that bond expire, and no mandamus will lie to compel the officers of the village or city to renew the privilege. I rent a farm for a year; the man who rents stocks the farm. At the end of a year I refuse to renew the lease. It would be a very poor lawyer who would claim that the man could recover from me the value of the stock upon the farm, because I had refused to renew the lease. The liquor-seller knows that his privilege is annual; with the expiration of the privilege he takes the risk of renewal. Professor Kent would certainly not claim that if the tax law drove out of the business in a certain town twenty saloon-keepers and left ten in the business, that the twenty who were driven out could recover compensation for their liquors, business, and fixtures. One argument made by both Mr. Duffield and Professor Kent in favor of taxation is that it reduces the

number of saloons. No man will claim that if taxation drove half of the liquor-sellers out of the business they could recover against the city for damage done. Now, if the one half driven out could not recover compensation, where is the argument that would give the other half compensation when they were driven out of the business for doing exactly the same thing that the others had done? The fact is, that the liquor-sellers of this country, sitting in their idleness, have grown rich off the ruin of the homes of the country, and if they are in favor of equitable compensation, the people will have no reason to fear the settlement. If they will return to the tax-payers of the State the money that the tax-payers have been compelled to pay to take care of the products of their business; if they will return to the families of the State the money that has been squandered by husband, by father, and by son, the State can afford to pay for every distillery, every brewery, every saloon, and all the fixtures and liquors in those establishments.

“But, really, the worst feature of this whole canvass is, that this business, realizing that it has no legitimate defence, is stooping to methods which threaten the social, the industrial, and the commercial prosperity of this country. The temperance men have simply asked an intelligent examination and discussion of the question. They have been met by boycotting, bulldozing, and outrage. The safety of our institutions depends upon the right of the people to assemble and discuss all matters of public policy, and anything that prevents such assemblage and such discussion is an enemy of our liberties and our free institutions. The proposition to boycott business men for their honest opinion, the attempts to burn churches, the threats to take human life, should prejudice everybody against a business that has no other defence. In Holly the other night the people were assembled in the Methodist church to listen to a prohibition speech. The liquor-sellers, to break up the meeting, fired the building, and to say that I was astonished hardly expresses my feelings as I read the statement made by Professor Kent when he said, speaking of this outrage: ‘Again, gentle-

men, when men feel that way, if you consider them altogether, how are you going to enforce the law? I know of no way. And what are the means they are likely to use in withstanding any attempt to enforce it? I will tell you what means they will use. They will begin with legal means probably. They will prevent juries from convicting, they will undertake to overthrow the law and probably they will succeed. If they do not succeed in that, then they will use what means God and nature has placed in their hands to defend what they regard as their most sacred rights.'

"I ask now, ladies and gentlemen, if a more outrageous and more dangerous sentiment ever fell from the lips of a public man. He says: 'I am the last one to excuse or defend the attempt to burn the Methodist churches.' But does he repudiate it? Read: 'And can we, whose fathers secured their liberty in ways not unlike these—can we say that if our rights, which we thought were sacred, were assailed in that way, we should do otherwise? I fear not.' Such language says to every liquor-seller outlaw in the country: 'If I were in your place and my business were attacked, I would burn churches, destroy property, or use any means that God and nature had given me to defend myself.' There is no excuse for the use of these words. This discussion is the discussion of a matter of governmental policy. The people are intelligent. This is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and to attempt in any way to extenuate the burning of buildings, the boycotting of business men, the taking of human life, is to open the doors for murder and anarchy in this country. Some enemy of Ireland certainly must have been whispering in the ears of Professor Kent, or he would have made no attempt to compare the ragged, homeless outcast of Glenbeigh with the bloated liquor-sellers of this State. Look: A woman is driven from the home of her fathers in rags and misery to starve beside the street. Look again: A man is sitting in the doors of a saloon in entire idleness, growing rich off the homes, the misery, the suffering and agony of the women and children. Then compare the Irish mother,

shivering in the storm, trembling in the blast, with the drunkard-maker of Detroit. To insinuate that our forefathers secured their liberty by boycotting, by attempting to fire churches filled with women and children, is to insult the noblest dead of the nation. Later, in his endeavor to extenuate the use of this language, Professor Kent says in the *Free Press*: 'The meeting to which my remarks were addressed was composed almost wholly of our most conservative and law-abiding citizens. There was no danger of exciting them to mob law.' But Professor Kent is a public man, the speech was made in a public place, it was printed in the public press, and he had no right to make a speech before that audience that he could not have made before any audience in this country. 'There was no danger of exciting them to mob law;' but suppose that building had been full of the liquor-sellers and their tools in this city, would it have excited them to mob law? Does not every inference of the statement justify the use of force, of bloodshed, and of murder to defend the nefarious traffic?

"I want to say, calmly and deliberately, that this is a free country; our forefathers fought and died at Bunker Hill, at Brandywine, at Yorktown, and starved at Valley Forge to build on this continent a republic. For a hundred years this country has prospered.

"The broadest discussion of all questions has been allowed. The will of the majority has been the controlling power, and now, at the close of the first century of our history, it sounds strange to hear men born in other countries, who have fled to this country to escape despotisms, say to American business men: 'You shall not think, you shall not act, you shall not follow your own conscientious convictions upon matters of public policy; if you lay your finger upon a public evil, we will boycott your business; if you endeavor to destroy a public nuisance, we will burn your property; if you endeavor to enforce the law against law-breakers, we will murder you.' Ladies and gentlemen, if there is any man in this country who is dissatisfied with American institutions, with American ideas, with the American methods of procedure in public

matters, it will not cost him any more to buy a ticket from New York to go to the country from which he came, than it did to buy a ticket from that country to this. America is a free country. The freedom of action, the freedom of speech must be upheld, and all attempts at mob violence, all attempts at anarchy, all attempts at outlawry, must be suppressed by the hand of law, and that law upheld and sustained by the people. The idea of a teacher of young men in a public institution like Ann Arbor justifying, even by implication, the burning of a Methodist church, where men and women were assembled to listen to the discussion of a public question, shows the dangerous and alarming tendencies of our times. The saloon is the hot-bed of anarchy, the hot-bed of lawlessness, the hot-bed of mob rule, the hot-bed of murder, and those in favor of good order, those in favor of the enforcement of law, must strike down this enemy of the civilization and liberties of this country.

“It has been urged by the opponents of the amendment that if the amendment be adopted, there is no guarantee that the Legislature will enact laws to enforce it. The amendment, if adopted, will be adopted by a majority of the voters. If a majority of the voters are in favor, four fifths of the women are certainly in favor, and that would give a preponderance of sentiment in favor of the enactment. In the State of Iowa the amendment, after being adopted, was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State ; but despite this fact, the Legislature of the State enacted a stringent prohibitory law, and at each legislative session since, the stringency of the law has been increased.

“In Kansas and Rhode Island the same results followed the adoption of the law, and in Michigan, if a majority of the voters of the State declare in favor of the amendment, it will not be safe for any political party or any politician to defy the will of the people in this matter. This is a government of the people, and a majority of the people must rule. Let politicians defy the will of the people and the political undertaker will not complain for want of business.

“In conclusion, let me urge that the grog-shop is the primary school.

of crime, pauperism, and vice. This is admitted. License and tax have been tried in this country and in Europe for hundreds of years, and have failed to diminish the evils resulting from the public bar-room. The only features urged in the defence of license and tax regulation are the prohibitory features, and if the prohibitory features are the only part of the license laws which can be defended, then why not reject the license features and make the laws wholly prohibitory? The tax features of the law have failed. Mr. Duffield again and again concedes this in his speech. Urging its good features, he says: 'If we should run out into the country, where they claim this temperance sentiment is so strong—although I don't believe there are many of them who know anything about it—they would find how it works;' thereby conceding that it does not work in cities, and that the people in the cities realize no benefits from the law.

"Is it not strange that with the law working for years in Detroit, the people of Detroit do not realize the beneficial features it is claimed to possess?

"Again, he says: 'I doubt very much whether any of our people here, except those who have given special attention to it, know how great the benefit of these provisions in the tax law are, to say nothing about what has been done.' But the people here do not know that out of over three hundred complaints against liquor-dealers in Detroit last year, but twenty-two of them have been tried, and that the rest are pigeon-holed or linger in the courts of the city. The trouble with Mr. Duffield's argument is that the tax does not work, and that the ordinary machinery of Government cannot work it. His constant iteration and reiteration that the people ought to ascertain the beneficial features and make it work reminds me of the Irish porter who, at the Adams House, in Boston, was one night sent by the night clerk to accompany a gentleman to his room. After Pat had deposited the baggage, the gentleman said: 'I want to be called at six o'clock in the morning.' The Irishman replied, 'Faith, I go on at twelve and off at twelve. Do you

think I will be sitting up all night to call you?' 'I don't care whether you call me or not, I want to be called.' 'Oh, you want I should have word at the office?' 'Leave it where you please, only say that I am to be called.' 'All right, sir,' and the Irishman left. A few minutes later he went back and rapped on the door. The gentleman opened the door, and said: 'What do you want?' 'Faith, sir, for fear there might be some mistake about calling you, I thought I would come back and tell you there is no need of calling a gentleman in this hotel. Do you see that little bunch up there with a knob in the middle' (pointing to the electrical bell call)? 'When you want to be called in the morning just turn over, put your thumb on that bunch and push, and the boy will come up and call you, sure.'

"The tax law of this State, in the hands of the proper officers of the State, has been demonstrated to be unworkable, and the people are left to call themselves, and to perform the duties that other men are elected to perform and paid for doing. After ten years of failure the people propose to repudiate the fraud, and Mr. Duffield hastens forward to say in substance that it is the duty of the people to create a Government inside the Government, and work the fraud themselves.

"In closing his speech, Mr. Duffield has seen fit to say that two banners have been erected in this campaign—the one, the banner of prohibition; the other, the banner of taxation and license—and by this he seeks to draw an invidious comparison between the followers of one banner and the followers of the other. I am glad he has done this, for when he says, 'All bad men are in favor of the amendment,' it justifies me in showing what kind of people indorse him and his speech and how utterly reckless he is in his statements. I want to challenge his statement by saying: When, on the 4th of April, the vote on the amendment has been counted, one of two camps in this State will rejoice; and, while I do not wish to insinuate that every man who votes against the amendment is a bad man, I do want to say that the bad men and the bad women in this State are not in favor of the amendment.

“ Desiring to meet his empty statement with evidence which he could not break down, I sent a trusted detective to take a census of the gambling hells, the saloons, and the houses of ill-fame in Grand Rapids. He telegraphs me as follows :

“ ‘ GRAND RAPIDS, March 26.

“ ‘ Visited professional gamblers ; sixty-four against the amendment. Saloon-keepers, twenty-six against the amendment. Houses of ill-fame, six against the amendment. None for the amendment.’

“ Another equally trusty officer working in the city of Detroit visited the houses of ill-fame in this city to take a canvass of the inmates ; to show you their feeling, let me read the interviews, omitting the name of the keeper and the name of the street. If anybody doubts the correctness of these statements and will come on the platform at the close of the meeting, I will give him the name of the keeper and the number and name of the street :

“ In the first house visited, the proprietor said : ‘ Oh, stuff ! The amendment can never be carried. See what the *Free Press* said the other day ; it had about one half of its paper filled with speeches against it, and with good big men here. Why, the Opera House was packed with men who thought as they did. If carried, good-by, Detroit ! I am off to some other place ; no drinks, no money here, and that is what I want. I tell you, lots of it is drunk in these houses, and if it was not for that, girls would be in hard luck ; but the boys will beat it sure.’

“ The keeper of another house said : ‘ No prohibition here. That Duffield meeting was the thing ! You can’t do without it. Men will drink. Why, look how many there are in the business, and they ain’t going to shut up, and don’t you forget it.’

“ In another house the proprietress said : ‘ You can come here any time in the next ten years and get what you want, if you pay for it. Prohibition won’t be carried and I know it. All the men say so. Why, you can’t do it. When they want to drink they will do it, and those who don’t want it will let it alone. Say, did you read the papers the

other day? You ought to see the speeches made by all the big men here. They say it can't be done—that license is right ; and so it is.'

" In another house : ' I will bet you the drinks all around that the amendment won't carry. Too many want their drinks. See what a large amount is drunk in the sporting houses. That is how a good many of the men spend their money, having the girls to while away a few hours with. They take enough to make them feel good, and generally behave themselves. Better for them to take it in a comfortable house than in saloons with a lot of dead-beats waiting to be treated. We pay our license and will have it.'

" In another house : ' I don't believe it can be carried. Too many want the stuff, and the best men in town patronize our house and like to treat the girls. It does no one any harm, and gives the men lots of pleasure to spend a social hour. Mark my words, you will never see prohibition in this State. The whiskey men have a good deal of money that is to be used to defeat it, and you bet they will do it. These politicians know their business, and know where they get help on election day. The speeches of Duffield and Kent were just to the point.'

" The proprietress of another house said : ' It never can be carried. Look at what the big men say. If it should be carried it will make our houses dull. I have been here only a few months, but I have seen enough to convince me that a great many men come into houses, and are drunk or pretty well set up when they come, and when they wake up in the morning in our room, curse and swear to find where they are. Of course it will be dull, but if the business is prohibited, I guess it will be no good.'

" A canvass of eighty saloons showed a unanimous vote against the amendment and a unanimous indorsement of Duffield's and Kent's speeches. Mr. Duffield should not have invited this comparison, for the world knows that the professedly good and avowedly bad are working together, to defeat the amendment in Michigan.

" On the night of the 4th of April, if the amendment be defeated,

where will the rejoicing be? Down in the slums where bad men chink glasses with bad women! In drinking houses and drinking hells, where mothers' boys are ruined! In the saloons, where husbands are made brutes! In bar-rooms, where fathers are wrecked! But if the amendment be carried, there will not be a drunkard's wife or a drunkard's child who will not see the stars of hope breaking through the clouds of despair! The church bells will ring, the moral people of the State will rejoice, and the angels in heaven will sing an anthem over a State redeemed from the licensed promoters of vice, crime, and immorality!"

Mr. Finch received many letters of congratulation from prominent temperance workers for this masterly effort. The following was especially prized by him.

"FENTON, MICH., March 28, 1887.

"DEAR JOHN: Bless your soul! I would hug you if I could. I just read your speech. It does not leave enough of Mr. Duffield's arguments for a 'free bar-room lunch.'

"I do pray that some good angel may watch over and keep you, to lead us into the promised land of prohibition.

"Do not overwork. You deserve a good rest after this week.

"We cannot afford to lose you, my boy, until the final victory comes to the nation. I believe there is a great future for John B. Finch.

"God bless you, John, always.

"Lovingly yours ever,

"GEORGE W. BAIN."

In a very kindly editorial concerning the life and labors of Mr. Finch, the *Michigan Christian Advocate* refers to his answer to Duffield and his associates:

"John B. Finch took part in every great campaign for the Prohibition Party during recent years, and was the strong right arm of every move-

ment for winning constitutional or local prohibition which he entered. Since the death of John B. Gough, Mr. Finch has been everywhere considered the foremost platform orator for temperance and prohibition in America. His address at Beecher Hall in this city during the amendment campaign was a magnificent effort, and those who listened to its logic and its remarkably brilliant passages will never forget either the orator or the oration."

His intense interest in the Michigan campaign and ardent hope for success is indicated in the following letter written to Chancellor Fairfield two weeks after the election :

" SHAMOKIN, PA., April 19, 1887.

" MY DEAR DOCTOR: Your more than kind letter of April 10th came to me here to-day. I truly appreciate your kind words, for though new friends may praise, their words can never take the place of words of commendation and confidence from the old friends.

" Our defeat in Michigan made me half heartsick. I have kept a stiff upper lip in public, but, in private, if it were not for my faith in God, I should feel like giving up. If there had been ten honest Republican leaders like you in Michigan we should have had an honest count, or a majority so large they could not have counted it out.

" The only hope for the future must be in the destruction of the old corrupt party machines, and the pushing of honorable leaders to the front.

" For the good of humanity and civilization we must win, and must stand together to win.

" Your friend,

" JOHN B. FINCH."

Unable to participate in person in the struggles for constitutional prohibition in Texas, Tennessee, and Oregon, he arranged for the distribution of several thousand copies

of "The People *vs.* the Liquor Traffic" in each of those States, and to the workers he gave counsel and advice in hundreds of letters and personal interviews.

In conversation with friends in Chicago some months before the election in the above States, he said, in answer to their expressions of confidence of victory in Texas :

"No, we shall not carry Texas. The national Democratic leaders will not permit it. It will be defeated by more than seventy-five thousand majority. The Republican leaders have determined to beat us in Oregon, and I do not believe we shall carry Tennessee, though the majority against us in that State may not be very large. The edict of the old party leaders has gone forth, and we shall carry no more constitutional amendments while they are in power. Our next victory for the principle must be won by the Prohibition Party, and it will be impossible to win by any other means. The education of the people in amendment campaigns will be helpful, but if it were not for that I should consider it time and money wasted to ever go into such a campaign again."

J. B. Cranfill, editor of the Waco (Texas) *Advance*, writes concerning the defeat of constitutional prohibition in that State :

"At the close of the campaign in Texas, there was a tremendous pressure brought to bear on party Prohibitionists, to abandon their organization, give up the fight forever, and again be merged into the Democratic Party.

"As Chairman of the State Executive Committee, I felt the force of this pressure. I wrote to John B. Finch explaining the situation. His answer came, the last letter I ever received from him. It was dated September 12th, 1887, and is as follows :

"MY DEAR FRIEND CRANFILL : I have read the result of the Texas election. I sympathize with you in your defeat, but hope, like the defeat at Bunker Hill, it may mean ultimate victory. There is but one thing for you to do, and that is to defeat the whiskey democracy of Texas ; and you must build up a party to do it.'

"His regret at our defeat was heartfelt and deep. While I was North, soliciting funds for our campaign, no one took a heartier interest than Mr. Finch. He had previously sent his personal check for \$50. He gave me letters to friends in the East, who did much to help the work. His heart was always open to the call for help in the grand cause to which he dedicated his life."

The Rochester (New York) *Weekly News* said :

"Always vigilant and active in the interests of the Order, he was ever ready to send speakers not only to the different States to assist in campaigns for constitutional prohibition, but usually led them into the field. Cut off in the early prime of his manhood, he illustrates Young's expression—

"That life is long which answers life's great end.'"

His wonderful stores of knowledge, especially on all subjects nearly or remotely related to the temperance question ; his powers of vivid description and systematic reasoning ; the fascination of his magnetic eloquence—all combined to make his platform work almost a necessity to the success of the cause.

Concerning John B. Finch as an orator, that peerless American lecturer, George W. Bain, writes :

“Of John B. Finch as a husband, father, friend, or citizen, one might hope to give illustrations which would portray the character of the man so much missed and mourned ; but in entering the theatre where he won his greatness and attempting to analyze his oratory, I cannot hope to do him justice.

“No words, however fitly chosen, can in a brief space measure the man who, from obscurity at the age of twenty-six, reaches such an eminence of fame at thirty-five.

“He had other elements of greatness than platform power, but it was his ability as a speaker that winged his flight to an early fame. While he was not what the world would call a born genius, who, despite himself, *must* be distinguished, yet he possessed natural qualities seldom given to men. These qualities he strengthened by application and constant practice, and had he lived, would have matured them into a perfection few orators have reached. He grew very rapidly in the graces of oratory during the last two years of his life, the marked improvement being in spirit of address and ease of delivery.

“He was not only an orator, but a thinker whose correct reasoning brought conviction to all unprejudiced minds. He went to the depth of his subject, and as the skilled hunter makes sure of his aim ere he springs the trigger, so did John B. Finch have a precision of aim which never failed. Very few men have lived in this or any other age who in the same space of time so mastered the art of oratory and used it to garland such strength of thought. His matured argument, precision of aim, and clearness of expression were supported by a strong personality. His earnestness was magnetism ; his attitude eloquence ; his eye sagacity ; his lips courage ; and these, with his manly form, bearing, and gestures, made him a powerful platform speaker. I have had opportunities to feel the force of his combined powers, for it was my embarrassing lot to share with him on twenty successive evenings the honors of New England platforms.

“The last time I heard him was in Lexington, Ky., before a large

audience. Smoothly and naturally he entered upon the discussion of his theme. His ease of manners told his confidence in his cause, while his clearness of statement and concise reasoning told his knowledge of his subject. It was an arraignment of the liquor traffic. As he advanced, it was as a great vessel without a rope amiss or mast ajar, and harmless pressure in every sail, ploughing the waters with an ease which proclaims her mistress of the sea.

“He met the arguments against prohibition as the bow of the vessel meets the blue waves and dashes them into spray.

“One minute he would uncover a sophistry and leave no doubt of the exposure; then rend a deception with his piercing statement of the truth, clinch every argument he made with irresistible force of reasoning, and massing all the elements of opposition, he rode over them like an eagle on the face of a storm.

“He was not a mimic, yet he had a remarkable power of facial expression, and of a character suited to the highest order of talent. I have seen him when a denunciation of the wicked license system was accompanied with a look of inexpressible disgust; again, when his eyes, ablaze with flashes of fire, would illumine his whole range of thought; then would come a peroration wreathed in smiles which beamed with faith in the ultimate verdict of the people, and these radiations of triumphant assurance would so thrill his audience as to make strong men weep with joy, while applause long and loud attested his power.

“The strength of his mind, art of his eloquence, and courage of his convictions, enabled him to deal in sarcasm, which, though it cut to the quick, was effective because of the smoothness of the blade.

“In no one effort, perhaps, did he so nearly come up to the full measure of his powers as when he replied to Hon. D. Bethune Duffield, of Detroit, during the constitutional amendment campaign in Michigan.

“A prominent citizen of Detroit said, ‘It has not been equalled since Webster answered Hayne;’ but only those who were present to see and

hear him could get the full force of the effort. Cold type could no more report John B. Finch than it could Henry Clay.

“The old adage, ‘It is not so much what a man says as the way he says it,’ I saw exemplified when associated with Mr. Finch in the ‘no-license’ campaign in Massachusetts about three years ago. We were invited to address the young men of Harvard College. Rev. Edward Everett Hale presided. When he introduced John B. Finch, he arose and said: ‘Young gentlemen, I am from the frontiers of civilization, where the “cow-boys” and the Indians live. You have read of the red man, but perhaps you know nothing of the “cow-boy.” If not, it may be of interest to tell you something of this cattle ranch monarch. *A cow-boy is the graduate of an Eastern college.*’ I was seated where I could not see the force of his expressive face, and I shuddered lest this bold definition of a ‘cow-boy’ should be received with hisses.

“But the college boys could see the open, kindly face of the broad-browed orator, and behind the definition they read the deeper meaning that college culture, without other graces of manhood, could easily degenerate into ‘cow-boy’ character, while in the ‘cow-boy’ were elements of manhood which, if supplemented by college culture, would make a useful citizen. They accepted the lesson, ‘*A man’s a man for a’ that,*’ and made the chapel ring with applause.

“No greater evidence can be given of his ability as a platform speaker than the speed of his upward flight. In 1878 talking on the streets and in canvas tents of the far West, a comparatively friendless and unknown reformer; in 1887 pacing, with the steady tread of a veteran, the platform of Tremont Temple, Boston, with seats and aisles crowded by the culture of the East, to shout his genius onward and upward. In 1878 the humble follower of a principle to which he pledged his mother he would prove true; in 1887 the leader of the Prohibition Party of this country, the reunited Good Templary of the world and the air freighted with the sighs of sorrowing thousands who mourn his death.

“While it is not my province in this tribute to refer to him except as

an orator, the crowding memories of an association full of evidences of his generous nature, and the unreconciled thought of his dying in the very prime of manhood, with great purposes in view, prompts me to close this humble tribute to his platform powers with a heartfelt expression I gave in an article soon after his death—oh, that his life-blood could have played healthful music through the valves of his great heart, as did great thoughts course through his massive brain, to the delight of his hearers and the service of his country and his kind.”

CHAPTER X.

NO LICENSE AND OTHER WORK.

No answer comes to those that pray
And idly stand
And wait for stones to roll away
At God's command.
He will not break the binding cords
Upon us laid,
If we depend on pleading words
And do not aid.
When hands are idle, words are vain
To move the stone ;
An aiding angel would disdain
To work alone.
But he who prayeth, and is strong
In faith and deed,
And toileth earnestly, erelong
He will succeed.

J. C. Rockwell.

THERE could be no more convincing evidence of the versatility of Mr. Finch's genius and his marvellous perseverance than the successes achieved by him in different lines of work.

As a Good Templar organizer he won an enviable reputation.

As a Red Ribbon revivalist he made a lasting impression upon the communities visited.

As a debater he stood pre-eminent.

As a counsellor he was wise and prudent, far-seeing and sagacious.

As an executive his administration was bold and progressive, though always cautious and discreet.

As a party leader he was shrewd, cool, and intrepid, seeming to be always forewarned of his adversary's intended attack and ready for a gallant defence.

In each of these lines of work peculiar qualities are required, and he lacked none of them. To whichever line of effort he bent his thought, for the time that care and duty absorbed all his energies. But it was never difficult for him to shift from one kind of work to another. In the heat of a partisan campaign to-day, he could take his place to-morrow in the line with non-partisan workers for no license or local option, and receive recognition there as the most discreet and judicious leader of this anti-liquor legion.

In 1883 and 1884 Mr. Finch made an engagement for several months of consecutive work in Massachusetts, leaving home in October. It had always been his custom to spend the holidays at home, but in view of the fact that they would come in the middle of his engagement and to be at home would necessitate the loss of much time and the long and expensive journey to Nebraska and return, more than thirty-six hundred miles, he wrote to Mrs. Finch :

“If you can take care of the home and the boy I will remain in Massachusetts through the holidays and put the money saved into temperance work here.”

He remained five months, speaking almost constantly. He often wrote home :

“This is a long, dreary winter, away from wife and boy, but I hope I am building a temperance sentiment that will be as enduring as the New England hills.”

At other times he would write :

“I hardly know how I can endure this constant absence from home, being away four fifths of the time. It is the life of a tramp.”

Again he wrote Mrs. Finch :

“I wish you could come and spend the holidays with me here.”

In the home, the loneliness of Mrs. Finch was even greater during those dreary months of her husband's absence. One day she said to Mrs. Sibley :

“I cannot endure this long winter unless I am actively engaged in something that will employ my mind and help me to forget my loneliness.”

Mrs. Sibley was at that time editing and publishing two largely circulated temperance papers, through the medium of which she had an extensive acquaintance in the State. She at once suggested the plan of making a series of appointments for Mrs. Finch, urging her to give some elocutionary entertainments. To this plan Mrs. Finch gave

assent, on condition that Mrs. Sibley would accompany her, and the arrangements were accordingly made. Of this work Mrs. Sibley says :

“ Several years have intervened since Mrs. Finch and I made the trip referred to, but in my memory are recorded the occurrences as plainly as if they were of yesterday.

“ ‘ Little John ’ was our escort, and insisted upon carrying his mother’s satchel. When he was remonstrated with, and told that it was too heavy, he quietly appropriated it, saying : ‘ It doesn’t look well for ladies to carry things. I shall carry it myself.’

“ During the entire trip there was a very severe storm—a regular Nebraska blizzard, with the thermometer from ten to thirty degrees below zero.

“ But full houses greeted Mrs. Finch everywhere. They were mixed audiences, as is the case in our Western towns. Some who were graduates of our colleges, and others who had never attended school ; some who were bright and intelligent, and others dull and unsympathetic ; but the portraiture of the varied characters was given with such masterful power that the entire audiences indulged in the most hearty applause.

“ One moment tears would trickle down the cheeks of the hearers as some deeply pathetic scene was depicted, and perhaps the next, all would be smiling through the crystal drops at some sudden humorous sentence. I thought of the orator of whom it is said that he could move an audi-

ence to tears and laughter alternately by simply repeating the word 'Mesopotamia,' and felt that his power was being rivalled.

"Every night requests from the audience would be sent to Mrs. Finch that one or more selections might be repeated, and the second recital was certain to be interrupted by prolonged applause.

"One of these entertainments was given in the city where the State President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union resided, and after the close of the exercises this lady said to me : 'How much the temperance cause has missed because Mrs. Finch does not go upon the platform as one of our speakers ! With her superior power to make her words impressive and effective, she would win so many recruits to our ranks. It would be of the greatest benefit to our cause if circumstances should some time compel her to take up this grand work.'

"The trip was an exceedingly pleasant one despite the severe weather.

"Although Mrs. Finch realized keenly the sacrifice she was making in giving up her husband to the temperance work of a distant State, she was cheerful, bright, and entertaining, and only once did her friends catch a glimpse of the mental struggle she was passing through.

"One day the friend at whose house we were being entertained returned from the post-office and brought no letter from her absent husband. She did not seem to under-

stand, and said : ‘ There certainly is a letter for me. This is the day it should reach me, and Mr. Finch never fails to write to me.’ A feeling of anxiety settled over her face which was visible until it was discovered, a few hours later, that her letter had been delivered to another family by the name of Finch. Then the sunshine came back as she said : ‘ I knew he had written.’ ”

Dr. Richard Eddy, Benjamin R. Jewell, and James H. Roberts have prepared the following description of the work of Mr. Finch in Massachusetts, much of which was in aid of no-license struggles :

“ Nearly all the work done by Mr. Finch in Massachusetts was under the direction of the Committee on Constitutional Amendment ; most of it with that issue directly in view. A committee was selected representing all the leading temperance organizations and religious denominations in the State, Catholic and Protestant, and all political parties. All agreed that the overthrow of the dram-shop was the most important work to which they could devote their united energies. Constitutional prohibition was their ultimate aim, but any temperance effort, though it did not point directly to that end, had their full sympathy and co-operation. The road to constitutional prohibition is a long one. At the best it requires three years for the people to decide the issue, and meanwhile much else might be done to educate the people.

“ The annual recurrence of the vote in the towns and cities on the question of license or no license, furnished the opportunity for doing some of this much-needed work. The committee determined on using Mr. Finch in this field. No sooner had they announced their purpose than applications for his services poured in from every part of the commonwealth. His fame had gone before him, and the demands to hear

him were more than could be supplied. Day after day for weeks together he pleaded the cause of the citizen and the home, presenting facts and arguments with faultless logic and most fervid eloquence. No lawyer was ever more devoted to the interests of his client, by familiarizing himself with the facts in the case, by careful preparation of the most favorable and convincing manner of presenting them to the court, and in winning a verdict from the jury, than was John B. Finch in preparing, presenting, and urging the People's Cause on the attention of the crowds who flocked to hear him. His methods were direct, aggressive, incisive. He was fighting no imaginary foe. He performed his work in no perfunctory manner. A damning curse confronted him, and he knew that it had no excuse for being. He drew against it the invincible 'sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' and dealt his blows on the monster vice that threatened our people's homes as stoutly and as effectively as though the assault of the demon had been on his own wife and boy, frequently making mention of them as threatened and assailed equally with the dear ones in other homes. The strength of his own affections and his fidelity to the best interests of those on whom he had centred them, gave a reality to his sympathy with all the homes in the land that was obvious to all who heard him. This conviction of his sincerity gave him a strong hold on the people, and was the chief reason of his popularity with the masses. They saw before them a man who was interested in their highest good, and their response to his arguments and appeals was instant and hearty ; and, in a great majority of instances, has been constant.

" His power to disarm prejudice was manifest wherever he appeared. Many instances are known to us of his entire conquest of men of intelligence and influence who, having severely criticised what they had been informed were his theories and methods, became, by force of argument, their most zealous champions. It may be said, without in the least detracting from the merits and influence of other speakers, that Mr. Finch was the most effective advocate of aggressive war upon the liquor traffic

that has ever appeared on the American platform. He dealt in no platitudes, resorted to no merely sensational methods, indulged in no superficial statements, was not satisfied with leaving a mere sensation of pleasure in the minds of his hearers. He was too much in earnest in seeking the overthrow of the rum power, to be other than direct and to the purpose in all his utterances. He believed that the people should be enlightened as to the facts in regard to the evil he was warring against, and he made himself thoroughly acquainted with those facts. His studies in physiology, law, ethics, economic forces, and the principles of government, were utilized in meeting objections, repelling sophistical assaults, and producing general enlightenment. He aimed to touch the conscience, rouse it to action, and to bring men to an acknowledgment of its authority.

“The result of his work in Massachusetts was manifest in an increased and frequently a victorious no-license vote. Many men went to the polls with a sense of the responsibility of citizenship such as they had never felt before. Many a man followed up the result of his ballot with a personal interest in the enforcement of the will expressed by the ballot, such as he had never dreamed of experiencing before ; and, as a consequence, the law against the dram-shop was enforced, and its beneficence was demonstrated. In addition to this immediate result, Mr. Finch’s campaign in this commonwealth exerted an incalculable influence in creating and intensifying the public sentiment which has become so pronounced as to compel the dominant party to recognize the demand of *the people* for the privilege of voting on a constitutional amendment. It greatly aided in putting conscience into our politics, and in bringing hundreds and thousands to realize that party ties are burdensome and a curse unless the party to whom former allegiance has been paid shall recognize and provide for the supreme interest of the home, and plant itself squarely and sincerely on an avowal to root out and exterminate the dram-shop, the constantly menacing foe of the home. In this respect his arguments have a dynamic force which, with constantly accu-

mulating momentum, will be felt in their influence against the 'giant crime of crimes,' until its complete overthrow is accomplished. When that day comes we shall see more clearly than we do now the beneficence of the work of John B. Finch in Massachusetts."

About the middle of March, 1884, Mr. Finch concluded the work of the winter in Massachusetts and hurried westward. A few days earlier Mrs. Finch had come to Evanston from Nebraska to continue her studies at the Northwestern University, where she had taken a thorough course in elocution and English literature. When Mr. Finch reached Chicago the exhausted strength wholly gave way, and he was barely able to reach Evanston, only twelve miles away, where the devoted wife was waiting for him.

He was utterly prostrated by his work, and the tension of the nerve forces could not but relax. Rheumatism of the heart and neuralgia, in his already feeble condition, came with a severity he had never experienced before. For many days he was unconscious, his pulse grew fainter, and the soul seemed struggling to break its moorings of mortality. Friends said: "He cannot live." The attending physicians admitted their grave apprehensions. Dr. Webster often called at midnight, always finding Mrs. Finch at her post, watching every motion of her husband and striving to count the scarcely perceptible pulse.

"I know where to find you, Mrs. Finch," he often remarked. "You are always on duty. If I had as faithful

a nurse for each of my patients I should be more certain they would always have proper care.”

One night, when Mr. Finch’s pulse was feeblest, he often reached out unconsciously to find Mrs. Finch, restless until her hands were clasped in his, when he would become quiet and seem satisfied.

When asked, after his recovery, if he realized this action and remembered his feelings, he said to his wife :

“I thought that I was going away, and when I took your hand I felt more secure.”

Dr. Jutkins called one day while the scale of life and death seemed evenly balanced, and kissing him on the forehead, knelt in silent prayer. Mr. Finch recognized his visitor, and was greatly impressed by the action, often recalling it afterward, saying it was one of the most beautiful and pathetic scenes he ever witnessed.

Daily messages were sent to friends, and one night at two o’clock this telegram was sent by Mrs. Finch :

“Mr. Sibley, we may need you at any moment. Cancel your appointments and be prepared to come.”

The order was obeyed, but the crisis was safely passed, and the brave, struggling soul was given a few more years to do its appointed work. By the middle of May he was again at work, determined to use every hour of life left to him in the service of humanity.

When he first became conscious, after the crisis was passed, he insisted that he had not been sick, was as well

as he ever had been, and should commence making his appointments at once.

Devoutly as he believed in the Prohibition Party and in Good Templary as the most efficient means of pushing the reform along the two lines of moral and of legal suasion, he was so broad and liberal in his views that he could maintain the most cordial and fraternal relations with workers whose ideals differed widely from his own.

The destruction of the liquor traffic was the end to be attained, and he neither lost sight of that aim nor allowed it to be forgotten by others. Temperance societies, lodges, associations, and party organization were to him only fortresses where loyal hosts were to be disciplined and drilled for constant sorties against the encompassing legions of the rum power.

In a Good Templar address at the Academy of Music in Macon, Ga., January 25th, 1887, he said :

“ The purpose of the Order is the destruction of the evils growing out of the liquor traffic. The Order is simply a means for the accomplishment of an end. We are Good Templars because we desire to accomplish a certain work and to overcome a certain evil. If we believed that there was any other organization better adapted to accomplish this work than Good Templary, then we should regard it as our duty to abandon the organization which we are leading and work to build up the better one.”

In patriotism and in philanthropy he was equally cosmo-

politan. In every country he desired to see stable governments, founded upon the integrity and clean manhood of the people. In every land he hoped for impartial justice to man, woman, and child. He had profound faith that the time would come

“ When the lands shall join hands, and the hoarse cannon mutter
Their discords no more to the children of men.”

He planned no less for the advancement of Good Templary and its aims in Europe, Africa, or New Zealand than in his native land. In Canada he was recognized as an efficient worker in the local campaigns for the suppression of the dram-shop.

In the Canadian provinces, as in the different States of his own country, he familiarized himself with the statutes and municipal ordinances, and was able to discuss local issues with the best posted citizens.

The *Canada Citizen* voices the feeling throughout the Dominion : “ Canada owes to both his tongue and pen a heavy debt of gratitude for valuable aid in the conflicts in which he so frequently helped us to carry the Scott Act banner to glorious victory. His name was a household word in this as well as his native land.”

The *Home Journal*, of Des Moines, Ia., expresses the universal sentiment when it says :

“ During the last decade, wherever the cause of temperance was endangered, there was found John B. Finch,

striking manfully for the highest and best interests of society. No antagonist ever met him in debate, that was not worsted. No man or woman, sorrowed by the curse of intemperance, ever appealed to Mr. Finch in vain. Wherever he went, with him went joy and sunshine. Sorrow was lifted in his presence, and sunlight took its place."

The popularity of Mr. Finch in the Canadian province was equal to the public favor he enjoyed at home.

In 1884 P. J. Chisholm, then Grand Chief Templar of Nova Scotia, met Mr. Finch in Washington, D. C., and endeavored to arrange with him for a trip to the Maritime Provinces, without success, his time being so fully occupied. He was able, however, to give eleven days in the month of February, 1885, to their work.

His first appointment was at Amherst, and the second at Bass River, a factory town sixteen miles from the railroad. The morning after his second appointment the driver of the mail stage started at the usual hour with Mr. Finch for the railway. At a village three miles from the station the driver learned that the train was more than an hour late, and therefore delayed the resumption of his journey for that length of time, arriving at the railroad ten minutes after the train had departed.

Mr. Finch then inquired of the station-master :

"When will the next train reach Halifax?"

"Not before 8.30 or 9 this evening, and probably later, as the road is blocked with snow."

This would be too late for the lecture which was announced for the evening. He determined to reach Halifax in time.

“Can I get a special for Halifax?” he asked.

“Yes. It will cost you eighty dollars.”

“I didn’t ask the cost. How soon can it be ready?”

“Within an hour.”

“What time will that enable me to reach Halifax?”

“By 3 P.M., probably sooner. Not more than an hour behind the train you just missed.”

“Well, get your special around here as quickly as you can.”

Telegrams were sent the superintendent, orders issued, and in the specified time the engine and one coach were ready to take Mr. Finch to his appointment.

Mr. Chisholm had gone to Halifax to see that all arrangements were perfected and the meeting well advertised, as he felt the importance of this first meeting in the chief city of the province.

At the station he waited the coming of the regular train with impatience, which changed to bitter chagrin and disappointment when it arrived without the one passenger in whom he felt at that moment the most absorbing interest.

As he was turning away his eye caught the announcement on a bulletin board:

“Special train on the way from Truro.”

Hoping that by some fortunate accident Mr. Finch had

caught the "special," he stepped into the telegraph office and asked :

"What special is that coming from Truro?"

The answer surprised and overjoyed him :

"The special was chartered by Hon. John B. Finch, the lecturer."

On the arrival of the train Mr. Chisholm greeted the solitary passenger with the jocular words :

"Are not our regular trains good enough for you?"

"You did not suppose I was coming down here to ride on your old, slow, regular trains when specials were to be had, did you?" laughingly answered Mr. Finch, and then proceeded to relate the circumstances.

The attendance at the evening meeting was not large, but all present were held spellbound for two hours. The morning papers contained good reports, and the evening papers announced that a representative of the liquor interest would ask for the privilege of debating with him at the next meeting.

Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, presided and introduced Mr. Finch on the second evening. No one appeared, to debate with him, however, and at the close of his address Mr. Finch said :

"I have been informed that some man representing the liquor interest desired to debate this question with me. It was expected that he would announce himself here to-night, and I would have cheerfully divided the time with him.

Lest there may have been a misapprehension, I will now announce that I am engaged for another city for to-morrow evening, but if the opponents of temperance desire to oppose me or the cause I advocate, I will cancel my appointment and meet them on this platform to discuss the question to-morrow night, provided they will notify me of their wishes before the train leaves to-morrow morning."

The announcement was received with tremendous applause, but this challenge met no response.

Several prominent gentlemen accompanied Mr. Finch to his room after the lecture and were chatting with him, when a reporter sent up his card.

"Show him up," was Mr. Finch's easy order.

"I came to interview you," remarked the news-gatherer upon entering.

"All right," said Mr. Finch ; "you can proceed, if you do not object to the presence of my friends."

No verbal objections were made, but the look on the reporter's face did not betray great satisfaction.

After an hour of very diligent questioning and quick, clear-headed replies from Mr. Finch, the reporter retired, thanking him for his patience and promising that the Monday morning *Chronicle* should contain the interview in full.

When the interviewer had departed, Mr. Finch turned to the gentlemen who had been listening and asked :

"You heard what that fellow said about this interview appearing in the morning *Chronicle*?"

“ Yes.”

“ Well, mark my words, not one line of it will ever appear.”

The listeners were surprised at the prediction, but it was fulfilled ; no mention was ever made of the interview in the columns of the *Chronicle*.

The next morning a number of leading and influential gentlemen called upon him and expressed the desire to have him address the people once more, on the following Sunday afternoon, at the Academy of Music. He consented, and the announcement was made.

Sunday came, and Mr. Finch was ready for his meeting at 4 P.M. Snow had been falling all day and a fierce wind raged, heaping great drifts at every street corner and crossing. Mr. Finch and Mr. Chisholm were looking from the window at the storm, when the hour for meeting arrived. The latter remarked :

“ It is useless to go to the Academy of Music this afternoon. No one can face this storm.”

“ Did you not announce a meeting for 4 o'clock ?” quickly asked Mr. Finch.

“ Yes, but we did not anticipate this storm.”

“ Well, I am going. I always keep my engagements unless I am too sick to reach the place appointed,” said Mr. Finch, as he proceeded to make preparations to start.

Arrived at the Academy, both were surprised to find the building packed with people, and all the city clergymen on

the platform, while the Mayor waited to introduce the speaker.

He won a warm place in the hearts of the people of Nova Scotia on his first visit, and on his return for twenty days in June his reception was most cordial. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island caught the spirit, and petitioned for some speeches from him, which he gave them at his earliest opportunity, aiding them in several of their contests under the Scott Act, the Canada local-option law.

In Canada, as in the United States, his work everywhere revealed his incessant eagerness for the triumph of his cause.

In November and December, 1885, Mr. Finch made a tour through California, to fill thirty-five appointments made for him by Mr. Katzenstien, Grand Secretary of the Good Templars of that State. The arrangements were so perfect that Mr. Finch greatly enjoyed the trip. The people of the Pacific coast greeted him everywhere with ovations.

Of his address at Woodlawn, the Woodlawn *Mail* says :

“ Those of our citizens who attended the Opera House yesterday evening were given the rarest treat known to men and women—a strong, powerful man, active, alert, vigorous, and logical, with a wonderful command of language and a rare power of mimicry and delineation, filled to the brim with an earnest consciousness of great wrongs, believing that he has a panacea for their cure, stating the wrongs with a clearness of delineation that brings them right home to all present, and advocating the application of his cure with a powerful persuasiveness.

"As an orator, Mr. Finch's reputation preceding him has in no way suffered by his actual appearance before our public. Some of the orator's expressions showed a most wonderful compression of thought, and were received with enthusiastic applause. All present were pleased and delighted with the lecture, and a regret was felt that such forensic efforts are not of frequent occurrence."

The Auburn *Argus* says :

"Hon. John B. Finch, Right Worthy Grand Templar, lectured in the court-room last Friday evening, on temperance, to a large and very attentive audience. All present were highly edified and entertained, not to say instructed. Mr. Finch is a gentleman who can interest any audience—that we say without hesitation ; whether the audience be friendly or hostile to his views, it matters not. He is the most eloquent temperance orator we have heard. His audience was probably the largest that has ever assembled in Auburn to hear the temperance question discussed."

The Los Angeles *Herald* of December 27th says :

"Hon. John B. Finch delivered his first lecture in Los Angeles, on the subject of prohibition, to a very large audience in the Tabernacle last night. He is an easy, fluent speaker, full of anecdotes, and makes strong points for his peculiar views. The audience was carried away by Mr. Finch's eloquence, and at almost every sentence the applause was deafening."

The Placer *Herald* has the following :

"The lecture of John B. Finch, delivered at the Court House, drew out the largest audience we have ever seen present at a lecture in the town ; and the hearers were not disappointed, as the lecture was one of the ablest and most interesting ever delivered here."

After Mr. Finch had completed his trip through the

State, the *Rescue* sums up the work in the following forcible manner :

“ Our distinguished brother, John B. Finch, has made his long-promised, but all too brief visit to California, and the general feeling may be voiced by an enthusiastic friend, who writes : ‘ Mr. Finch came and has gone. I feel as if a comet had shot across my mental firmament. Thank God, we were privileged to secure his services. All our people are just thundering his praises.’ ”

“ All that was promised in his behalf has been fully realized, and wherever he spoke the universal expression is that never were more powerful lectures heard, and everywhere he went he left the people thirsting for more. He was cordially received wherever he went, and whether his hearers agreed with him or not, he was accorded universal praise for the powerful presentation of his theme. The press throughout the State has been generous in its treatment of him, and prominent people express themselves in no less complimentary terms.

“ One correspondent says :

“ ‘ When Finch undertakes to clean house, it is not only swept, but dusted as well ; when he gets through no one can longer doubt. He is one of the most convincing speakers I ever heard. He never aims at a flourish, but always reasons clearly ; he is really master of his subject.’ The prospect of the return of Brother Finch to this coast next fall will be welcome news to all.”

Many valuable gifts were presented him, Good Templars and other temperance workers vying with each other in the value, beauty, or novelty of their offerings, among the most highly prized of which were a gold nugget brooch for Mrs. Finch, a blanket of the quaint and excellent workmanship of the Navajo Indians of Arizona, and a book of pressed ferns gathered on the sea islands.

A magnificent reception was tendered him at San Francisco. Invitations to return and to bring his family were pressed upon him from every point visited, and were emphasized by similar requests from the officers of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars. Upon leaving the State he promised to comply with these requests at his earliest opportunity. The good wishes of the California people followed him, and on his arrival home he found substantial evidence of it in a large supply of the choicest collections of fruits, which had been shipped by friends on the coast. His impressions of the State are outlined in the following extracts from letters written to Mrs. Finch during his sojourn.

One interesting letter, describing his trip through the Territories is particularly interesting, and characteristic of his appreciation of beautiful scenery :

“ ON TRAIN RUNNING DOWN GREEN RIVER, W. T., }
November 10, 1885. }

“ I left Omaha Sunday evening. The trip yesterday was mostly over familiar ground, though it has changed much in the last four years. The cattle ranches of Western Nebraska are largely fenced with barbed wire, and little villages have sprung up all along the line. The party on our sleeper number fourteen, with one fat, chubby baby.

“ About 5 P.M. we obtained a glimpse of Long's Peak, in Northern Colorado, which was the only view of mountain scenery we had, as night settled down upon us as we were climbing the grade to Cheyenne. From Cheyenne the ascent to the summit is difficult. We arrived at Sherman, which is on the top of the Rocky Mountains, at 8.10 P.M. This

morning, when I awoke at 6.30, we were on the Bitterwater Creek, beyond the Laramie Plains. This is a terribly dreary waste. Sagebrush, greasewood rabbits, and rattlesnakes is all the country produces or ever will produce. An old miner here was asked for what purpose God made this country, and he answered, 'To hold the rest of the world together.'

"The trip down the Green Valley is grand—high bluffs, towering rocks, and distant mountains covered with snow."

From Auburn, Cal., under date of November 27th, Mr. Finch writes :

"The climate of California at this season, which is the 'rainy season,' is not one to impress an Eastern visitor favorably.

"It rained steadily from last Friday to Thursday of this week. Oh, such rain ! it was a horridly 'wet' rain.

"On Tuesday I left Sacramento for Dutch Flat, a mountain town ninety miles from Sacramento and four thousand feet up in the Sierras. The Flat is above the snow line, and the change from the warm rain of the valley to the snow storms of the mountains, in four hours, was not a very pleasant experience. Yet I enjoyed the trip very much. I visited all the great Placer mines, and studied hydraulic mining in all its details.

"Yesterday I went with a gentleman to the top of Moody Ridge, to see the great cañon of the North Fork of the American River. I wish you could have been with me, as it is impossible to describe the wonderful scene. Imagine, if you can, standing on a rock and looking down two thousand feet into a boiling, foaming river ! The view was grand. The only thing to mar the pleasure was your absence, but I promised Mrs. Frost to come again and bring you."

The kind of work mattered not to him. Whether addressing erudite audiences in the centres of culture, or humble dwellers of the far frontier, talking amid the hurry-

ing life of the great cities or in the calm of the quiet country, he gave the best of his brain and strength to the work. The words of Bishop Heber seemed to be the rallying cry of his restless soul :

“ Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still.”

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

There is, first, the literature of knowledge ; and secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach ; the function of the second is to move ; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding ; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason.—*De Quincey.*

MR. FINCH was always an ardent devotee at the shrine of literature. In all the wide range of books and periodicals he absolutely rejected nothing. From the lightest work of fiction to the most profound exegesis, he would thread his way, culling good from all. He was a student always. Political economy was his favorite study in later years. Every prominent authority on this subject was diligently consulted, and his volumes of Lieber, Mill, and other authors, bear marginal marks indicating his close and thoughtful study of the great writers. In his copious annotations he sometimes cordially approves the author's position, strengthening it by a vigorous sentence or two, and in other places he unhesitatingly criticises the theories advanced, and mercilessly scores the great political econo-

mists who have offered mistaken solutions of some problems of government.

From the beginning of his temperance work he recognized the necessity of an extensive circulation of temperance newspapers and books. As will be seen by a perusal of his speeches, he had strong confidence in the potent influence for good, of education in the proper channels. He began to use the press as a medium of communication of his ideas and views to the public as early as the rostrum, or even earlier.

While engaged as a teacher he contributed several temperance letters to local newspapers, and in 1875, through the columns of the *Marathon Independent*, conducted a vigorous discussion on the justice and righteousness of the principle of prohibition.

In 1876 he became one of the editors of the *Temperance Investigator*, published at Cherry Valley, N. Y. He made a strong endeavor to obtain for this paper a large circulation, and to make it a valuable educational influence in Central New York.

In Nebraska he endeavored to build up the *Western World* and the *Lincoln Tribune*, giving both time and money to their aid, and contributing many valuable letters for publication. He was among the first to arrange a comprehensive plan for supplying the clergymen of the country with temperance books and papers. He donated a year's subscription to the *Lincoln Weekly Tribune* to every

clergyman who would send his name to the office of the paper.

The national temperance newspapers found him a warm friend, who never failed to urge the attention of the people to their claims. He desired that all of them should prosper and secure an extensive circulation.

He knew that his own speeches made a marked impression on the popular mind, and he regretted that he could not reach a wider audience. Encouraged by friends, he determined to gather his addresses into one volume, and send it out to the world.

Dr. A. J. Jutkins, who was put in charge of the work of distribution of the earlier editions of "*The People vs. the Liquor Traffic*," explains his connection with the book :

"During the autumn of 1882, Mr. Finch became impressed with the importance of a literary propaganda in the interest of prohibition, and also that the time had come for an effort in that direction. He conferred with Samuel D. Hastings, and the plans were adopted. Mr. Finch believed that if first-class prohibition literature were printed in an attractive form, a market would be found for it among temperance people. On February 12th, 1883, he asked me to attend to the sale of his book, '*The People vs. the Liquor Traffic*.' It came from the press February 27th. A correspondence had been in progress with prominent Good Templars, and a very gratifying interest was manifested in the volume. Its extraordinary ability was evident to all. So completely does it cover the ground of controversy that very little that is new has been added to what these lectures present. New illustrations and forms of presentation have been plentiful, but about all the argument may be

found here. Any man who masters this volume will be prepared to appreciate the prohibition contention.

“About twenty thousand copies of the book were circulated during the period from April 1st, 1883, to the present. Some were sold at retail, more at wholesale, to persons acting as agents; but the most were sold in lots of a thousand at bare cost to grand lodges. Many were given away. Doubtless the main purpose—that of teaching the truth on this question—was achieved, but the cost of getting the book into the hands of readers was too great in proportion to the price received, and the enterprise did not support itself financially so as to justify continued effort.

“An edition of the volume was issued in Canada from revised plates, but I am not advised as to the details of the effort.

“During the year 1887 Mr. Finch made another revision of the plates, and the book has been printed by J. N. Stearns, of 58 Reade Street, New York, and circulated quite extensively among Good Templars. This circulation is now in progress, and promises to become quite extensive, an impulse having been given by the fact of his death.”

Mr. Finch never asked, desired, or received any royalty from the publication of his speeches. He freely gave copies to persons and localities otherwise unable to procure them. Several large free distributions of the book were made in States from whence strong appeals came for copies to be used as campaign documents. Toward the expense of this distribution he always contributed liberally, glad to put the work in the hands of men who would give its propositions careful perusal and thought.

“Educate the people in the fundamental principles of the reform and they will vote right and act right,” Mr.

Finch often repeated. As the originator of the plans for a standing Committee on Literature in the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, and for several years chairman of that committee, he set in motion the forces which will make Good Templary one of the most thorough temperance schools ever established.

While acting at the head of this Literature Committee, he made out a list of the best publications of the National Temperance Society, and urged the membership to buy, read, study, and circulate the books.

He planned a Good Templar Chautauqua, and with the aid of other talented members, outlined a course of study which should teach temperance from the alphabet of the reform, all the way to the higher science and newest discovery.

He had nearly perfected plans for a great international Good Templar periodical, which should contain the weekly lessons of the "course of study" and other matter of interest to the Order. He designed to commence the publication with the new year. This journal he had determined to make a model of bright, newsy, instructive, "up-to-the-times" literature.

John N. Stearns, the energetic Secretary of the National Temperance Society, gives his views concerning Mr. Finch's relation to temperance literature in the following letter :

"Probably no man in this country had as clear and correct an estimate

of the curse and crime of liquor drinking and selling, and the steps and measures necessary to be taken for its destruction, as John B. Finch. From my first acquaintance with him till his death he always emphasized the great value and importance of an intelligent conviction on the part of the people that the drink was bad and the traffic evil, and only evil, and that continually.

“For many years he was a vice-president of the National Temperance Society, and took great interest in its educational work. He rightly estimated the value and importance of its non-partisan work as absolutely necessary to the creation of a right public sentiment among all classes of the community, a majority of which we must convince and convert, before our cause can triumph. At my last interview with him he dwelt more largely on the educational work, and I shall never forget how he said, ‘I feel like leaving all my other fields of labor and throwing all my life into the educational forces, which shall yet redeem this country.’ In November, 1880, writing from Lincoln, Neb., he said he desired to begin the work in that State on a solid basis, and wrote, ‘Send me one hundred copies of “Our Wasted Resources,” two hundred “Prohibitionists’ Text-Book,” and five hundred copies of Pitman’s “Alcohol and the State.”’ This was the beginning of a mighty work in that State. ‘Load up,’ he said to an immense audience at Silver Lake Assembly last summer, pointing to the books of the National Temperance Society, ‘that you may be able to meet and answer the sophistries and arguments of your opponents.’ And they loaded up.

“He read every temperance book and document that he could find, so that from the rich storehouse of his mind he could ‘draw things new and old,’ as they were needed. He arranged to send the ‘Catechism on Alcohol’ and other similar literature to every juvenile temple in this land free of charge, as an incentive and example for future work. He planned a ‘course of study’ for every Good Templar, so that in three years they could go through every phase of the question, and be fully ‘rooted and grounded’ in the faith. He had plans for every Grand and

District Lodge of Good Templars to take more earnest and systematic hold of the circulation of a sound temperance literature among the members, and had just commenced with the State of Wisconsin, where the Order heartily co-operated with him, and have circulated some seven thousand copies of the book of eleven speeches of Mr. Finch entitled 'The People *vs.* the Liquor Traffic.' Every State would do a good work for itself if it should follow the example. A book might be written of his thoughts and work on this line, but space forbids. He walks and talks no more on the earth, but his 'works do follow him.' May there be a multitude raised up who shall take up his life-work where he left it all too soon, and carry it on to a permanent and triumphant success."

The public work done by Mr. Finch, together with the large correspondence carried on by him, would have seemed sufficient to have occupied all his waking hours. Beyond this, however, he accomplished a vast amount of labor, of which little was known, even by his most intimate friends. This consisted in the preparation of innumerable newspaper paragraphs, furnished to most of the temperance and many of the political journals of the country. These appeared without his signature, often in the editorial columns.

Whenever he passed a day in any city where the local press attacked the temperance work or the workers and their methods, he quickly wrote a keen, concise, and sometimes scathing review of the editorial or correspondence and quietly furnished it for publication in some local newspaper willing to insert it and defend the cause of temperance.

When some great public event bearing directly or remotely upon the question of prohibition was being widely discussed, he would prepare several strong papers on the topic, showing its relations to the suppression of the liquor evil, and send these to as many temperance journals as could use them to the advantage of the work.

He had an agreement with some of the great daily newspapers of New York, Chicago, and other cities to furnish occasional letters delineating the conditions and progress of the work in the various States he visited.

No estimate can be formed of the aggregate amount of this kind of literary labor in the interest of prohibition which he performed, but from the little data at hand it would seem to have been surprisingly large.

The following letter from Walter Thomas Mills, Secretary of the National Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, adds to the evidence of the earnest desire of Mr. Finch to push prohibition work along the broadest educational lines :

“ My first acquaintance with John B. Finch, other than a passing introduction, was when in 1884 I had been made the subject of a malicious arrest, because I had driven a midnight mob from my home. Promptly came from Finch to my wife the following : ‘ If Mr. Mills is indicted I will defend him before the court without money and without price.’ The arrest came to nothing, but this note led to a fast personal friendship.

“ Again, when the college work in the interest of prohibition was placed in my hands, I found no more valued adviser or faithful helper than Mr. Finch. The plan of organization, the course of reading for

the American School of Politics, the series of contests, and the journal devoted to its interests were all subjects of frequent and helpful correspondence, or of personal consultation with him. His unselfish interest was well illustrated by a reply he made to a suggestion of mine—‘No, don’t put my name in your list of officers. Put the names of men widely known as educators to the front, but call on me for quiet help whenever there is need.’ And he was as good as his word. At different times he divided responsibilities with me in the work amounting to several hundred dollars.

“Finch had the greatest hope for good results from the course of reading in politics. He was a thorough believer in the doctrine that to advance a reform you must train up reformers, especially from the ranks of educated young men.”

Dr. Abbie A. Hinkle comments on the thorough education of Mr. Finch in all matters pertaining to his work :

“Our dear brother and worthy leader was a *scholar* in the broadest sense of the term. He stopped not at the surface, but penetrated into the depth of matters as time and circumstances would allow. He beautified and enriched his mind by a variety of useful information.

“He acquired a general, practical knowledge of most of the sciences, including medicine. His knowledge of anatomy, physiology, materia medica, and therapeutics proved happily useful in his valuable life-work in the temperance reform.

“He had a strong memory, and gave himself up to large and laborious reading, realizing that one science assists another by illustration and proof.”

CHAPTER XII.

POLITICAL LEADERSHIP.

A nature wise.

With finding in itself the types of all—
With watching from the dim verge of the time,
What things to be are visible in the gleams
Thrown forward on them from the luminous past—
Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
With reverence and with sorrow, and with love,
Broad as the world, for freedom and for men.

Lowell.

Such souls,

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.

Henry Taylor.

ALTHOUGH he was reared in a strongly Republican family, Mr. Finch's earliest political predilections were for the Democratic Party, but his allegiance to that party was never very strong.

In 1877 he was a regular delegate from Cortland County to the Prohibition Party State Convention which met at Utica, N. Y., August 15th. He was made chairman of

the Committee on Nominations, and took an active part in the deliberations of the convention.

Later in the same month he was the leading spirit in the convention of the Prohibition Party in his own county, and often expressed his conviction of the hopelessness of relief from the evils of the rum-shop through old political organizations.

Soon after his arrival in Nebraska the attention of the temperance world began to be concentrated on the constitutional amendment plan of securing prohibition through the old political parties. Misled by the hope that this new experiment would prove successful, he made no attempt to establish the Prohibition Party in that State.

For three years after becoming a citizen of Nebraska, he proclaimed himself a Democrat, and voted that ticket whenever he was at home on election day. Although he took no very active part in politics, he became quite intimately acquainted with the Democratic leaders, who looked upon him as a rising young man and marked him for advancement. It was intimated to him at different times that he might receive the nomination for important offices if he would indicate to Democratic managers his willingness to accept. This he never expressed nor felt. He far preferred his independent position as a private citizen, to any honors that a political party or civil office could confer.

In 1882, the fourth year of Mr. Finch's residence in Nebraska, the Democratic nominee for Governor was

J. Sterling Morton, a gentleman with whom he was well acquainted and on most friendly terms. The Democratic platform had squarely declared against "sumptuary" laws. Mr. Morton in his speeches gave the usual interpretation to this "plank," that it meant "no prohibition, no submission of prohibitory amendments."

Mr. Morton made a speech in the city of Lincoln, early in the campaign, in which he savagely attacked the principle of prohibition and ridiculed its projectors and defenders.

Mr. Finch at once wrote a challenge, which appeared in the daily papers the next morning, asking Mr. Morton to meet him in joint debate and defend the position he had assumed the previous evening, and declaring that such an attitude toward temperance legislation was un-Democratic and un-American.

To this challenge Mr. Morton replied, through the press, declining to meet Mr. Finch, and offering the flimsy excuse that Democrats should only discuss the issues of the hour with Republicans, and not with members of their own party.

Finding no opportunity was to be given him to meet the candidate in joint discussion, Mr. Finch ascertained the dates and places where Mr. Morton was to address the people, and made arrangements to follow immediately after him, and publicly expose the fallacies of his reasoning.

As is usually the case, the wily politicians of the old

political parties had nominated a few men on each ticket who might be deemed acceptable to the moral and temperance elements in their respective parties.

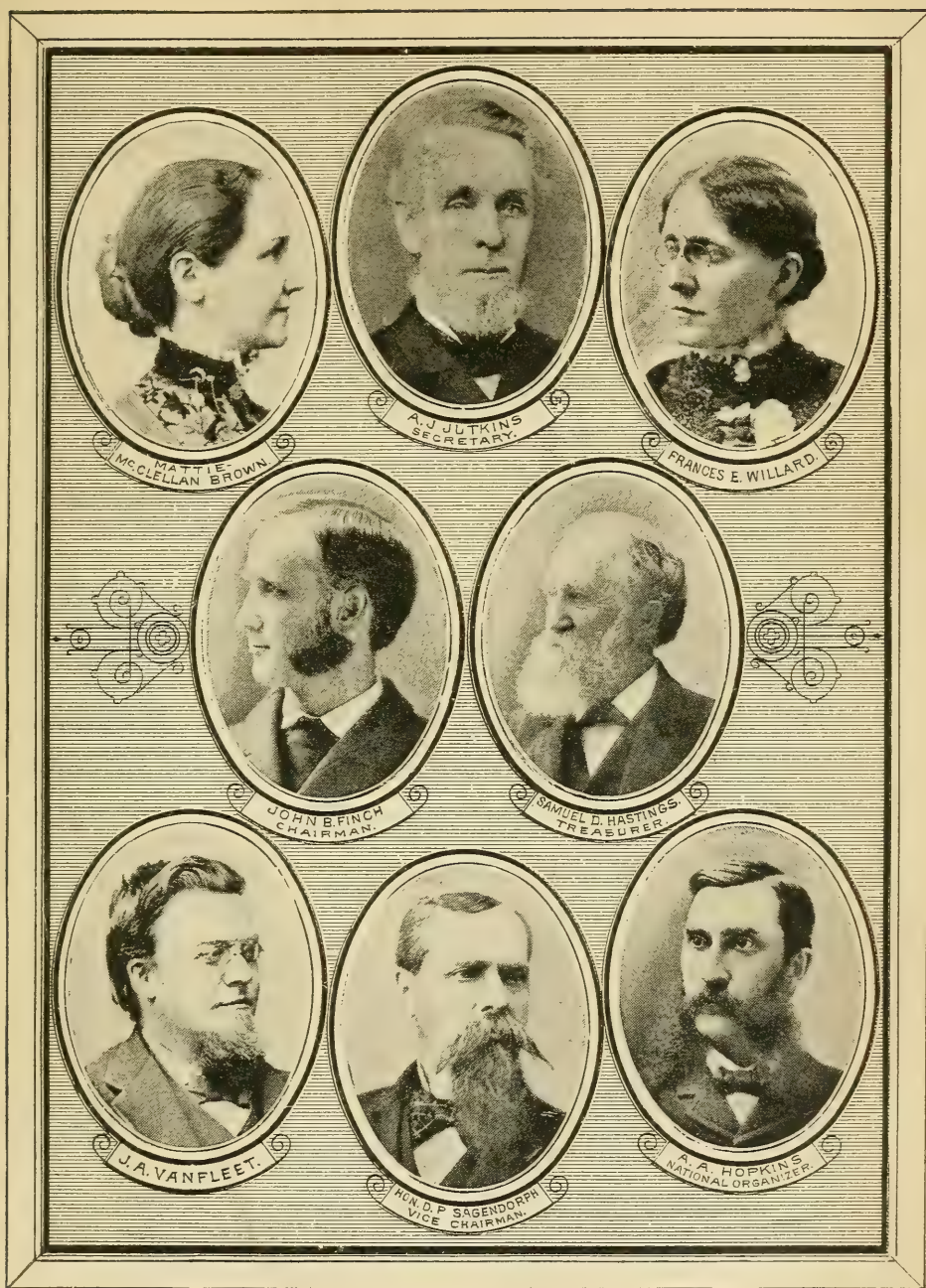
The Democrats had in Mr. Morton a candidate for Governor of irreproachable character, who nevertheless was willing to prostitute his convictions to the furtherance of his political ambitions. As a sort of nice balance between decency and shameless submission to their rum rulers, they had nominated a most ardent and outspoken friend of prohibition for the office of Lieutenant-Governor.

The Republicans nominated a man for Governor who was *supposed* to be friendly to measures for the submission of a prohibitory amendment, and whose profound silence concerning the question, before and after his nomination, left the public to believe whatever suited them best. To offset the effect of this nomination they selected as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor an open and pronounced friend of the saloons.

This was the last election at which Mr. Finch ever voted for any candidate of either the Republican or Democratic parties. He gave his ballot for the Republican candidate for Governor, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, and left the greater part of the remainder of the ticket blank.

On his way to the polling-place he said to Mr. Sibley :

“ Frank, you were right in 1877. There is no hope for our cause from either of the old political parties. After



NATIONAL PROHIBITION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

this year I shall take up the Prohibition Party work, and we must push it as it has never been pushed before, till it wins ; and it will, it must win."

Although he held no official position in the Prohibition Party, and probably had never thought of accepting any, he began early in 1884 to write long letters to personal friends throughout the Union, urging them to organize for the campaign.

In the Pittsburg Convention he was a master spirit, and when the National Committee was formed, it seemed that every eye turned toward him as the man most fit for the leadership of the campaign and for chairman of the committee.

Professor A. A. Hopkins, who was associated with him on the National Executive Committee, gives his estimate of Mr. Finch as a political leader :

"To the making of a successful politician there is essential a peculiar combination of qualities. Foresight, insight, will, tact, coolness, courage, good-fellowship, adaptiveness—these are some of the characteristics necessary if one would become a political leader, control his partisans, and win for the principle or the policy they espouse. All these qualities John B. Finch possessed, and some of them in a marked degree. His foresight was keen and far-reaching. He saw the vantage ground from a greater distance than those about him. He had the will to seize and occupy it, with sufficient tact and courage to accomplish the desired end.

"Mr. Finch watched the movements of other parties with sagacious care. He did not believe in trusting all to Providence. He considered it his duty to know what opposing leaders were doing, what they were getting ready to do. He diligently studied their personality, sought reli-

able knowledge of their places, kept open avenues of information in every way at his command. His good-fellowship aided him much in this regard. Leading Democrats and Republicans liked him, and often paid unconscious tribute to his companionable geniality through hints he swiftly caught and turned to quick account. He cultivated their acquaintance, while wearing an air of independent unconcern. He made them serve him often when they knew it not.

“It was Mr. Finch’s conviction that a new political party should as soon as possible make itself a *fact* factor in the political situation. A reformer, merely, with but the reformer’s instincts and ambitions, would have builded for his reform’s future without studying present effects. John B. Finch saw that prohibition’s future must take shape much as determined by the results of contention to-day. He was a reformer, plus a politician. As a politician he pushed this reform with an eye fixed on the effects. He did it far-seeingly, effectively, but not corruptly. That he rejoiced over Blaine’s defeat in New York was no doubt a fact ; but not for the reason that Democracy had won. For the Democratic Party he had no care, except in turn to beat it, or assist in beating it, as the sworn supporter of the saloon. But to make itself felt, the young Prohibition Party must be instrumental in defeating something, and the Republican Party stood fairly in its way. When beaten, that party vented its anger upon Governor St. John, and spent its vindictiveness upon Prohibitionists at large. Its entire course, for a year afterward, was such as to establish the Prohibition Party as a recognized factor in national politics, and to vindicate Mr. Finch’s political sagacity. Had Mr. Blaine carried New York, prohibition would have been laughed at, as was the George movement after last year’s election, and by no possibility could it have occupied public attention and commanded public respect as it has for three years past.

“It remains to be said that while Mr. Finch’s opponents recognized and feared his abilities as a political leader, his own followers had confidence in these, and trusted to his leadership. His will, his tact, his

courage, his companionship made powerful impression upon all. In all the States where our party is to-day the strongest, his counsel, his direction, were most eagerly sought. He had a keen sense of political perspective. He saw at a glance the relation of political things. Mentally alert, he could act with sure precision in an emergency. He had undoubting confidence in himself. If his insight were not equal to his foresight—and as to this I am not certain—his intuition, a twin quality, was rarely at fault, and uniformly served him well. He did not always care to exercise the tact he had, but it seldom failed him when called actively into play.

“As a political leader, Mr. Finch was barely becoming familiar with his own great resources, when he went down at the front. What he would have achieved, and how great our loss in losing him, speculation cannot make plain. He was ambitious for a great principle, ambitious to build a party which could and should establish that principle in government. Toward this end he did much—more, it may be, than even we can measure who knew him best and stood closest by his side. That he would have done far greater things no man can doubt whose contact with him was that of trusting intimacy. He had all essential qualities ; if only he could have been granted another decade of opportunity, how might his friends have marvelled and their foes have grown amazed !”

Eugene H. Clapp, of Boston, Most Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance of North America, alludes to the Pittsburg Convention in the following tribute :

“My intimate acquaintance with Hon. John B. Finch began before the Prohibition Convention at Pittsburg, in 1884. At that time we were thrown closely together on account of the similarity of our views in many matters which came before the convention. I recall distinctly the effort which was made to induce Governor St. John to accept the

nomination. Mr. Finch made confidants of myself and Brother Roberts of this city. Governor St. John had refused to accept the nomination, and if this fact had been known he could not have been nominated.

“I can recall, as though it happened to-day, standing at the telegraph window and writing the telegrams which said to Governor St. John, ‘We propose to use your name with or without your consent.’ I was very much struck with the persistency with which Mr. Finch pressed the nomination of Governor St. John.

“The marked characteristic of Mr. Finch was his persistency and courage in carrying out a purpose which seemed to him right, and which would advance the interest of the cause to which he devoted his life.

“About a year ago I invited him to take a sleigh ride on the Brighton Road. Most men would have given themselves up to the pleasure of the ride, dropping outside matters in the enjoyment of the hour. Not so with Mr. Finch. Nearly all the time while we were out he was impressing upon my mind the importance of the coming battles for constitutional prohibition in Michigan, Texas, West Virginia, and Oregon, asking my ideas on the subject, to see what help I could give him in the different States. We planned to send five thousand copies of his speeches into Tennessee and Texas. He so interested me that it was with difficulty I controlled my horses. Yet even while discussing matters of such moment, he would laugh heartily at some grotesque figure and sight, and within the moment pass to the consideration of questions connected with his life-work.

“No one could associate with him without seeing his earnestness and devotion to his work. One of my last meetings with him was at Silver Lake Camp-Meeting in 1887. I remember his look of surprise and his pleasant smile and hearty grasp of the hand as he met and greeted myself and wife. I recall the long conversation on the piazza in connection with matters where the two organizations over which we presided were brought into conflict, and some matters which were perplexing both of us.

"I never knew a man who could laugh more heartily than he, and who seemed to enjoy the witticisms of other public speakers. At one meeting at Silver Lake Mr. Critchfield made a speech following that of Mr. Finch. The peculiar words and grotesque sayings of Mr. Critchfield convulsed Mr. Finch, and his hearty laughter could be heard all over the camp ground ; so magnetic was it that it seemed to lead the entire audience of five thousand people with him. I shall never forget the last grasp of his hand as he stepped into the car on leaving me at Silver Lake, and his earnest words in regard to the future.

"His common method of greeting a friend was to take him by the arm and walk closely by his side, and his magnetic pressure and presence was indicative of his good-fellowship. In my home he was as free as though it was his own ; the children loved to welcome him, and, I think, felt that he was as dear as though attached to them by ties of blood. The kindness of his nature, the warmth of his welcome, and the pleasantness of his words will never be forgotten by those who enjoyed his personal friendship. He was seldom discouraged by adverse circumstances. When I uttered words indicating that possibly I thought the fight was too great for us, he would tell me not to be disheartened."

In the campaign of 1884 Mr. Finch did double duty. He could not be spared from the platform, and his keen perceptions were constantly needed to shape the field work, so that he was compelled to make long journeys to New York or Chicago to look over correspondence and keep close watch of daily developments.

By taking trains at the close of his lectures and riding at night he was able to travel long distances to headquarters, and after superintending the details of the campaign return to his field work with the loss of very little time. Several

times after an evening speech he rode from some point in the western part of the State, to New York City, reaching there in the early morning, spending part of the day in consultation with other members of the committee, and leaving in the afternoon in time to fill an appointment in another State.

Handicapped by lack of funds, he was unable to carry into execution all the plans that suggested themselves to his busy brain, but he patiently and heroically pushed forward, making the most of the limited means and facilities at his disposal, and when the campaign closed he was surprised at the results.

Immediately after the election he sent a telegram from New York to the Chicago *Daily News*, in which he said that the Prohibition Party had beaten the Republicans, and would now bend its efforts to the defeat of the Democratic Party in 1888 or 1892.

This telegram was widely copied, and aroused a furious storm of indignation among the leaders of the defeated party. A few Prohibitionists regretted the precipitation of the exasperating telegram at a time when the political passions of men were at fever heat.

The following letter, of date November 24th, in answer to a friend who had criticised him for sending the message, indicates his purpose in it, and the keen foresight which inspired it :

“ The Republicans are terribly mad, but their anger will

cool when they realize that they could not win this time without us, and certainly cannot in 1888.

“I disliked to send out the telegram, and yet it was necessary. If it had not been done they would have denied in less than two years that we were of any importance in settling the election. By provoking their attack on us now I have compelled them to admit and put on record that we are a political power. The only thing for us to do is to keep a ‘stiff upper lip’ and say : ‘We offered you our votes at your Chicago Convention, but you would not take them.’”

In November and December after the election, the *Philadelphia Press*, followed by the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, *Iowa State Register*, and a host of smaller journals, more partisan than honest, assailed the prohibition candidate, Governor St. John, with a series of the most malignant slanders ever published against a public man. Governor St. John promptly denied every charge in the most sweeping and comprehensive terms, and challenged proof. The Republican newspapers in almost every instance refused to publish this denial, the papers originating the slander being foremost among the number declining to do justice. Clarkson, of the Republican National Committee, admitted that he desired to bribe St. John, and said to a reporter of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* :

“I had no doubt it would be right to defeat the Democratic Party by the use of this false and treacherous means if it could be done.”

Clarkson was finally forced, by the repeated denials of his slanders, to announce that Legate, of Kansas, was his only witness.

On the publication of Legate's name in connection with the slanders, Mr. Finch telegraphed him, and upon receipt of his reply sent the following letter to the *Voice* :

“ BOSTON, MASS., January 19.

“ J. F. Legate has for years been one of the most prominent Republicans of Kansas, member of the Republican State Committee and of the Legislature. He is one of the best stump speakers in Kansas, and in this way was intimately associated with St. John. He now completely vindicates St. John, and says he (Legate) was simply acting as the agent of the Republican National Committee, to bribe St. John. The press here having quoted him as saying he represented St. John and the Prohibition Committee in the bribery business, I wired him, and have just received this reply :

“ ‘ LEAVENWORTH, KAN., January 18.

“ ‘ I have never said any such thing to anybody, at any time, nor is there any truth in the assertion.

“ ‘ JAMES F. LEGATE.’

“ Clarkson, by introducing Legate, has convicted himself and the Republican National Committee of vile political corruption. Call for Clarkson's books now, and let the people know if he did buy any Prohibitionists, and what he paid for them. In this way we may possibly get an explanation of some of the letters written for Blaine during the last campaign. A viler plot to induce a man to betray his followers was never concocted by political rascals than this attempt to buy St. John, and now we want to know how much Clarkson did pay for those he induced to attempt to betray their friends.

“ We have the Republican National Committee convicted of an attempt

to bribe, and we must now file a bill of discovery for all letters, telegrams, receipts, and accounts of disbursements of the bribery department of the National Republican Committee.

“JOHN B. FINCH,

“*Chairman Prohibition National Committee.*”

The following day he sent an open letter to Clarkson, a copy of which appeared in the Chicago *Daily News* and many other newspapers :

“BOSTON, MASS., January 20, 1885.

“Clarkson, superintendent of the bribery department of the Republican National Committee, having charged St. John with fraud, the evidence was demanded. He called his witness. The witness vindicated St. John. Clarkson now impeaches his own witness, and wants St. John to sue Clarkson for political libel in the Republican State of Iowa. He has evidently taken Blaine’s opinion that a judgment cannot be recovered where party politics are involved, and so, instead of owning that he was played as a sucker by Legate, and that he lied about St. John, tries the game of bluff. By this he admits that he has no evidence to convict St. John, and wants St. John to help convict himself. With your permission I want to ask this head of the bribery department a few questions :

“Is Legate the only witness you can produce against St. John ?

“Does Legate tell the truth when he says he was Clarkson’s agent ?

“Legate being your witness, are you not either to take his testimony or stand branded as a man who introduced a liar to prove his case ?

“Legate having vindicated St. John, are you not bound to take the testimony of your own witness, and as an honest man apologize ?

“Have you or your friends a letter or telegram direct from St. John ?

“Have you a letter or telegram that purports to be signed by him ?

“When was this attempt to break down the Prohibition Party first discussed in your committee ?

“ How much money was set aside for the purpose of bribing the prohibition leaders ?

“ What prohibition leader did you first attempt to reach ?

“ Will you publish your entire correspondence with different Prohibitionists ?

“ Will you give the public a detailed statement of the money spent by your committee ?

“ Does Mr. McCullagh tell the truth when he says you agreed to pay St. John \$25,000 ?

“ Do you regard it an honorable thing to attempt to bribe a candidate to betray his followers ?

“ Would honorable men listen to the propositions of a traitor to betray honest men and women ?

“ Why did you consort with Legate ?

“ Did you intend to buy St. John if you could get him cheap enough ?

“ Is not a man who will listen to and help arrange a plot to bribe, as vile and mean as a man who accepts a bribe ?

“ Did you not know that you stated a falsehood when you said St. John left Ohio to keep his contract with you ?

“ Is not a man who will enter into a plot to bribe and then betray the confidential communications of his agent, as you did Legate's, a dishonorable man ?

“ If placed on the National Committee in 1888, will you attempt to buy the prohibition candidate ?

“ Will you at once publish all evidence you have in this whole matter, with a detailed statement of the amount paid the ‘ New York Temperance Assembly,’ and those who wrote letters for Blaine ?

“ JOHN B. FINCH.”

To these sharp interrogations neither Clarkson nor his fellow-conspirators ever made reply, and the slander has since peacefully slumbered.

In the three active years that followed the election of 1884 Mr. Finch participated in many State and local campaigns, and was the trusted counsellor and adviser of the Prohibition Party leaders in all parts of the Union.

Fred. F. Wheeler, Chairman of the New York Prohibition State Committee, expresses his opinion of the value of the services of Mr. Finch, and describes the ovation he received upon his appearance in the State Convention in August of 1887.

“In my judgment he was not only the ablest of the temperance orators of this country, but by his speeches, oral and printed, he revolutionized the line of thought and argument of nearly all the others.

“His ability as a political leader was never fairly tested, notwithstanding the fact that he achieved some notable and brilliant victories.

“Could he have been Chairman of the National Committee when ours had become one of two leading parties, when quick planning and brilliant execution on a large scale would be required, we should have seen what power he had. Could he have lived to be elected to Congress a few years hence, with a fair number of fellow Congressmen of his political faith as co-workers, he would have distinguished himself as a statesman.

“At our State Convention held in Syracuse August 27th, 1887, he was honored as no other man has ever been in a similar body. Alhambra Hall was packed with a body of intelligent people. The conscientious, thinking representatives of the thirty-six thousand Prohibitionists of the Empire State and many of the best citizens of Syracuse were there. The Poughkeepsie Brass Band, composed entirely of Prohibitionists, had played several popular airs. The Silver Lake Quartet sang some of their soul-stirring songs, which aroused the interest and enthusiasm of the vast audience to a wonderful degree. After prayer the chairman, in

a few appropriate remarks, introduced 'Our National Leader, John B. Finch.' Instantly the applause broke forth, and as Mr. Finch came forward it grew louder and louder. Ladies' handkerchiefs fluttered in the air, the vast audience arose as one man, while hats, umbrellas, parasols, and handkerchiefs were waving vigorously, and the band played 'See, the conquering hero comes.' As the band concluded the applause subsided.

"During this excitement, which stirred and thrilled all who witnessed it, Mr. Finch stood motionless in that familiar attitude with his hand resting on his chin and head bowed low.

"As the applause subsided and he remained motionless a moment, some one called out, 'What's the matter with Finch?' and a chorus of a thousand voices responded lustily, 'HE'S ALL RIGHT.' Then came a new outburst of applause, nearly as long and as hearty as the preceding hurricane had been. He began his speech slowly, and in a low tone said he had just come from the Pennsylvania State Convention, and was exceedingly tired. He did not warm up to his work as quickly as usual, and some who had heard him often, were fearful, knowing he was overworking; but after a half hour he began to launch forth those ponderous arguments in thunderous tones, with those powerful gestures that his superb physical development enabled him to make, and we realized that 'Finch was himself once more.' October 5th I received a letter from him, which had been delayed *en route*, in which he said: 'I will rest on the 15th and 16th.' Little did he think when he penned those words that when those dates arrived he would have gone to 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.' His death but increases the duties of those who are left. I freely confess that I have done and shall do my humble part with more intelligence and greater zeal than if I had never known John B. Finch."

From the large number of tributes to his merit as a party leader, a few only can be given, but these reflect the sentiment of hundreds of others:

“ John B. Finch was the leader of the prohibition army in its war against the rum power of this nation. He was the right man in the right place, a profound reasoner, an eloquent speaker, and a consummate organizer. The astonishing progress that has been made in the cause of prohibition is greatly due to his industry, energy, and talents. His name will be embalmed in the history of his country with that of Lincoln and others like him.”—*Hon. James Baker, ex-Chief Justice of Missouri.*

“ If we did not believe in Providence, and that the Prohibition Party is under the special care and guidance of God, in whose name its banner has been unfurled, we should be greatly discouraged by Mr. Finch's death. But He who has called this brilliant commander from the field of battle to receive the crown of victory will not fail to provide a substitute qualified to fill the vacant place.”—*New York Weekly Witness.*

“ I regard John B. Finch, our beloved Prohibition Party leader and my dear personal friend, as the best equipped, bravest, most skilful and successful advocate of prohibition, the cause has ever had in this or any other country. He combined in a very remarkable manner, faultless, irresistible logic, with the most persuasive and convincing eloquence. He made more converts to the Prohibition Party by his masterly addresses than any other one has done who has risen up among us. A recent illustration of his wonderful power was seen in the great success of his efforts at our prohibition camp-meeting in 1887 at Glyndon Park.

“ With rare endowments of mind, he very happily combined the most tender, generous, and noble impulses of heart. Socially, he was one of the most easy, affable, and genial companions. He seemed naturally to attract and attach people to him. To know him was to love him.

“ He had a keen insight into human nature, and was a born leader. Take him, all in all, I fear we shall never see his like again.”—*Hon. William Daniel, Baltimore, Md.*

"I considered John B. Finch to be a man of superior intellect and most conscientious devotion to duty. His last engagements of four nights were made for him by me, when he was weary and needed rest ; but he came to fill them, and while he was thus seeking to do his work and save the people from disappointment, he was suddenly called home. The temperance people of Massachusetts knew him well, esteemed him highly, and none could feel his loss more keenly."—*Frank P. Dyer, Secretary Massachusetts Prohibition State Committee.*

"By universal consent John B. Finch was a great leader of men. He came into the first place among the goodly company of temperance reformers, as Washington came into command of the Continental Army, by magnificent fitness. Elevated and steady in his purposes, of broad sympathies and keen insight into the causes of events, he everywhere won hearts to his cause and commanded the respect of those within the circle of his influence, whether they agreed with him or not.

The loss of such a man at such a time is one of those inscrutable Providences which another world must unfold to our understanding."—*J. B. Gambrell, Editor of the Sword and Shield, Jackson, Miss.*

"He was the greatest man in his chosen field in the world. As leader of the Prohibition Party, he proved himself not only a statesman, but a politician of the very highest order of ability. He was brave, fearless, honest, and true, and had no superior as a statesman in this country. Noble, generous, pure—a Christian and a nobleman—the name of John B. Finch will live as long as there are patriots to commemorate in song and story the grand achievements and noble deeds of the century's greatest hero."—*J. B. Cranfill, Editor of Waco (Texas) Advance.*

"Mr. Finch was strong, yet tender ; bold, but sympathetic ; logical, at the same time sweet. Honest in every fibre, he hated hypocrisy and shuffling. Knowing well the corruption and the corrupter of our politics, he knew also the elements of complete purification. Remembering that character is the development of principles, he labored eloquently

to sow the seeds of a better harvest. Rightly judging this generation, he wanted to improve the next."—*Rev. A. A. Miner, Boston, Mass.*

"He was born to lead, and could not bear the thought of lagging. His influence will prove a lasting power for good in the cause he so nobly represented. His clear perception of the political rights and duties of the citizen, as brought out in his lectures and writings, has had and will ever have a far-reaching influence upon American thought and action. The name of John B. Finch will yet stand out as one of the brightest and best in American history."—*Allen B. Lincoln, Editor of Connecticut Home.*

The following letters and paragraphs from men and newspapers bitterly hostile, politically, to Mr. Finch show the impress of his genius upon his adversaries. George Hoadly writes :

"I was introduced to John B. Finch when I was Governor of Ohio, and a candidate for re-election. Mr. Finch was on the stump for the prohibition cause, to which I was earnestly opposed. I saw but little of him, but the little that I did see, and the much that I heard, gave me a very exalted opinion of his high and noble character. His ambition was lofty, and his spirit was large and generous. I entirely disagreed with him in opinion. I did not believe the method in which he sought to treat the subject of temperance to be the true method. I believe in the utility of fermented vinous and spirituous liquors as beverages when taken in moderation, and that the world would be much worse off if prohibition could succeed. Therefore I was the enemy of his opinions, and met him as such ; but I was attracted to him by finding that we had common sentiments on other subjects, and that the object and end and aim of his life was one in which I was in thorough sympathy—the elevation of the down-trodden and oppressed, the reform of the degraded,

and the assistance of all to better self-control. He sought the result in a way which did not seem to me wise or practicable, but he sought it by noble, open, and persuasive methods, such as compelled the respect of those who, like myself, differed from him.

"I looked forward to very great success to be achieved by him, for I have felt certain for years that the Republican Party has outlived its usefulness, and that the Prohibition Party would take its place, and that Mr. Finch had earned the place of leader of this great movement."

The *Journal*, of Syracuse, Neb., says :

"The news of the sudden death of Hon. John B. Finch came like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky to the people of Nebraska ; for whatever were the feelings of hostility toward him as a political agitator, he was universally respected as a man, and his superior ability as an orator and organizer was freely conceded.

"Disagreeing with him in many things, we still admire his genius, his indomitable perseverance, restless energy, and wonderful organizing abilities. In the political arena we recognized him as a knightly foe man worthy the most highly tempered steel."

George C. King, publisher of the Perry (N. Y.) *Herald*, writes to the *Voice* :

"Though of different political faith from the late John B. Finch, I am one of the many in this section who were deeply shocked at the news of his sudden death, and I cannot forbear offering a word of tribute to one whom I deemed a very high type of manliness and public ability. His face and speech were familiar to the audiences that have met year by year at the Silver Lake Assembly, near this place ; and though in this Republican stronghold he drew upon himself a storm of hostile comment by his bold and caustic arraignment of the old parties, yet he was always sure of plenty of listeners and of a respectful hearing on the

part of the more thoughtful. With me, I confess, it was a case of 'almost thou persuadest.' His image is indelibly stamped in the memory—

“ ‘ An eye of light, a forehead pure and free ;
Strength as of streams, and grace as of the wave.’

Such a commanding personality, such superb power, can it be that they are stricken out ?”

CHAPTER XIII.

HOME LIFE.

The best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Wordsworth.

MR. FINCH loved home. In his frequent long absences he was constantly "counting the days" that must elapse ere his return. The desire for home life grew stronger each year. The praise of the multitude, the tender kindness of friends everywhere manifest, comforting though it was, never filled his heart with that supreme content that he gathered from the few days at home.

The first housekeeping began in the spring of 1879, in Lincoln, Neb. In all the details of the household labor he took the keenest interest, and most cheerfully gave his aid. He never held the false notion that "woman's sphere" is domestic drudgery and that a man must not share this toil, but must devote himself wholly to other departments of work.

When Mrs. Finch had household tasks to perform he insisted upon relieving her of the more burdensome. On one occasion, when Mrs. Finch had no "help," he returned

home and found her engaged with the weekly "washing." He knew that she was not well when he left home, and feared the results of such severe work. Instantly taking off his coat and cuffs, he said gently :

"Puss, you must not do that. I will finish the washing."

He applied himself to the work, and after completing it hung the clean garments on the line and put the wash-room in order.

His mechanical ingenuity was great. He thoroughly understood the construction of all kinds of machinery, from an egg-beater to a locomotive. Whenever the sewing-machine, or any other household implement was broken he would repair it with little expenditure of time or trouble.

Whenever Mrs. Finch was without a servant, he swept the floors and dusted, brought water, kindled fires, carried out ashes, replenished the coal-box, and gave aid in all the housework. This was the practice of his whole life. He had helped his mother in the same way during his boyhood.

Of his mother he wrote in his diary, April 21st, 1881, the single mournful line : "Mother died. She made me all I am."

Soon after he rented his first house and began to realize the meaning of a "home of his own," he came in contact with a wild and reckless young man, about whom the father and mother were constantly filled with the keenest anxiety. Mr. Finch took the young man to his home and out into

the field where he was lecturing, employing him in selling temperance books and circulating temperance newspapers, hoping to influence him to sobriety and honesty. He continued caring for the young man for some months, never afterward losing sight of or interest in him. The boy in time became a sober, industrious business man.

A source of great enjoyment to him in his home was the entertainment of friends. His cordial invitations to his intimate acquaintances to come to his house and spend a day or a week with him, were always heartfelt.

Mr. Finch loved all children. He could enter most heartily into their sports, and appreciated with warmest sympathy all their joys and sorrows. For the homeless ones he felt the tenderest compassion, and in his great, warm heart there was room for every one left desolate.

Sometimes he would return to his home and say to Mrs. Finch :

“ I saw a child to-day that I would like to adopt.”

He loved to talk to children, and he never failed to catch their attention and arouse their interest. He talked about the little world in which their lives revolved, and they entered into conversation with him with all the easy familiarity of old acquaintance.

In November, 1879, a new attraction came to his home life. Little John D. Finch was born on the twenty-first day of that month. When the little son was presented to him he took him in his arms, and looking proudly into the

face of his wife he exclaimed : “ I am the happiest man in Lincoln.” From the hour of his birth the boy was a source of never-failing delight and pride to the fond father.

“ Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

“ For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

“ Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.”

When “ the baby,” as his papa always called him, was only five weeks old, Mr. Finch said to the mother :

“ You must get into the fresh air. Go out for a walk while I take care of ‘ baby.’ ”

Mrs. Finch would not have left the child alone with a nurse, but feeling perfectly secure in putting him in the hands of Mr. Finch, she began taking daily exercise. One evening he suggested that his wife should go to an entertainment. She objected, but he insisted, and she went. On her return late in the evening she found him walking the floor to quiet the baby, and laughing as though it had been a pleasant joke.

Mrs. Finch had always been identified with the movement for woman suffrage in Nebraska, and was a member of the Executive Committee of the State Suffrage Association. When "little John" was two years old the annual State Suffrage Convention was held in Kearney. Mrs. Finch desired to attend, but felt unable to go away from home for three days and take her "baby."

Learning of this from some remark of hers, Mr. Finch said :

"I can be at home during the session of your convention. You go, and I will gladly stay at home with the boy."

The arrangement was accordingly made, and Mrs. Finch attended the convention. On her return he met her at the railroad station with the boy in his arms, and laughingly told an acquaintance, as she stepped from the train, that his wife was just returning from a woman suffrage convention and he had been staying at home for three days to take care of the baby.

Whenever he was obliged to be absent on long lecture tours, he was always greatly concerned for the welfare of the family at home, and repeatedly urged his wife to invite a favorite aunt to live with her for a companion.

Home was never forgotten in the hurry and care of his many journeys. Whenever he found a new, interesting, and valuable book he bought and sent it home to Mrs. Finch.

He loved beautiful things, and his artistic eye culled the best. He sent many pictures to wife and boy, the last one to Mrs. Finch, the etching "La Source."

On his return home he would open his valise and say to his dear ones as he handed them some present or souvenir, "I thought you would like this."

When Mrs. Finch accompanied him in his long journeys he always made an effort to reach all points of interest on the way, visiting famous resorts and viewing fine scenery, delighting in his wife's appreciation of the beauties of nature that he loved so well.

He had several urgent requests to visit England, Africa, and Australia in the interest of the work, but never was willing to go without Mrs. Finch and "the baby," whose care he loved to share with the mother.

One night he gave an address to a great audience in Richmond, Va. Mrs. Finch was to follow with a reading. She said to him: "I cannot take care of John while I go upon the platform." Mr. Finch said: "I will take him to our room." To do this it was necessary to take the sleeping boy in his arms and carry him down the crowded aisle to the door. As he threaded his way through the crowd a tumultuous cheer rose from the assembled multitude.

Mr. Finch never wore ornaments, though he often received presents of valuable jewels, and sometimes purchased jewelry for his wife. He sent her a brooch from Boston

at one time when too busy to write a long letter, engraved with the single word "Mizpah." This talisman Mrs. Finch has greatly prized because of the mystic significance : "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

Miss Gertrude Cushman, Past Right Grand Worthy Superintendent of Juvenile Temples, paints the following pleasant picture of the home life of Mr. Finch as she saw it :

"Of the few days it was his privilege to spend with those he loved, every moment that was not devoted to the 'world's work' was spent caring for the lawns, garden vases, and the thousand and one things that love always prompts the hand to do ; not alone to outside things, but he gave the finishing stroke to fall house-cleaning, beating rugs, etc.

"After a busy day at the desk, our handsome leader, the boy John, and the dog Tasso, with much laughter and frolic placed a rug upon the line for cleaning.

"I can never forget the beautiful picture of the autumnal sun deepening the grass-plot into the loveliest emerald green, the happy face of the father, the sparkling eyes of the son, the silken Newfoundland, the soft coloring of the Persian rug harmonizing with all.

"A little apart from the others, the wife and mother standing with a smile of love beaming from every feature.

"The first stroke is given and the line breaks, which causes fresh bursts of laughter from all. The rug is raised, and again the line breaks. The disaster is treated as the greatest joke imaginable. A third time the rug is hung, and again the line breaks. Not a cloud flits over the sunny face of the husband and father, but with the smile we all so well remember hovering around his mouth, he says : 'Puss, isn't this too much for flesh and blood to bear?'

“ The good wife enters the house, returning with a stronger line, and the work is completed.

“ This is a living exemplification of patience.

“ The evening meal is eaten, spiced with repartee, and the twilight hour is spent in entertaining conversation led by the genial host.

“ The miniature John asks for a story, which is told ; a romp follows, until he is carried away on his father's shoulder, and we hear the softly breathed ‘ Now I lay me,’ and see this strong man carefully lift the little white-robed figure in his arms and place him on his couch. He pauses a moment, with all the love and tenderness of a mother illuminating his face.

“ Never was paternal love more developed or more rounded out.

“ Never, in his grandest achievements upon the platform, was our leader and chieftain so marvellously grand as in the performance of these little duties too sacred to be entrusted to hireling hands. Always happy, and never more so than when rendering service to make others equally happy, it can truly be said he was

“ ‘ A man who dared to think, to live,
To act true to his soul's divinest light,
And to the world impulses give
For truth and right.’ ”

At one time when Mr. Finch expected to spend Sunday in Detroit, and had not time to reach home and return to his appointment, he wrote Mrs. Finch to come to that city to meet him, and was much disappointed at not finding her there. On his return home he asked the reason, and when informed that she had used the money that the trip would have cost in temperance work for Chicago he was satisfied, and praised the self-denial.

In his diaries there is always an entry at some time in December : “ Purchased Christmas presents for loved ones at home.”

One Christmas he gave Mrs. Finch a fine set of Dickens’s works ; on another an elegantly bound and illustrated Longfellow. Books were his favorite gifts. In September of 1887, as though in preparation for his absence at the coming Yule-tide, he sent Mrs. Finch her present, a beautiful white plush album of Christmas cards.

After his purchase of an unimproved half section of Nebraska land, he became much interested in developing it. He employed a farmer who owned land adjoining to plough and put a portion of the farm in cultivation. He bought tree seed and sent it to him for planting, had hedges and fruit-trees set out, fences built, and other improvements made. He said concerning “ the farm :” “ If I break down in my work and lose my health, I can go to work on the farm and recover my strength, and I want to improve it so as to make it home-like.”

After purchasing the home in Evanston he seemed even more interested in adorning and beautifying it than he had in the farm. On his “ rest days” he would often work for hours improving the lawns, clearing away leaves, or attending to flowers. In dry summer weather he kept the grass sprinkled, so that it remained as green as in spring-time throughout the whole season. When he had not time to attend to the details of this work he employed a man to do



THE HOME AT EVANSTON, ILL.

it, but whenever possible he greatly preferred to perform the labor.

On leaving home he always said to Mrs. Finch, "Take good care of the lawn and the flowers."

"Little John" was a source of infinite delight to his father. He was never cross or impatient with the boy, and was always ready to take him on his journeys whenever it was practicable. The attachment between father and son was mutual. The boy idolized his father.

As the child was necessarily much alone, having no brother or sister for a playmate, his father thought a large dog would be a pleasing companion. He accordingly purchased in New York a thoroughbred Newfoundland puppy, and brought him home in a basket. Little John had been promised this present, and when his father took the dog from the basket, the lad looked at the animal for a long time, and finally looking up into his father's face, said very soberly : "He'll do."

While the family were all absent from home for a few days the following summer, the dog was shot. On his return Mr. Finch treated the wounded dog and entirely cured him. During another absence the dog was poisoned. The child was very much grieved, and his father helped him to bury his canine friend, and comforted him as no one else could have done.

Mr. Finch loved to tell of the pranks of his boy, and of his bright acts and sayings.

The boy's memory of localities was excellent. When only four years old he was absent from home with his mother for three months. Upon their return to Lincoln, he ran ahead of his parents and found his own home, though it was in the centre of a row of houses built exactly alike.

Travelling with his father and mother through different cities, he always remembered the locations of the hotels, and never was lost when alone in the streets.

When John was a little more than five years old his mother employed a servant girl, who became ill with a headache, and went home on the same day she commenced work. Mrs. Finch was very weary and sat down, saying :

“ John, your mamma is very tired, and must rest. I ought to have a girl to help me.”

John had sometime passed an intelligence office, and some one had explained the business to him. While his mother rested, he started for an office, and said to the agent in charge :

“ My name is John Finch. My mamma wants a good girl right away, one that don't have headache.”

As a result of this order, Mrs. Finch soon secured an excellent servant, who remained with her for more than two years.

Little John has a very observing and inquiring mind. He asks about the things he does not understand, and insists upon a full explanation. His father had always taken delight in gratifying his curiosity to the fullest extent.



John D. Finch.

No doubt he had sometime explained to the child the sad cause—the loss of parents—which often sends the newsboys on the street to earn their living.

Upon the receipt of the news that his father was no more, which was told him by a boy on the street, little John was completely stunned, and could scarcely stand ; recovering himself he went bravely on to school, where he remained till sent for by his mother, when he hurried home, and rushing to his mother's room, exclaimed :

“ My papa is dead, and I've got to sell papers now.”

The next day he gathered a quantity of old fruit baskets that had accumulated in the basement during the summer, and sold them on the street, bringing the money received for them to his mother, with the words :

“ See here, ma, I have got fifteen cents.”

“ Where did you get it ?” asked his mother.

“ I got all those old peach baskets and took them around to the grocery stores and sold them. We didn't want them any more.”

“ Now, John,” said Mrs. Finch, “ I do not like that. Do not do anything of the kind again.”

The child looked troubled by this reply, and said in justification of his business transactions :

“ Well, mamma, I knew I'd got to do something to earn money to take care of you.”

One night while Mr. Finch's body was lying in the house, John said to Mrs. Sibley :

“That ain’t my father down there in the casket.”

“No,” was the answer; “that is only what was earthly of your father.”

“Does anybody know anything about heaven?” was the next question.

“Yes, we know what the Bible tells us.”

“How do we know God wrote the Bible?”

After Mrs. Sibley had explained the inspiration of the Scriptures, with which he was familiar, he said: “Yes, I know all about that,” and continued, “My father was a great man, wasn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“Do you suppose I’ll ever be as great a man as my father was?”

“I hope so, John,” answered Mrs. Sibley.

“I don’t know yet what I’ll do when I get to be a man,” continued the boy. “Do you suppose my father will tell me what to do from heaven? Mamma thinks he will. I’ve got to do something to earn money, and I’ve got to decide pretty quick what I shall do when I am a man.”

Owing to the utter prostration of Mrs. Finch, it was necessary for every person in attendance to refrain from any manifestation of the all-pervading grief. Without being warned by any one, little John restrained all his feelings while in the presence of his mother. One day he said to Mr. Sibley:

“ I have to cry sometimes. I can’t help it, but I don’t let mamma see me, because I have to be careful of her ; she can’t stand it.”

No doubt the father and husband, from beyond the bounds of mortality, is watching tenderly over wife and child, and would whisper to their souls :

“ Weep not for me ;
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven’s bounty lends,
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

“ I still am near ;
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.”

Mrs. Finch began very early to read Bible lessons to her child. He became much interested, and desired to read them for himself, liking the Psalms so well that he asked his mother in November, after the loss of his father, to buy him a separate volume of the songs of David. As he seemed so much in earnest, she decided to give him the book with his Christmas presents, but said nothing to him. Receiving no definite reply to his repeated requests, and having no spending money of his own at that time, the boy

thought he must secure the coveted volume by his own exertions. Accordingly, he made a wager with a boy who owned a book of Psalms, to run a race with him for the book. He won the race, and triumphantly marched home with his prize. His mother induced him to return it, and on Christmas he received the much-desired volume.

Mrs. Finch was reared in a Universalist family. At eighteen she became interested in the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which she afterward united.

Mr. Finch always attended the same church with his wife from a natural preference, but he did not unite with the church until February 9th, 1886, soon after his removal to Evanston.

His whole public work was full of practical piety, but he detested pretence and sham. He never made any display of his professions, but quietly observed the duties of a Christian life.

“In such righteousness,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification toward God, and peace
Of conscience.”

CHAPTER XIV.

INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

God measures souls by their capacity
For entertaining His best angel, Love ;
Who loveth most is nearest kin to God,
Who is all love, or nothing.

He who sits
And looks out on the palpitating world,
And feels his heart swell in him large enough
To hold all heaven within it, he is near
His great Creator's standard.

What God wants of us
Is that outstretching bigness that ignores
All littleness of aims, or loves, or creeds,
And clasps all earth and heaven in its embrace.

Ella Wheeler.

IN the life of every man there are many minor events, bearing no intimate relation to the stronger currents of his existence, and yet making vivid impressions on the minds of observers. The memory of such events often outlives the recollection of date, or place, or surrounding circumstances, but marks no less indelibly the traits of character that they betray.

Friends linger lovingly over such remembrances and

never weary of repeating the story of these seemingly trifling occurrences in the life of Mr. Finch.

His impulsive benevolence was well known, though never ostentatiously displayed. He could not endure to look upon suffering or want, poverty or privation, without lifting his hand to help or relieve. The sorrows of "the babies," as he always called children, touched the tenderest chords of his warm, sympathetic heart.

One frosty morning after he had bought a paper of a bare-foot newsboy, he asked him: "Haven't you any shoes and stockings?"

The little lip quivered, as he answered, "No, sir."

"Why don't your papa buy you some?" asked Mr. Finch.

"I hain't got no papa," was the mournful answer.

"Well, come with me, then," and he led the boy to the nearest shoe-store, and purchased shoes and stockings for him to his great delight and wonder.

No man could have felt greater indifference for the mere forms and fashions of social life, or could have manifested a greater disregard for the lines of caste dividing the poor from the rich, and the proud from the lowly ones of earth. He always boarded at the best hotel in any city he visited, not because of pride or selfish love of luxury, but because he worked hard and needed every possible comfort.

How little he cared for the aristocratic associations of the place was shown by a circumstance that happened at a

fashionable hotel where he was well known, and had often spent an occasional day or week in his journeyings for several years.

Arriving in the city one forenoon he set out for the hotel, only a few blocks away, on foot, carrying his heavy valise in his hand. A tiny little lad accosted him :

“ Carry your satchel, sir ? Carry it for a dime.”

Looking down at the mite of humanity and at the big valise, he laughed in his light, cheery way, and answered :

“ You couldn’t carry one side of it.”

“ Oh, yes ; I *do* carry ’em. Won’t you let me carry it ?”

“ No, I’ll give you the dime, and carry it myself,” and he handed the boy the money, expecting to see him scamper off. But the boy was bound to earn the money, and persisted :

“ Sha’n’t I carry it a little ways ?”

“ Yes, you take hold of the strap at one end and I’ll take the other, and we will carry it together,” assented Mr. Finch, and the diminutive, ragged, dirty-faced lad trotted along beside him, answering his questions and apparently glad to be able to earn his money rather than accept it as a gift.

“ What made you so anxious to earn that dime ?” asked Mr. Finch.

“ ’Cause I ain’t no beggar, and I hain’t had no breakfast.”

The sturdy independence and manliness, so unlike many

of the street boys of the great cities, completely won Mr. Finch. He determined to give the boy and some other people a genuine surprise. It was near noon as he walked down the marble floor of the corridor toward the clerk's desk and registered, "John B. Finch and a friend," requesting to be shown at once to his room, saying to the lad, "Come with me."

In his room he told the boy to wash and comb his hair, that he might be ready for dinner. At the door a friend shook him by the hand, but remonstrated against the ragged boy in the elegant dining-room. The head waiter attempted to turn the lad back, but Mr. Finch said sternly, "He is my guest," and marched as proudly down the long room as though a prince were by his side. Every eye was turned upon him, some in scorn, some in wrath; and others with a merry twinkle, but he paid no heed, except to nod cheerily as he recognized a friend. He enjoyed the wild-eyed wonder of the boy as he partook of a more sumptuous meal than he had ever dreamed of, and laughed heartily at the waiter's frown as he chatted with his queer guest till the meal was finished, and the child returned to earth from his visit to fairyland.

At another time, accompanied by a friend, he was climbing one of the hillside streets of Kansas City. It was mid-winter, and a fierce wind was blowing, penetrating to the bone. Turning a corner, a newsboy confronted them—"Times? Journal? morning paper?"

He was one of the most pitiable specimens of humanity ever seen. Old gunny sacks were tied round his feet, and the thin rags covering his body fluttering in the wind, revealed here and there the naked flesh benumbed with cold.

“Why don’t you go home?” asked Mr. Finch.

“Ain’t got none.”

“Where do you sleep at night?”

“Down in a shed side of the b’iler-room of —— factory.”

“Where are your father and mother?”

“Mam’s dead, dad’s drunk most of the time.”

“If you had some clothes would he take them away from you and pawn them for whiskey?”

“Betcher life he wouldn’t git no chance.”

“Come with me, then.”

Mr. Finch and his friend, accompanied by the boy, made their way to the nearest clothing-store, where he purchased a full suit for the boy, including stockings, shoes, cap, undershirts, and overcoat.

In relating the incident, the friend said: “As long as we were in sight of him after we left the store, that boy was standing still gazing after us, as though he expected us to return and take away all that had been given him.”

On one occasion Mr. Finch found a woman in tears pleading with a merchant for assistance to get to her friends in the East, saying if she could reach home she could take care of herself. She was the wife of a clergyman—former pastor of the church to which the merchant belonged. Her

husband's health failed, and they had exhausted their small means to pay his expenses at health resorts in hopes of recovery, hence her present distress. Mr. Finch had never met the lady before, but hearing her name spoken by the merchant comprehended the situation, and remembered, perhaps, an encouraging word spoken to him by her husband. After she had been refused the aid she sought from the merchant, Mr. Finch purchased for her a ticket, and gave her pocket money to make her comfortable on the journey. This was not done without inconvenience and sacrifice on his part, for only a day or two after he was compelled to borrow money to enable him to reach an appointment.

George R. Scott thus describes an incident which occurred in Cleveland, O. :

“ Mr. Finch was generous to a fault. His fingers were always engaged in opening his pocketbook. While standing with him in Lake Side Park looking at the waters of Lake Erie, a poor woman, covered with dirt and filled with whiskey, stepped up and asked us to help her to reach her daughter's home in the city of Detroit. He looked at her, and with a sweet smile said : ‘ Old lady, would you really like to go home and try and do better ? ’ ‘ God bless you, sir, indade I would ! ’ Taking me aside, he said : ‘ I feel like doing her a good turn,’ and leaving her with me he went to the railroad office, purchased her a ticket, and made arrangements with one of the railroad officials to see her

safely through. The poor, despised old woman looked astonished, and well she might."

One of the representatives from England to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge was robbed of all his money by confidence men in New York. Mr. Finch guaranteed all his expenses, paid his hotel bill in New York and railroad fare to the place of the session, where money was raised among the members to pay his fare home.

While on the way from Lincoln, Neb., to Harvard one Saturday afternoon, he overheard the conductor of the train saying to a poor woman who had a ticket for Aurora that she was on the wrong train and must get off at Crete. Noticing her evident distress, Mr. Finch asked her the cause, and was informed that she had no money to pay her fare back to Lincoln or to pay her board till Monday afternoon, when the next train would leave for her destination. He promptly handed her the amount needed to pay these expenses, although it left him entirely without money to pay his own expenses.

Gifts of money to those in poverty or need were not his only donations to the unfortunate. At the risk of his own life he would help a fellow-being in distress.

On a railroad-train in Illinois his attention was attracted by a man whose groans indicated that he was suffering great pain. Mr. Finch approached him, asked some questions, felt his pulse, and made a critical examination of his condition, discovering that the man had small-pox. He informed

the passengers, and they rapidly retreated to the other coaches. Mr. Finch bravely stood by the stranger's side till the train reached Chicago, when he delivered him over to the health authorities, and went on to his work. Taking proper precautions, he avoided an attack of the disease to which he had been exposed, never having been vaccinated.

To his pity and tenderness to those who were in trouble, he added the bitterest detestation of injustice and oppression. If painted from life no truer picture could be made than the lines of Whittier :

“ The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong ;
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.”

In August, 1884, several temperance meetings were held in the great tabernacle at the Chautauqua Assembly grounds. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union had been allowed certain days and were engaged in a meeting, one of their most prominent, gifted, and cultured members being on the platform delivering an address, when the managers of the ground interrupted and asked the ladies to vacate the tabernacle that it might be prepared for the reception of a great Republican Party leader, who was to be present during the day. So great was the haste of the obsequious servants of a political party, that they took possession of the platform and removed the property of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with what seemed rude and unman-

nerly speed. This treatment had been a fertile theme of discussion for two or three days, when Mr. Finch arrived to fill an engagement to lecture. Just before going on the platform he was informed of these circumstances.

Dropping the topic which had been in his mind, he gave a most wonderful description of woman's work, and an eloquent appeal for justice, fairness, and right in dealing with her.

At the close of his address the "Chautauqua salute," in its fullest whiteness, was waved by the vast audience, and cheer after cheer rose from the assembled thousands. As the people dispersed, hundreds of women pressed forward to shake Mr. Finch by the hand, and thank him for his masterly defence.

George C. Christian relates an incident which shows his superior administrative ability as well as the spiritual side of his nature, which occurred while he presided at the session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge at Richmond, Va., in May, 1886.

"A question was being discussed with great warmth of feeling, when suddenly two of the prominent members became personal in their remarks, and used angry words toward each other. For a moment it was feared that these words would be succeeded by other manifestations of ill-temper. As quick as a flash Mr. Finch comprehended the situation; and calling the members to their feet with the gavel, quietly said: 'The Right Worthy Grand Chaplain will please lead us in prayer.'

“Brother Chreitzburg offered a wonderful petition, earnest, pathetic, and full of melting tenderness rarely equalled. The prayer acted like a charm upon the entire body, and softened the feelings of the disputing brothers so much that there was no further misunderstanding during the session.”

Mr. Finch was delivering an address in an Iowa town during the prohibitory amendment campaign. The house was crowded, and many liquor men were present. The speaker took up some of the paralogsms of John P. Irish, and ground them to powder beneath his irresistible logic.

The audience cheered the powerful utterance enthusiastically, and one man, who could no longer endure the repeated applause to the convincing arguments, lost all control of himself and rushed from the room yelling at the top of his voice, “You lie! you lie!”

After the excitement subsided Mr. Finch quietly said, “That man has proved that my statements are true. If they had been false, he would not have run, but would have stayed to disprove. Only the defeated run.”

At one time when Mr. Finch was very ill of typhoid-fever, and unable to speak, the physician ordered brandy, saying that nothing else would carry the patient through the crisis of the disease. He shook his head in refusal of the brandy, and they gave him milk for nourishment and used a small quantity of cayenne-pepper to stimulate heart

action. Over forty persons died in the village in a few weeks from the brandy treatment.

The marvellous resources of his mind were equal to any emergency. Among the best speeches he ever made were some of those given under the inspiration of some great occasion, and never repeated or preserved.

Such an occasion came at the funeral of C. W. Bassett, Grand Secretary of Illinois, one of his most intimate friends. Mr. Finch and Colonel Sobieski remained with the dying secretary during the last few days of his life, striving to cheer his path to the shore of the dark river.

Mr. Finch said to him one day, "It is only a question of a short time when we shall meet you again. You will be waiting while we are working. If you were leaving for California, to make that your permanent home, we should be sadder, for we may never see that State."

The last day he said, "I am glad to see you going so cheerful, old boy."

Mr. Bassett asked these two best friends to take charge of the funeral, and after his death Mr. Finch embalmed the body. Colonel Sobieski had been selected to deliver the funeral oration, but as he rose to address the people he was utterly overcome, and sank back whispering: "Finch, speak to this audience."

Without a second for preparation, Mr. Finch arose and delivered an address on the "Immortality of the Soul," which held the people spellbound for an hour. At the

close of the service the ministers of the town called in a body at his hotel to request a copy of the address for publication. Mr. Finch responded to the request :

“Gentlemen, I could no more reproduce that address than if it had never been spoken. The occasion demanded it, and the words were shaped to the needs of the hour.”

His powers of endurance were very great. In a single year he lectured in twenty States and provinces, visiting some of them several times in the year and delivering more than two hundred addresses, attending grand and district lodges, and keeping up his extensive correspondence, often writing all day and lecturing at night.

In reaching the States visited—California, Kentucky, Ohio, Nebraska, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine—and the Provinces of Ontario—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island—he was obliged to travel nearly thirty thousand miles, and spend an amount of time equal to more than an entire month, night and day, upon railroad trains.

This was only a sample of the work he performed in each of the last four years of his life.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

How swift was your going, my brother ;
 Were all the tasks ended so soon,
Before the bright dew of the morning
 Was dried by the splendors of noon ?
Did you gather the harvest of living
 From fields yet aglow with your June ?

How swift was your going, my brother,
 Away from our uttermost reach ;
No tender farewell in the silence
 From all the rare wealth of your speech ;
No word from the lips that so calmly
 Smile on, while we vainly beseech.

How swift was your going, my brother ;
 Can it be you were weary, indeed ?
Your voice was so ringing and steady,
 Your spirit but stronger in need ;
Were you hiding the hurt of the battle,
 With no one to comfort or heed ?

How strange was your going, my brother ;
 What voice did you hear from afar
So urgent you paused in the conflict,
 And vanished from sight like a star ?
Who sailed with your soul at its going
 Out over eternity's bar ?

Are we late with our praises, my brother?

You needed them more when the strain
Of the battle was pressing upon you.

Ah me ! with what royal disdain
Death crowns you apart in a kingdom
Untouched by our praising or blame.

You make us no answer, my brother,

Your silence rebukes our lament
And sends us afield, where the contest
For truth and the human are blent.

Ah ! God was anear in that shadow,
You found Him the pathway you went ;
No wonder you make us no answer,
Since crowned with eternal content.

Mary T. Lathrop.

ON Friday morning, September 30th, at eleven o'clock Mr. Finch reached home from a long trip in Dakota, where he had been at work, in connection with the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, to secure local prohibition in as many counties as possible.

Upon his arrival he said to Mrs. Finch, "I must see some of the workers before I go East, and, if you will go with me, I will run in to Chicago this afternoon."

This being agreed upon, the contemplated visits to prohibition headquarters and to the offices of several Prohibitionists were made, and the afternoon spent in discussing the condition and needs of the Western work.

Saturday morning he was up early and at his desk writing

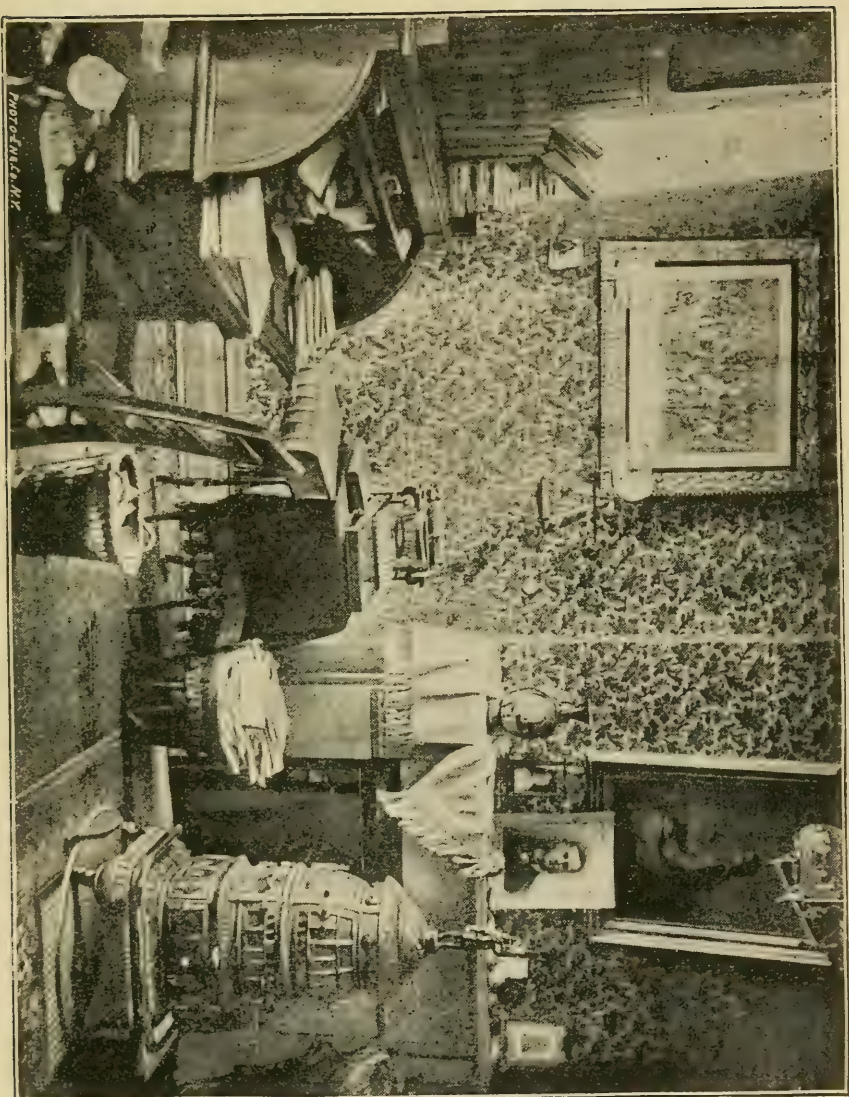
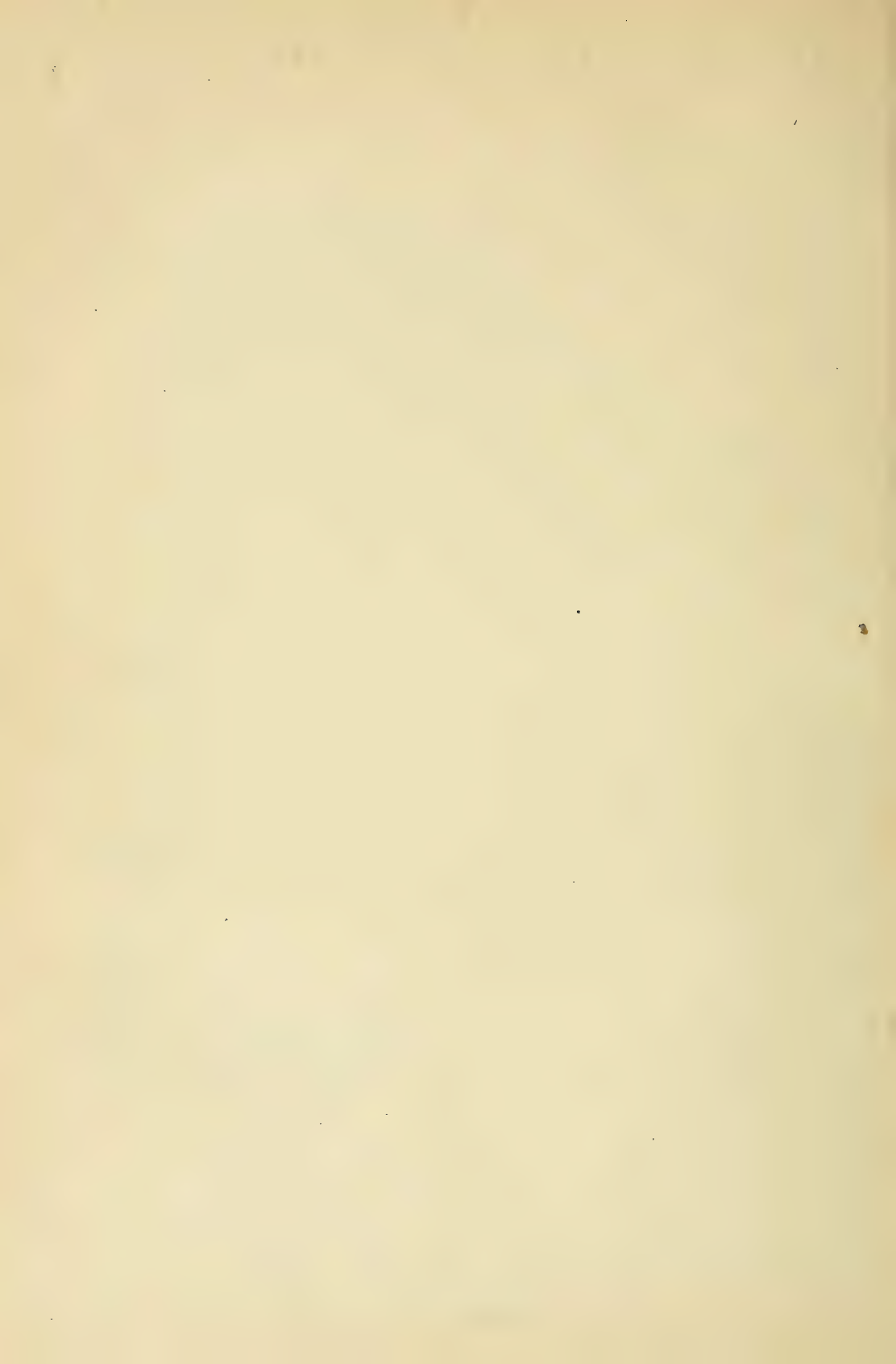


PHOTO-NICA, NY

THE HOME OFFICE.



letters. About two o'clock in the afternoon he said :
“ This is my only day at home, and I will not write all day.”

This was so unusual that it was very gratifying to Mrs. Finch, who accompanied him to the lake shore, a few blocks away, as soon as his writing was laid aside. They visited some cottages which were in process of construction, and while viewing them, Mr. Finch remarked :

“ In five or six years, if I live as long, I should like to have a cottage on the Hudson, and rest and study during the summer months.”

When they returned home they were seated on the porch, and Mrs. Finch, after looking long and earnestly in his face, asked :

“ Are you well ? I do not think you are looking usually well. There is an uncommon pallor in your face.”

“ I am feeling well ;” then, after a moment a shadow passed over his face as he added : “ My head troubles me.”

Mrs. Finch thought it only a passing headache, but afterward realized how much he was suffering.

“ This will be a long and tiresome trip after your excessive work in Dakota,” she said.

“ I fear it will,” he answered, and the conversation turned upon home matters.

He had a romp with “ little John” for the rest of the day. They raked the leaves from the lawn, and when they had finished he said to the son : “ Now, keep the leaves nicely raked off from the lawn while papa is gone.”

Saturday evening at eight o'clock he left for Boston to fill a series of engagements in Massachusetts and New York. As was his usual custom, he telegraphed friends in Chicago and other points along the line of his journey to meet him at the railroad stations and discuss with him plans of work in which they were mutually interested.

There seemed to be no shadow of the coming change upon him as he started on this last journey. During the single day he remained at home his spirits seemed more than usually buoyant, as he contemplated the rest he had determined to reserve for himself at the close of the period of exacting labor demanded by the political campaigns in which he had promised to aid.

He joyfully promised wife and boy, as he bade them good-by, that he would be home immediately after the November elections.

Reaching Boston at 9.35 A.M. on Monday, October 3d, he went directly to the Adams House, where he made his headquarters whenever his work called him to New England.

He wrote to Mrs. Finch, "I am here safe and sound. The trip was rather pleasant."

During the forenoon he visited the offices of the Prohibition Party State Committee, meeting many prominent party workers, and conversing about future political campaigns.

"How is your health now?" asked Edward Carswell, when he met Mr. Finch at prohibition headquarters.

"Never better in my life," Mr. Finch replied, emphasizing the hearty declaration by rising and striking his chest so vigorously with his fist that many a stronger man might have shrank from receiving such a blow.

"It is well we cannot see
What the end will be."

His apparent confidence in his physical powers inspired all who saw him with a like confidence. And yet beneath the sanguine seeming there may have lurked a vague and hardly recognized premonition that he might not live many days.

He also visited the office of the Grand Lodge, where he saw leading Massachusetts Good Templars, and chatted familiarly concerning the work and prospects of the Order. He dined with his friend, B. R. Jewell, Secretary of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, and during the meal spoke of the campaign of 1888, and of General Fisk as the strongest man the Prohibition Party could nominate.

In the afternoon he remained in his rooms at the Adams House, where he received numerous friends and entertained them with his genial conversation.

Mr. Finch had been advertised to speak at Lynn Monday evening; Lawrence, Tuesday; Medford, Wednesday, and Monson, Thursday.

Before leaving for Lynn, twelve miles from Boston, on the Eastern Railroad, Mr. Finch requested Frank P. Dyer to give a verbal message to Mr. Roberts.

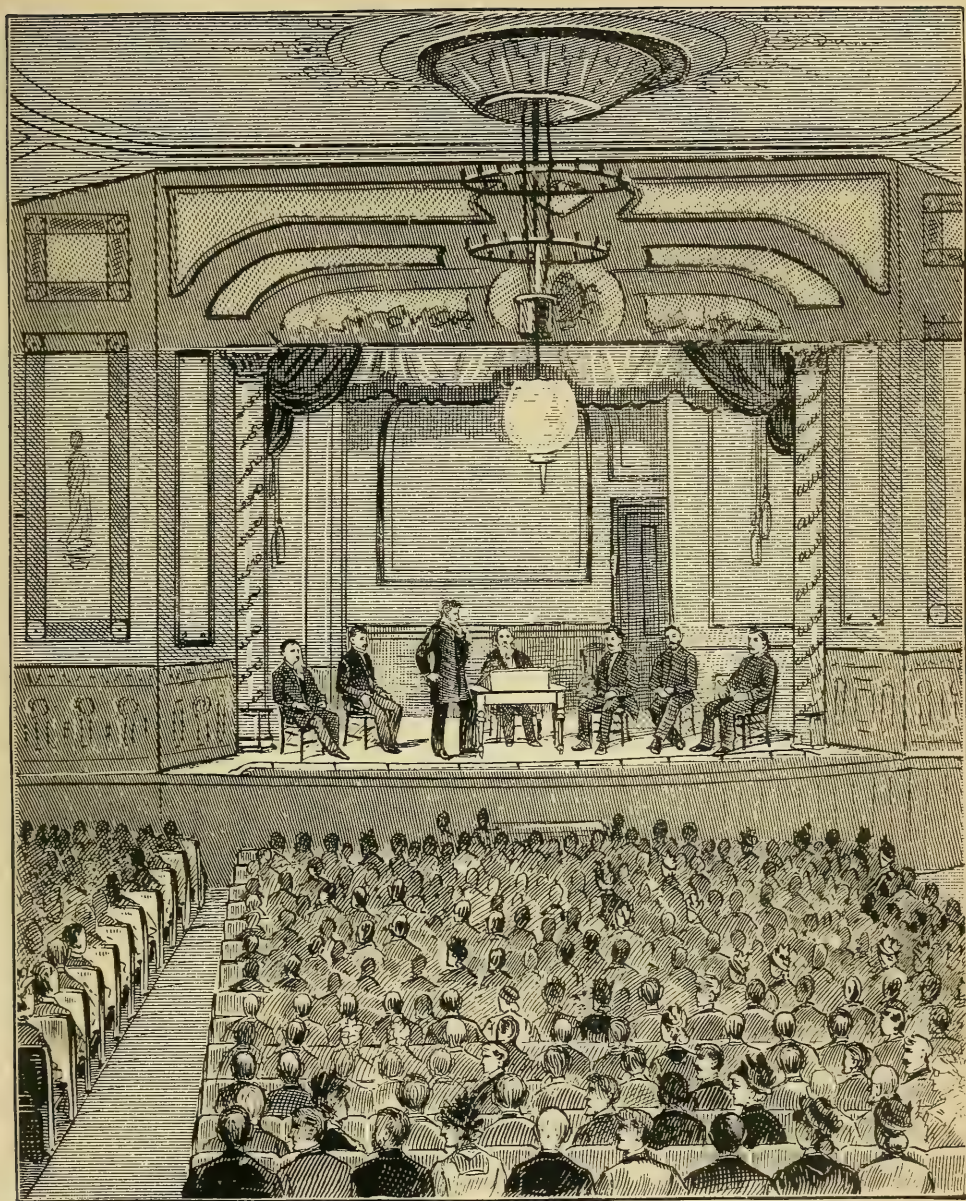
“ You can tell him yourself to-morrow,” remarked Mr. Dyer.

“ We know nothing about to-morrow ; you be sure and tell him,” answered Mr. Finch.

He was accompanied to Lynn by Mr. Pratt, a Boston Prohibitionist, who desired to hear the address. Mr. Finch bought an evening paper, and on entering the car, glanced over it hastily to catch the latest news, after which he fell into an earnest conversation with his companion. He spoke of the influences which were prompting the Southern people to espouse the principle of prohibition, and analyzed the different social conditions of the Northern States and the influences at work concentrating public attention upon the evils of the liquor traffic, and upon measures for the suppression of these evils by the removal of their cause.

At the railroad station in Lynn a delegation of local workers and personal friends were in waiting to escort Mr. Finch to the hall, where other acquaintances had gathered in the anteroom to welcome their honored leader. He had never exhibited more life and spirits than in the few moments the little company in the anteroom engaged in pleasant conversation, while waiting for the audience to assemble.

When the hour arrived, more than fifteen hundred people were packed in the hall. By some inadvertence the chairman of the meeting neglected to call upon the minister, who had been invited to the platform for the purpose of opening the meeting with prayer. After being introduced



THE LYNN AUDITORIUM WHERE JOHN B. FINCH MADE HIS LAST ADDRESS.

to the audience, Mr. Finch rose and said, gently and reverently :

“ The principles of our party and its methods are such that we can go to God for His blessing. I therefore call upon Rev. Alexander Dight to offer prayer.”

During the prayer Mr. Finch stood with bowed head ; when it was finished he commenced his address. As an answer to the pastor’s prayer, he seemed anointed with the chrism of truth. Never before had the marvellous magic of voice and eye, with his fervid, eloquent words, wrought such miracles of conviction in the minds of his hearers. Every listener saw that the speaker’s deep earnestness could only come from unwavering faith in the truth of his words and the righteousness of his cause. The living faith that thrilled through every nerve and fibre of his being could not fail to wake responsive chords in the hearts of his hearers.

Unfortunately, a complete short-hand report of this address was not taken. A stenographer present made some notes for his own use, and portions of the speech have been preserved and are here given. Mr. Finch said :

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : It gives me the greatest pleasure to again visit Lynn, and especially so as I have heard of the wonderful work going on in your city in the last few weeks. The party which I represent believes in all lines of educational work, in order to prepare for a government by the people, of the people, and for the people. The safety of the Government lies in the morals and intelligence of the great masses of the people who record their opinion at the ballot-box ; so

to-night I ask you to travel over in a measure familiar ground, because the oftener we go back to primary principles the nearer we will get right.

“Early in the history of the Republic the public bar-room was so apparent as a political force that it was found necessary to take means to repress it. As a school of vice and crime its danger was so much felt that in several colonies war was made upon it. Our forefathers felt that a government of the people must rest upon the intelligence and morals of the people. They saw that the grog-shop beggared womanhood and childhood, so they reached down a restraining hand on these vicious tendencies. Between 1847 and 1855 the people became so alarmed that they outlawed it in eleven States ; and I am here to say that if the Civil War had not intervened there would not have been a legalized bar-room to-day in this country. But at that time another evil came to the front. It became tyrannical in its demands, and in 1861 put its hand on the throat of this Republic ; and then all other questions stood to one side.

“An ancient writer has said that the moral men of a nation are its patriots. The bad men are its bounty-jumpers and dead-beats. The bad men stayed back. When the cannon fired on Fort Sumter, there was not a church, school-house, or home that did not feel the impulses of patriotism. There were churches wanting pastors, there were school-houses without teachers, but did you know of a single grog-shop that shut up on account of the war? No. That was the time when vice flourished. Why? Because the moral men were at the front. And when at last peace settled over the Republic the grog-shops had increased, and they had throttled the law in five States. It was at this time that the Brewers’ Congress came into existence.

“The war closed, and the boys came back. Then what? The temperance men looked for their movement, and it was gone. They then called the attention of the leading men of this country to the fact that the grog-shops and houses of ill-fame had increased. The leading men said : ‘In regard to this thing, we know that you are right, but you must

wait until we have reconstructed the South.' Did we protest? No. We said, 'We will wait until you have settled the Southern question.' Even when they put drinking men on their tickets, we voted for them. They gave us political notes, and we have this political paper to-day, and it's not worth five cents on the political dollar.

"The negligence of statesmen is the opportunity of demagogues. Gentlemen, you will never cure a cancer by putting a plaster over it, and if a competent physician does not go to the root, a quack will try his hand; and he will be liable to do harm. Suppose some one is taken sick in this hall. You call for a physician. No one presents himself. A quack makes his appearance and offers his services. Do you reject him? No. In case of sickness you are ready to look anywhere for help. This country has become again and again sick because our physicians don't do anything. See, as I saw in Chicago, a bomb thrown and seven dead policemen picked up after the bursting; and in St. Louis men shot down in the railroad strike, and tell me there is nothing the matter with the labor problem of the country! The labor, prohibition, and monopoly questions have to be met.

"The farmers of the West went up to Congress, and said: We want a chance to put our pork on the market at rates we can live upon. Mr. Stanford, as a witness in the Pacific Railroad investigation, said that his rule was to charge the rates that the traffic would bear. So you see that if the price of corn should rise the farmer does not get the benefit. The railroads raise the price of transportation. This same Stanford in a United States Court refused to answer what he spent \$68,000 for; when the evidence was very strong that it went for bribery, he forgot. And when the court was requested by the prosecuting attorney to compel him to answer, it replied that it could not. The farmers of the West of this country have got done making Jay Gould or Stanford millionaires, and they are done putting such men in Congress.

"Rutherford B. Hayes withdrew the troops from the South and said, Reconstruction is accomplished. Then the temperance people went and

said to the leading men, 'Settle this question now.' Would not you have thought that they would have attended then? But no. They said: 'If you kick us out you will undo all we have done.' And so through their putting it off the country to-day stands face to face with a great social, industrial, and labor problem.

"When a government raises more money from its people than it needs, it is a poor government. How do existing parties stand to-day? Mr. Carlisle says one thing, Mr. Randall says another, Democrats of Georgia wanting one thing, Democrats of Massachusetts wanting another. Can you tell me how a license Democrat of this State can pull in the harness with a prohibition Democrat of Georgia? Can you tell me how a prohibition Republican of Iowa can stand cheek by jowl with a rum Republican of Illinois, who demands that no laws shall be made in regard to Sunday selling? The platforms of the parties read both ways. If you have seen a political platform that did not have as many sides as a rolling-pin, I would like to see it.

"A Republican once said to me, 'I want you to understand that we saved the country.' I said, 'I am glad that you did, but you don't seem to realize it and want to keep on saving it. Tell me what you are going to do, not what you have done. What are you going to do for my boy?' This question must be met, and must not be put off. The labor question, the temperance question, and the monopoly question must be met; and you cannot wiggle out of it. There is no law more general than this one: that every political privilege takes with it a duty.

"Don't forget that there are no rights without duties. The men of Massachusetts once said: 'We grant that you are king, but it is your duty to govern us, and investigate all public wrongs and abuses.' And when George III. refused, they said that a failure to perform political duty takes away political right. That is all your Declaration of Independence means. They took the crown from the head of the king, and placed it upon the voters of this country, and we inherited its duties. The rights of freemen make the duties of freemen. A man once told

me that he had not voted for ten years. I said that I would not advertise myself as a political dead-beat. The Government asks that you should investigate and put on record your opinion. I do believe that in these Eastern States political dead-headism is the curse of the country. And it rests chiefly upon the good men and business men. Public opinion is collected in the ballot-box one day in the year. A man's ballot is his honest and conscientious opinion of public matters and men. It is not only his right, but his duty to investigate. An election is simply a trial of issues, and it is a man's duty to vote. I am not saying how you should vote, but vote as your reason dictates. A man once said to me, 'I belong to the Republican Party.' I told him that the party had a pretty poor piece of property. I don't belong to any party. I am a member of a party, and when my party wiggles and twists on a great question, I will get out of it and help defeat it.

"A gentleman said to me once, 'Between two evils, would you not choose the least?' I said, 'What? Say that again.' I then said: 'Supposing you went into a restaurant and asked for a glass of lemonade and wanted an egg in it, and the proprietor should say: "I have but two eggs; one is rotten and the other spoiled—which will you have?" what would you say to him?' After scratching his head, he said: 'I think I would tell him I would wait until the hen laid again.' Now, politically, had you not better wait until a new egg is laid? The most damnable doctrine that is in existence to stand upon is, 'Between two evils, choose the least.' I want the boys to be taught to do right because it is right to do right, even if they live on the Canadian line. I want the girls to think that the sin is in the doing, not in the being found out. A prominent temperance man said in this State in a public meeting, 'We are going up to the Legislature to ask for constitutional prohibition. If we don't get that we shall ask for a better license law, and if we can't get that, we will ask for the enforcement of the present law.' You can imagine which he would get. It reminds me of a boy who was sent to a fair to sell a horse, and being

asked what the price was, said : ' Father told me to get \$100, and if I couldn't get that, take \$80, and if I couldn't get that, take \$60.' When we will make up our minds what is right, and stand by the right, men who want votes will want ours.

" Let me call your attention to the difference between things before the war and to-day. The truth is, that the liquor business that we are fighting to-day is a thing of recent origin. The grog-shop before the war was the drug-store or tavern or grocery. It was a side-show of another business. The liquor business is the only business where a bad character is better than a good one. Which grog-shops are the better patronized ? Is it not a fact that a man who gets a reputation as a bad man, especially as a fighter—such as Sullivan, Ryan, and Sheedy—gets the trade ? Then it is a business that does not require much business experience. In any other business a man must be a business man, understanding book-keeping and every branch of a complex trade in order to be successful. But the liquor business is a cash one. Frequently the grocer is obliged to give credit, while some of his customers pay cash for liquor. All a liquor-dealer need know is, how to pass out the bottle, make change so as not to cheat himself, and have strength to throw out an unruly customer. We have in this country more than one hundred and fifty thousand men in the retail liquor trade, and they are there simply to make money. No man ever went into it as philanthropist. They have gilded saloons with mirrors, a centre-table with all the newspapers, games, billiards, music, and even advertise for girls ' for easy, lucrative positions,' and hire them as waitresses in low-neck dresses to entice our country lads who go into the city. They have long ago learned what John Morrissey, that great statesman, learned, when he introduced a bill to prevent gambling in New York State. When some of the gamblers said to him, ' John, you will ruin our business,' he said : ' Can't you see that the people demand a law of this kind, and will have it ? We will give them the law, and we will take care of the officers.' He knew that a law in the hands of its enemies

never was and never would be enforced. Suppose that at the end of the war you had elected Jeff Davis President of the United States, do you imagine that reconstruction would have been carried through by him?

“To-day, if I could pass a prohibition law in the State of Massachusetts, and I could not put officers in power in sympathy with it, I would not pass the law, because people would say that the law is a failure, when the failure would not be due to the law, but to the perjured rascals who swore to enforce the law and did not. The naked sword of justice in the hands of a determined party is the only instrument that will bring the desired result. My Republican friends, what was your argument from 1870 to 1886? It was: Keep us in power who have made the law if you want it enforced. We went all over this State in the snow and slush, and the women got a big petition asking that the people might have a chance to express their will on this question of constitutional prohibition. But up at the State House they said: ‘We give you leave to take that petition out-doors.’ The Republican Party cries out against ballot-box stuffing in the South, but why did not the Republican Party of Michigan investigate the frauds of that State, where 2200 votes were cast against the constitutional amendment in a county where there were only 1600 voters?

“My friends, you have won the last constitutional victory you will win until you have broken the back of the existing political forces of this country. I stand here to-night to say that so great is the organized liquor interest of this country that it is a political crime for an honest Christian man to be put in nomination. I was stumping the State of Ohio once for a Methodist as Governor, and there was another Methodist running as a candidate for Governor. I met him on a railroad train, and he said: ‘Mr. Finch, what are you down here for working against me?’ I said, ‘You are a member of the Methodist Church, are you not?’ He said, ‘Yes.’ I said, ‘I want you to understand that it is a political crime to be a Christian.’ He said, ‘What do you mean?’ I

said, 'You will have to go back on your religion to be successful. If you will write a letter stating that you will enforce the Sunday law I'll leave the State.' He said, 'Finch, I cannot do it. It would defeat me.' I am not going to be anything politically that I can't be religiously. Once, in a convention, as chairman of a delegation, I offered a resolution in favor of the enforcement of the Sunday law, whereupon a member moved that I be expelled. They did not turn me out, but they threw out my resolution. Then I said that I would do all I could to defeat them. They then nominated as chief candidate an intimate friend of mine, and said: 'Surely, Finch, you will not go back on the party?' but I said, 'Yes, I'll go back on any party that gets between me and my conscience.' There are a lot of men that will do dirty political work and mean tricks for their party, that as Christians they ought not to do.

"It is not pleasant to sever party ties and have your friends turned to enemies. But can we get anything within the old parties? If I had believed that we could, I would have stayed in one of them. The old parties cannot keep promises when they make them. The Democratic dog and Republican dog are after the bone of offices. What have they done? Why don't they fight? They cannot. Let the Democratic dog bark for free-trade and he would be without his tail. He has a temperance leg in Georgia and a rum leg in Massachusetts. What holds him together? His skin, labelled 'Hate to the Republican Party;' and if he should swallow a good-sized principle, he would fall to pieces. The Republican dog has a protection head and a free-trade tail, a prohibition leg in Iowa and a whiskey leg in Illinois. And they stand with their hind legs to the future, and they love themselves so much that they would not change ends for anything. We honor both parties for the good they have done. We have no bitter words for these old parties. We simply say that they cannot do the work. My father worked as a machinist until the muscles became contracted, so that he could not perform any longer his work properly. So I said, 'Father, give up work and take

your ease, and let us look after the business.' Did this in any way imply that I did not appreciate what father had done?

"I believe that the great mass of the Republicans of this State believed in the sincerity of the prohibition plank last year. They hitched on their old machine and tried to lift it, but no; it went up and up and up, and then the gentleman from Somerville stuck a bottle of beer in the cogs, and the machine broke. In Congress they hitched on the Democratic machine to the tariff reform, and the thing went up and up and up till Sam Randall put in an iron bar, and the thing stopped.

"The party that cannot make its men vote and keep its promises is no party at all. It was the pledge of the Republican Party of this State to carry through the prohibition amendment. Why did they not call a caucus and compel its passage? You say they could not. Then their old machine is worn out. A political party is a company of people joined together to carry through their pledges. A man who voted against the amendment is in just as good standing as ever. Have you heard of any one of them being kicked out? No. The party is so weak that it can't kick them out. Look at the head of their ticket—a temperance man for Governor, a whiskey man for Lieutenant-Governor. If the Republican Party was honest, why did it not pass a prohibition law? It surely had votes enough for that.

"A Democratic politician said to me, with an oath, 'The trouble with you prohibition fellows is, you are getting the boys.' And it is so. We *are* getting the boys. Prohibitory clubs are being formed in all the colleges, and they are meeting with great success. It was remarked at the convention at Syracuse that one half the men were under thirty-five. You can't enthuse the boys over dry bones, but you can enthuse them over to-day; and that is what you must do.

"I'm not going to impeach the old parties. Good men are in the wagon, but they don't hold the reins. I have heard that once there was a man so mean that he lost all his friends, and when he came to die he left his money to a charitable association, providing they would furnish

the mourners. So they hired three Irishmen to follow the hearse with heads bowed and not lift them. Going through the city, one of them said : ‘ Mike, I smell something ; I’m going to look up.’ The other said, ‘ What do you care ? You are paid to look down. Now keep quiet.’ But finally the smell was so strong he looked up, and found that in passing through the city they had missed the hearse and were following a swill-cart. Now, you fellows that followed Lincoln, Garrison, Phillips, and Sumner, and are now following such men as Elkins, Dorsey, and Brackett, are you quite sure but that in this political funeral you have missed the hearse and are following some political swill-cart ?

“ But, says some good Democrat, ‘ Have you no respect for the old Democratic Party ?’ Yes, I have ; but the party is a good deal like the Irishman’s hill of potatoes—the best part under ground. Parties are needed with live questions, and with live men to lead them ; and there is not a party that can possibly work out the problems of to-day and leave prohibition out of the question. The attempt by the old parties to do this makes the Prohibition Party a necessity ; and no politician can solve the problem and leave the Prohibition Party out of the calculation.

“ Boys, we can’t offer you offices ; but if you want a chance to fight for mother, home, and conscience, and against the grog-shop and monopolies, come with us, and we will carry the banner of prohibition until in the White House sits a man who believes in the principles of the Prohibition Party.”

A testimonial of the power of the speech was given the next evening at a prayer-meeting in the Christian Church of Lynn. A young man said :

“ Last night I went to hear Mr. Finch. When I went into the hall I was a Republican. To-night I wish to lay my tribute at the feet of this fallen Christian hero of pro-

hibition, and to say that hereafter I shall vote the prohibition ticket."

Mr. Finch left the hall at 10 P.M., accompanied by Mr. Pratt, and they walked to the depot in time to catch the 10.06 train for Boston. Although he had expended much physical force during the delivery of the address, he showed little sign of exhaustion, and chatted freely with his companion during the half-hour ride. The subject of conversation was the sacrifice made by himself and other young men in abandoning old political parties to join a new party.

Massachusetts affairs were discussed, and Mr. Finch said concerning the Governor: "Mr. Ames has been placed where he could immortalize his name, if he would only be true to his convictions."

"No man can be a truly happy man," Mr. Pratt remarked, "unless he is true to his convictions."

"I have felt that," replied Mr. Finch; "although it cost me as much sacrifice as it would cost most men to leave my old party, I have been a freer, happier man as a Prohibitionist than ever before I joined the party."

Arrived at the Boston depot, the question was asked: "Shall we ride or walk up-town?"

"It's pretty muddy, and I think we had better take a cab," Mr. Finch answered in his usual tones.

Mr. Pratt then stepped from the railroad car upon the platform. He had advanced a few steps toward the street when he felt his arm grasped convulsively, and, hastily

turning, he saw Mr. Finch gasping for breath, and caught him in his arms, lowering him gently to the floor. Not comprehending the awful truth, Mr. Pratt attempted to arouse animation by rubbing his limbs and body, but soon discovered that the heart had ceased to beat, and John B. Finch was gone.

His departure was as painless as sudden. One or two gasps for breath, and the lips that had moved the multitudes with their passionate pleading and prayer for human weal were silent forever, and the princely leader sank to sleep

“ Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

“ Good-night ! good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.”

“ O Time, thou must untangle this, not I ;
'Tis too hard a knot for me to untie !”

“ God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

Friends and physicians were soon summoned, but no earthly aid could be given. The body was taken to the undertaker's, embalmed and placed in a handsome casket.

At three o'clock Wednesday afternoon a short funeral service was held, all the leaders of temperance work in Boston being present. Dr. A. A. Miner and Dr. A. J. Gordon conducted the services. Rev. J. W. Hamilton said in his prayer :

“ We are here to represent the mourning country. We thank Thee for his life. He has fallen, young in years, but twice as old in labor. May we be a bolder people and a better people for the life and the death of this man.”

At seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the party selected to accompany the remains to Evanston left Boston. Frank P. Dyer, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Prohibition Committee ; Rev. A. A. Williams, of Lynn, and Charles L. Abbott, Grand Chief Templar of the Independent Order of Grand Templars, were the committee in charge.

They arrived in Chicago on Friday morning at seven o'clock, when the body was taken to an undertaker's, and thence to Evanston, arriving at eleven in the forenoon.

Mrs. Finch was so prostrated that she could not see the remains, or meet the friends who had come from Boston to bring home her illustrious husband. She saw the remains but once, on Saturday morning, and was unable to be present at the funeral. Such was her condition that none of the friends who came from abroad were able to see her, and, to their very great disappointment, they were compelled to return to their homes without clasping her hand.

At first she realized the terrible truth only in part. Her mind was full of the idea expressed by the poet,

“ It seems strange, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on.”

After many days she rallied, gathering strength from the

pressure of duty to the little son, left to her sole guidance and care.

“God never leaves a soul on earth without leaving some work for it to do to keep it from despair, some sin to be atoned for, some duty to be fulfilled.”

The words of Longfellow came like a benison to her sore heart :

“O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on !”

Among the hundreds of telegrams received by Mrs. Finch in the first days of her terrible grief, the following voice the general sentiments of sorrow :

“MAUSTON, WIS., October 4, 1887.

“No one can sympathize with you more than I do since the receipt of the terrible news of the sudden death of our brave leader. How I love him ! No other man can ever take his place in my affections, or plan for the Order as he has done. Command me either officially or personally in this hour of our great bereavement.

“B. F. PARKER.”

“HASTINGS, NEB., October 4, 1887.

“Ten thousand Nebraska Good Templars weep with you to-day. May the God of the widow and orphan sustain you in this hour.

“ANNA M. SAUNDERS,
“Grand Chief Templar.”

“ FREEPORT, ILL., October 4, 1887.

“ Accept our most profound sympathy. May God sustain you.

“ R. J. HAZLETT,

“ *Grand Secretary.*

“ GENIE F. HAZLETT.”

“ PACIFIC GROVE, CAL., October 4, 1887.

“ A chaplet of laurel and wreath of immortelles for your honored husband, who gave his life that others might live. Though dead he still lives. Accept sincerest condolence and sympathy of the Grand Lodge of California, now in session.

“ J. M. WALLIN,

“ *Grand Chief Templar.*

“ GEORGE B. KATZENSTEIN,

“ *Grand Secretary.*”

“ NEW YORK, N. Y., October 4, 1887.

“ The bureau executive extends you their profoundest sympathy in this hour of overwhelming affliction.

“ WILLIAM McK. GATCHELL,

“ *Secretary of National Prohibition Lecture Bureau.*”

“ NEW YORK, October 4, 1887.

“ The sad news has just reached me ; sorrow has taken possession of my soul. Your husband was a man among men. God bless you in this trying hour.

“ GEORGE R. SCOTT,

“ *Editor ' Witness.'*”

“ GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, October 5, 1887.

“ Psalm 46 : 1 ; John 11 : 25.

“ W. W. TURNBULL,

“ *R. W. G. Counsellor.*”

“ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”

“ Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

“NEW YORK, October 5, 1887.

“Your loss is ours, and not only ours, but the nation’s. In great sorrow we extend heartfelt sympathy to you.

“MR. AND MRS. R. S. CHEVES.”

“LODA, ILL., October 4.

“Accept my deep sympathy in your great affliction.

“URIAH COPP, JR.,

“*Grand Chief Templar of Illinois.*”

“BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

“The Woman’s Christian Temperance Union of Illinois shares your bereavement. Let us believe that God will carry on the work, though he calls home the workmen. Read second Timothy, fourth chapter, seventh and eighth verses.

“MRS. LUCIA B. TYNG,

“MRS. MARY E. HOLMES,

“*Committee.*”

“WOONSOCKET, D. T., October 5, 1887.

“Ourselves and all Dakota Templars sympathize with you and Johnnie in the world’s great loss.

“KANOUSE AND FULSOM,

“*Grand Chief Templar and Grand Secretary of Dakota.*”

“BOSTON, MASS., October 4, 1887.

“My tearful sympathies. John was my dear friend. God bless and help you. What can I do?

“JOHN W. CUMMINGS.”

“LINCOLN, NEB., October 4, 1887.

“The nation mourns with you with prayers and sympathy.

“H. C. AND ADA M. BITTENBENDER.”

“ ROCHESTER, N. Y., October 5, 1887.

“ Accept my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your unexpected bereavement. Thousands of sorrowing hearts bow with yours at this sudden call. The willow bends, the oak breaks. It was the oak that went down at Boston last night. God comfort you and your boy with His everlasting promise. Command me where I can serve you.

“ W. MARTIN JONES,

“ *Past Grand Chief Templar.*”

“ SPRINGFIELD, O., October 5, 1887.

“ Our hearts bow with you in grief. See Numbers 6 : 24-26.

“ MRS. H. L. MONROE.”

“ NEW YORK, October 4, 1887.

“ The swift blow that has saddened your household, strikes tears from the eyes of thousands upon thousands of strong men and women. May the Heavenly Father uphold you and defend the cause in whose service your husband has laid down his life.

“ THE VOICE.”

“ BIRMINGHAM, ENG., October 4, 1887.

“ Accept our deepest sympathy.

“ JOSEPH MALINS,

“ *Grand Chief Templar of England.*”

“ BOSTON, MASS., October 4, 1887.

“ My dear, God called him home suddenly last night.

“ SARAH A. LEONARD,

“ *Grand Secretary of Massachusetts.*”

“ MARSHALL, MINN., October 5, 1887.

“ Just received the awful news. Will come first train.

“ JOHN SOBIESKI.”

“ MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., October 5, 1887.

“ Minnesota’s Good Templar heart bleeds for you to-day. Personally accept our deepest sympathy in this your great trial.

“ H. B. QUICK,

“ *Grand Chief Templar.*

“ KATE L. PENNIMAN,

“ *Grand Secretary.*”

“ LINCOLN, NEB., October 5, 1887.

“ Lincoln Woman’s Christian Temperance Union mourns with you the death of your noble husband. The temperance cause has lost its foremost champion. Numbers 6 : 24-26.

“ MRS. J. H. MOCKETT.”

“ BEATRICE, NEB.

“ Pray that the sacrifice recorded in Ephesians 3 : 17-19 be fulfilled in you, for when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?

“ THE W. C. T. U. OF NEBRASKA IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED.”

“ ST. LOUIS, MO.

“ Mrs. Scott joins me in sincere sympathy in your great bereavement.

“ ROBERT R. SCOTT,

“ *Past R. W. G. Treasurer.*”

“ NASHVILLE, TENN.

“ *The National Woman’s Christian Temperance Union to our Beloved Sister :*

“ Our heart is as thy heart ; thy sorrow is ours. May our Father comfort His beloved.

“ MARY A. WOODBRIDGE,

“ *Secretary.*”

“ MIDDLEBURY, VT.

“ The Prohibitionists of Vermont remember you in your great bereavement. The sudden stroke which takes from you a loving husband has

taken from us a courageous leader and a beloved friend. Accept our sympathy.

“CLINTON SMITH,

“*Chairman State Committee.*”

“BOSTON, MASS.

“Deep sympathy and prayers for you.

“JESSIE FORSYTHE,

“*R. W. G. Vice Templar.*”

“LAKE VILLAGE, N. H.

“The Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, now in session, is made sad by the death of our brother and distinguished leader. We extend sincere sympathy in your great affliction.

“GEORGE A. BAILEY,

“*Grand Chief Templar.*”

“PATERSON, N. J.

“New Jersey sends sympathy in your affliction. It is a personal loss to all.

“GEORGE STAPLETON,

“*Grand Chief Templar.*”

“ST. MARTIN’S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

“The Grand Lodge of New Brunswick extends to you sympathy in your great bereavement.

“W. VAUGHAN,

“*Grand Chief Templar.*”

“HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

“Ontario Templars, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of our noble leader, extend heartfelt sympathy, praying the Almighty to have you and yours in His loving keeping.

“THOMAS LAWLESS,

“*Grand Secretary.*”

“ BELFAST, IRELAND.

“ Ireland prays God may support you in your great sorrow.

“ GRAND SECRETARY OF GOOD TEMPLARS.”

“ THREE RIVERS, QUEBEC.

“ Accept heartfelt sympathy of the Quebec Templars in this your bereavement and our loss.

“ R. W. WILLIAMS,

“ *Grand Chief Templar.*”

“ PASADENA, CAL.

“ We were greatly shocked and grieved by the sad news of the death of Mr. Finch, and hasten to assure you of our deepest sympathy. May our Heavenly Father sustain you in this sad hour.

“ MR. AND MRS. JOHN P. ST. JOHN.”

“ SEABRIGHT, N. J.

“ For you there is widespread sorrow, and for your dear dead husband enduring fame. Mrs. Fisk unites with me in sincere sympathy.

“ CLINTON B. FISK.”

During the afternoon of Friday and all day Saturday many beautiful floral pieces were sent by friends and societies from near and from distant points.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge Executive Committee sent a beautiful design of the emblems of the Good Templar Order. This consisted of a cross of white carnations and Nephitos roses, with an anchor on one side and a heart on the other.

A particularly appropriate floral tribute, sent by the Illinois Grand Lodge of Good Templars, was a ship of white

carnations, tuberose, white roses, and smilax, with purple immortelles forming the words "Our leader has fallen."

The Grand Lodge of Ohio sent a beautiful tablet of white roses and carnations, with the touching words, "We mourn a man and a leader," in purple immortelles.

A broken column was sent by Nebraska Grand Lodge of Good Templars. It was composed of white carnations, tuberose, and white roses twined with smilax, with the letters "I. O. G. T. of Nebraska" at the base.

A beautiful cross and crown was sent by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

The Grand Lodge of Minnesota sent a large anchor with heart in the centre. This was composed of white carnations, Nephitis roses, shaded with Marechal Niel and Pearl des Jardins.

The Good Templar Lodge of Lincoln, Neb., sent a cross and sickle of white roses and carnations.

Willard Good Templar Lodge of Evanston, of which Mr. Finch was a member, sent a fine piece, "The gates ajar," with a white dove descending.

Banner Lodge of Good Templars of Chicago sent a piece representing the Good Templar field, "The World," with North and South America in purple immortelles, and a William Francis Bennett rose representing Chicago. This rested on an easel.

E. H. Clapp, of Boston, sent a regalia of the usual size, composed of white carnations and tuberose, with a border

of smilax. Upon each side were the words, "Right Worthy Grand Templar," in purple immortelles.

A floral design from Mr. and Mrs. Cheves was an open book with a crown above it. The book was composed of white carnations and Nephitos roses, and the crown of the same flowers. At the base of the standard on which the open book rested was a cluster of La France roses. The standard was covered with ivy leaves and the book rested on a delicate bed of smilax.

From the Young Ladies' Ideal Brass Band of Mauston, Wis., was received a beautiful harp of white roses, carnations, and tuberoses.

The offering of Miss Frances Willard and Miss Anna Gordon was a cluster of cream-tinted white roses tied with a white ribbon.

A beautiful heart of white carnations and roses was sent by Mr. and Mrs. Duffy, of Evanston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Monroe, of Chicago, sent a very beautiful tribute of white immortelles, with the words, "Guard the Faith," in purple.

Among those from distant points who came to accompany their lost leader to his last resting-place, were B. F. Parker, R.W.G.S., of Wisconsin; Uriah Copp, R.W.G.T., of Illinois; Oronhytekha, Chairman of the Literature Committee and Grand Past Counsellor, of Canada; E. W. Chafin, G.C.T., of Wisconsin; J. F. Cleghorn, P.G.C.T., C. H. Knight, S. D. Hastings, P.R.W.G.T., and

A. E. Seymour, of Wisconsin ; A. C. Folsom, G. S., and T. D. Kanouse, G.C.T., of Dakota ; H. B. Quick, G.C.T., of Minnesota ; Charles Williams, G.S., of Ohio ; Mrs. A. A. Brookbank, R.W.G.S.J.T., of Indiana ; Eli Miller, G.C.T., of Indiana ; Professor Samuel Dickie, of Albion College, Michigan ; George R. Scott, of the New York *Weekly Witness* ; Colonel Long, of Illinois ; John Sobieski, of Missouri ; Mrs. Ada C. Bittenbender, representative of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Lincoln, Neb. ; Hon. A. J. Sawyer, Mayor of Lincoln, sent to represent the city, by the citizens of Lincoln, irrespective of party ; ex-Mayor H. W. Hardy, sent to represent the State Prohibition Party of Nebraska ; R. R. Randall, sent to represent the Red Ribbon Club in Lincoln ; Charles L. Abbott, G.C.T., representing the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts ; Frank P. Dyer, representing the Prohibition Party of Massachusetts ; Rev. A. A. Williams, representing the Sons of Temperance, and many others.

The funeral services at the house were opened by the Chicago Quartet, singing in an impressive manner "Come unto Me," after which Rev. Frederick Clatworthy, pastor of the Baptist Church of Evanston, led in prayer. Dr. Sylvester Jones, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Evanston, read a portion of the impressive burial-service of the Church, and Dr. A. J. Jutkins delivered the following address :

“2 Samuel 1 : 17. I cannot resist the impression that we are standing like a group of soldiers around a fallen chief. Someway, thoughts and metaphors relating to a conflict press so strongly as to push out other forms and expressions. It is an occasion which focuses so many and such important events that personal interests, even those which are near and tender, are pushed aside, as they are at the time of a great conflict. We cannot lose sight of the personal bereavement, the tender relations of family and friendship, but, on the other hand, we cannot forget that the eyes of hundreds of thousands are turned toward this spot to-day, and the thoughts of these are busy with the questions suggested by the occasion.

“However useful our fallen friend may have been in life, we cannot think otherwise than that this is the supreme moment for his influence, when the seal of permanency is set upon the work that he undertook.

“Mr. Finch’s life, short as it was, covered all the phases of what is known as the temperance reform, and which are now the subject of thought and discussion. We are able to judge of their comparative merits by grouping them in connection with Mr. Finch’s life and viewing them in the light of the present.

“Ten years ago the temperance reform was in the stage known as the ‘ribbon period,’ or a certain phase of moral suasive work. It was argued that the traffic in intoxicating liquors could be entirely suppressed if the people steadily refused to buy, and this was a truth too plain for discussion. Enthusiastic men, like Murphy and Reynolds, and equally enthusiastic women, like the crusaders of that period or a little earlier, were confident that they had only to push forward in the line along which they were working, and success of a most pronounced and thorough character would attend their efforts. It was joyfully proclaimed that so greatly had the receipts for intoxicating liquors fallen off that the beer brewers in their annual meeting were bewailing the loss of their trade, and serious apprehensions were felt, which embodied themselves in resolutions and the appointment of committees to oppose total

abstinence and the temperance legislation in the various States. This may be called, for the sake of distinguishing it, the moral suasive period of the reform in the present generation. A similar wave of reform in the preceding generation was called the Washingtonian movement. Both exhibited the same characteristics ; both promised speedy and peaceful success ; both utterly failed. I think I hazard nothing in saying that there is not a single thoroughly honest and faithful worker in this stage of the reform, who kept on in his work, but found himself pushed forward into another phase of the reform, which we will presently notice. Mr. Finch is only a sample of others who have achieved more or less prominence following along the same road, and who have arrived at the same goal.

“The next phase of work in which we find him engaged was an effort to utilize the laws already existing. This is another method of work to which our attention is often called, and it is insisted that if we use the laws already existing we can accomplish more than can be done by any legal method. He tried this thoroughly, as have his co-workers. He accomplished what is usually accomplished—namely, awakening the wrath of the liquor fraternity. They attacked him in his property, his person, and his reputation. Upon all these fields Mr. Finch fought his battles just as literally as did the Apostle Paul with the beasts at Ephesus.

“This stage of temperance work is not likely to last very long with any earnest and honest man before putting him at something else, and that something else is the next thing in which we find him engaged—namely, the reformation of the law and the enactment of a law meant to suppress, not to embarrass or to prevent excesses, as is the case with so many laws on our statute-books. In the session of the Nebraska Legislature of 1881, Mr. Finch earnestly championed the bill to submit a prohibitory constitutional amendment to a vote of the people. After this bill failed to pass, he gave his influence toward the passage of the famous high-license law—then an untried experiment. When one

understands it, it is not surprising that at this stage of development Mr. Finch, like many others, considered it a step forward. No man can sell liquor under this law except in communities sufficiently depraved to furnish him the consent of thirty freeholders who will sign his petition. He must then procure citizens who will give bonds of \$5000, with which to pay the damages resulting, and he then must pay \$1000 license fee. It was thoroughly believed that this law would close a large part of the saloons in the State, while it would hold in restraint those crime centres in which the saloons might survive. For years Mr. Finch made no secret of the fact that he was terribly mistaken in his views. This seems to have been the only instance in which this clear thinker failed in his calculations as to the proper remedy for the liquor crime. His experience and the experience of those that stood with him furnish an answer complete and triumphant to all the so-called high-license schemes that can be devised. I cannot but regard this Nebraska experience as Providentially permitted to enable the temperance reformers of this age to refute, not in theory, but as the result of actual experience, the plausible arguments given in favor of high license. No such high-license law as the one in Nebraska, for efficiency, has been proposed, and this is an utter and miserable failure.

“The next phase of the work in which we find Mr. Finch engaged is the Good Templar organization. He believed in this body thoroughly. He believed in it because it educated the children and made provisions to that end. He believed in it because it brought men and women together upon a common level, making no distinction in their official relations or political power. He resented always the thrusting forward of sex or race idea as the reasons for official position. In the Good Templar Order he found what he believed in this regard. It affords the equal privilege of thought, of holding official positions, of speaking and using their powers to the extent of their ability, and a fair interpretation of his views cannot be given without taking this fact into account. He believed in this Order because he observed that a very large portion of

those who were most actively engaged in the temperance work had been educated in the Good Templar Lodge. When he became the head of the organization he brought all his organizing power to encourage the Order and make it the most efficient temperance organization in the world. It was a part of his plan to heal the breach between the British and American sections at the earliest possible moment. How successfully he achieved this Herculean task and with what enthusiastic congratulations all parties received the result at the Saratoga meeting last May, those who belong to the Order and are familiar with its work will readily attest.

“I reserve to the last that phase of the work which has met with the most opposition, and around which gathers the largest measure of interest, because it is the culmination and crown of all his work, the work which is the logical outcome of every earnest and honest thing that has gone before it—his connection with the Prohibition Party. This may be dated from the year 1882, at the reorganization of the party, when the effort for a distinct party propaganda took shape and form. With this effort he had the most hearty sympathy and lent to it his entire strength. In whatever form an effort was made to secure a prohibitory law, you might count on him for aid to the full measure of his ability. Hence in Kansas in the battle for constitutional prohibition, in Iowa during a similar fight, as well as in every Northern State where the effort has been made, Mr. Finch’s voice has been raised and his best efforts have been put forth. But in all this there was a growing conviction in his mind that all these efforts would fail because they did not measure up to the occasion, and would be inadequate for the accomplishment of the work in hand. The banishment of the saloon, involving as it does the overthrow of the liquor traffic, is a task comparable only to the overthrow of African slavery in our country. It is a grave question which of these two presents the greatest difficulties. This conviction grew upon Mr. Finch, as it does upon every person who gives it the right of way, until his mind was possessed with the belief that not until the majority of the American people were organized for the purpose of suppressing

the liquor traffic would they be able to accomplish their aim. It might, indeed, be driven out of this or that particular county or town, shifting from place to place, but when the tug of war came and the question was on driving it out entirely, it would be found that there was a malignity and a power before which none but the best organized forces of the republic would be able to make a successful stand. Possessed with this conviction, Mr. Finch set himself to the task of arousing the American people and securing an answer to the single question, 'On which side are you?' To bring this question home to every citizen and to secure an honest answer was the supreme work of his life during these later years. It was a joy to him to be able to take the question before the immense audiences that greeted him everywhere, and to look into the faces of the American people, and to plead with them to give a candid answer to this question. So fully was he equipped for this work that few of us were able to believe that he was gifted with any special aptitude for political management. In this, however, we were mistaken. He surprisingly measured up to the greatness of the occasion that arose. In the St. John campaign he became aware that the most desperate effort would be made to stampede the prohibition vote in the State of New York. He realized from a political standpoint how disastrous this would be, and set himself to work with all his energy to hold the vote that had been cast for Mr. Hopkins two years before, and, if possible, to make some addition to it. With an eye single to this one purpose he labored, and with a success which, under the circumstances, constituted one of the most surprising chapters of his life history. It was one of his characteristics that with so many appointments and occasions for work that came to him, far more than he could possibly fill, he selected with rare judgment those strategic points where he would count for the most.

"By nature Mr. Finch was incisive—perhaps we may say sharp and sarcastic. A born leader, he was, of course, combative, and it was not his nature to stop and consider how he was hurting his antagonist. In this regard he had probably something to overcome in order to reach the

highest level of effectiveness as an advocate. The quality to gain the attention and to some extent the sympathy of his audience was not as well developed in him as in some speakers. In my mind, it was one of the most remarkable achievements of his life that he was able, as it seemed to me, as I saw him from time to time, to grow more and more kindly, gentle, and charitable as the years went by. This was especially true during these last years. I am sure that it must have been a subject of especial reflection with him, or he could hardly have attained so great success in this direction. His great forte was to place the truth luminously before his audience. This tendency and his success in this direction, the seven lectures printed under the editorship of the Hon. S. D. Hastings, and largely circulated especially among the Good Templars, bear abundant evidence. These lectures touch the subject upon which they treat with the hand of a master, and the clear, unanswerable logic challenges debate.

“I am not able to speak with any especial definiteness and certainty upon the religious views of Mr. Finch, perhaps because we were too much alike—both too reticent upon some subjects. He seemed to have been cast in the order of Providence into the Methodist Church, and became a member of it before he left New York. I judge that he was not actively identified with the Church during his residence in Nebraska. When he removed to Evanston, he gave his name to Dr. Ridgaway as a probationer in the Methodist church in this place. These facts lead us to believe that Mr. Finch regarded the Methodist Church as the embodiment of religious truth which he in the main preferred. I venture to believe that his admiration for much which passes for religion in our times was not of a very high order. Indeed, I regard it as a matter of wonder that he and many others did not drift, as did the old anti-slavery reformers, many of them, into positive hostility to the Church. I am able to account for it only when I remember that it fell out under the good providence of God that Mr. Finch and his fellow-laborers were brought into close contact with some very remarkable women, who com-

bined with rare intellectual power and intense earnestness in temperance work, an intense religious spirit. In one way and another, Mr. Finch was brought into especially close contact with this group of women. I am persuaded that they influenced him more, perhaps, than he was aware of. He was brought into circumstances that exhibited whatever was best and most sympathetic with himself, among active Church people. I account it one of the especial providences of God that the temperance reform in its present aspect has been, as I believe, kept from following the track of Garrison, Phillips, Parker, Leroy Sunderland, and so many others of that olden time of the slave power, which has now become historic. All the conditions are favorable for driving off into hostility to the Church the earnest workers for prohibition. There is the same rigid conservatism that can never have signs and wonders enough. There is the same pitiful apology for non-action, the same exasperating misrepresentations which were the burden of the anti-slavery reformers in the first half of our century. And what makes this so much the worse, the sinning now is against light and knowledge. No such precedent had been established for the anti-slavery reformers as has been established for us in our times. Step by step the prohibition reform puts on the same aspect that the anti-slavery reform put on. History repeats itself with a fidelity that is sickening in its worst aspects, but also inspiring on its bright side. All these things Mr. Finch saw with perfect clearness, and yet constantly grew more and more kindly in his feelings toward the Church and Church people. Neither in private conversation nor in public discourse did he assume the attitude of denunciation. This was not by any means because he was indifferent, and I can only attribute it to growing patience, the patience which was by no means natural to him, and entirely out of harmony with his impetuous nature.

“ Mr. Finch represented in his own person the ideal temperance man of 1887. He was a diligent worker in all the lines of moral suasion work. His selected organization was the Order of Good Templars. He

believed in it, and gave it his best energies. But he also had a good word for any other method of work. Among his closest friends was Dr. Eugene Clapp, of Boston, the head of the Sons of Temperance, and if Miss Willard were here she would testify to the cordial relations existing between herself and Mr. Finch. But when all was done that could be through appeals to the conscience and personal interest, if the sacred function of government as it is intrusted to American citizens is not exerted to suppress the liquor traffic, it is building an arch and leaving the key-stone out. To work for temperance, or even for prohibition, no matter how diligently, and then vote for the parties which stand for license, was to his mind so gross an inconsistency as to be relieved from the character of crime only by an equally gross ignorance. For a man to sin was bad enough, but for a great and wise people, with Christian teachers by the thousands, to seriously enact into law a system so infernal as the saloon system of this country, and for a price let loose on the American youth, an army of tempters two hundred thousand strong, supplied with the most seductive and potent instrument of ruin ever discovered by man, seemed to him an enormity passing all bounds. Yet he did not rant and defeat his purpose by passionate denunciation. Patiently he waited the opening of the seals. He was sure that, as in 1856, so, before very long, the break would come, and the good citizens would be found on the right side. Like a thoroughly self-possessed watchman who discovers a fire in his premises, he set himself to the task of putting it out with all the means at his disposal.

“His life was short, but he was permitted to accomplish more than most men who live twice as long. He was doing what he felt to be a duty, and it was a duty which all the time pushed him nearer to God. His last letter had in it two letters he rarely used, and with his hatred of cant they had meaning ; ‘I will be,’ he said, ‘in such a place, D. V.’

“Well may we exclaim, ‘The beauty of Israel is slain on the high places.’ How are the mighty fallen. Take him for all in all, it will be long before we shall see his peer.”

After the address all present were permitted to look upon the silent face, so life-like that it seemed he must soon waken to resume his work.

Four Grand Chief Templars, E. W. Chafin, of Wisconsin, H. B. Quick, of Minnesota, Charles L. Abbott, of Massachusetts, and Eli Miller, of Indiana, together with four representatives of the Prohibition Party, S. H. King, of Nebraska, Samuel Dickie, of Michigan, George R. Scott, of the New York *Pioneer*, and J. A. Van Fleet, of the *Lever*, acted as pall-bearers.

The funeral *cortège* proceeded to Rose Hill Cemetery in carriages. Under the charge of George C. Christian, who directed the services at the vault, several hundred Good Templars, wearing regalia, were drawn up in line on either side of the avenue, when the carriages arrived from Evanston.

Mr. Finch had expressed the desire to be buried with the Good Templar ceremonies and in a quiet and unostentatious manner.

Agreeably to his wishes, the impressive Good Templar burial-service was read by Dr. Oronhyatekha, P.R.W.G.C., Samuel D. Hastings, P.R.W.G.T., and Theodore D. Kanouse, P.R.W.G.T.

Short addresses were made by Rev. A. A. Williams and Frank P. Dyer, of Massachusetts, Samuel Dickie, of Michigan, and George R. Scott, of New York. Mr. Scott said :

“ I am here to keep a promise made to Mr. Finch. One

Sabbath morning, while standing near the tomb that contained the body of President Garfield, an agreement was made between our brother and myself, that the one who should survive would attend the funeral of the other.

“As Mr. Finch never broke a promise he made me, I could not break the solemn one made him. I loved the deceased because he was a manly man, a kindly man ; true to his friends and honest to his enemies. The lesson of the occasion is so to live that when death comes, we shall be all ready to meet the great change.”

The remains were then placed in the vault, and the sorrowing friends in sad procession returned to their homes.

Rest, noble chieftain, thy warfare is done ;

The world will be better for what thou hast wrought,
And many a battle for God will be won
Because of the truth and the right that ye taught.

Rest, brother, rest, in that city of silence,

Whose seal on thy lips is eternally set.
There lingers a sound of thy voice in the battle,
And temperance legions will follow it yet.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON the day of the funeral in Evanston memorial services were held in a large number of cities and villages in America and Great Britain, and later in almost every country of the civilized world.

The most notable of the services on Sunday, October 9th, were those held in the Opera House in Lincoln, Neb., and in Chickering Hall, New York City.

The Nebraska State *Journal*, in its report of the Lincoln meeting, says :

“ In Lincoln the demonstration of grief was perhaps more marked than in any other city. Lincoln still claimed Mr. Finch as a citizen.

“ In Nebraska his fame was made ; in Lincoln he received the support and assistance enabling him to begin the work that brought him so prominently before the nation. To the temperance people of this city he was not only a leader, but a personal friend. He had worked for their cause in the country at large, and he had fought side by side with them in their local conflicts. The shock of his death to the temperance army at large was severe. It was doubly felt in Lincoln.

“ At two o'clock on Sunday afternoon the Opera House was completely filled with an audience representing all grades of society, with members of the various temperance organizations and churches predominating in numbers.

“The balcony posts and private boxes were tastefully draped in mourning. The stage was flanked by American flags caught up with bows of crape. At the rear of the speakers and musicians was an immense receding panel with a portrait of Mr. Finch in the focus, illuminated by a locomotive headlight hidden in the scenery. Flowers and decorations were placed on other parts of the stage. The house was darkened, and the audience was solemnly attentive through the impressive exercises.

“A song, ‘On Jordan’s Stormy Banks,’ was sung by the congregation in opening. A Scripture lesson was read by Rev. E. H. Chapin, and a feeling prayer was offered by Elder John T. Smith. ‘Nearer My God to Thee’ preceded the announcement of the first speaker.

HON. G. M. LAMBERTSON,

United States District Attorney, whose subject was ‘Mr. Finch’s Introduction to Nebraska as an Orator,’ spoke as follows :

“ ‘When a man has borne a leading part in any great cause, it is fit that his labors be emphasized and life commemorated by appropriate memorial exercises.

“ ‘This tribute should come not alone from his friends and immediate relatives, prompted by affection, but from those who have felt the impulse of his thought and the spur of his energy and example. The people of Lincoln should esteem it their especial privilege to join in any manifestation of regard for the departed ; for he was to many of them a benefactor.

“ ‘However we may differ in our estimate of Mr. Finch’s character, we must admit, aye, affirm, that he did great good to this community. There are men in this audience who have been reclaimed from the thralldom of appetite by his potent eloquence. There are wives that will bless his name because he restored happiness to the domestic fireside. There are sons who will bless his memory because he saved them from crime, from poverty, from misery, from despair. If the words of Scrip-

ture are always and forever true, "that no drunkard shall ever enter the kingdom of heaven," then what a debt of gratitude we owe him if but a single soul was saved from a drunkard's doom. Mr. Finch came to Lincoln some eleven years ago, shortly after the Temple of Honor was organized and had swept this city in a whirlwind of reform. Mr. Godfrey was the originator of that movement, and there has never been a reform that has ploughed itself so deeply into the public mind ; and the present strong, moral, and healthy temperance sentiment owes its origin to that movement. Mr. Finch was not in any sense the originator of that temperance revival, but he ultimately became a member of the Temple of Honor, and in the end largely contributed to its work. Mr. Finch came here as the apostle of the Red Ribbon Society. The Temple of Honor was somewhat exclusive in its character, and shut its doors for a time to all men who were not of good social standing. Mr. Finch's work supplemented and rounded out the mission of the Temple of Honor. He reached his hand down into the gutter and put on his feet many a man whom the Temple of Honor believed past redemption. His first appearance in the old Opera House marked him a matchless temperance orator. His welcome was enthusiastic because it was apparent that he was a host in himself. Here was a man who could stand in the arena of debate and cope with all comers. The old Scotch proverb "Many are the friends of the golden tongue," found its fulfilment, for he became Lincoln's popular orator. He was the only man here who was always sure of a crowded house. He possessed a good voice, dignified appearance, matchless courage, and a good vocabulary. He was king in the realm of facts, potent in the touch of pathos, and irresistible in his sallies of humor. He was always aggressive in speech, bitter in denunciation, and at times downright fanatical. He at times exhausted the epithets of the dictionary in his condemnation of the liquor traffic. He believed with Wendell Phillips that the great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a question long ; that they must be made to feel through the hides of their idols ; that when you send the

spear into the rhinoceros hide of a public man, all the people felt it. Hence he hurt many a man with the diamond point of a fatal epithet. As he turned over the pages of our social life and saw the stain of the widow's tear, the stigma of a wife's disgrace, the blot of a husband's dishonor, the crimson spot from the hand of a murderer, and realized that the same power was responsible for it, and for three fourths of all the poverty, misery, and crime in the world, every fibre of his being throbbed resentful, and in the white heat of a righteous indignation his denunciation of what he believed to be the common enemy was most severe and powerful. He would not dally nor parley with this enemy. He would not compromise, he would accept no half way or middle ground. He would not tolerate the license system, nothing but absolute, unconditional surrender was his motto. Otherwise it was a fight to the death. While we cannot all agree with him, at least, I cannot wholly approve of his course, yet we must all admire the unconquerable valor with which he fought this good fight, even to the end. He died in the harness. That heart which had for so long beaten in unison with the better impulses of our time missed a single beat, and the tribune of the people is dead. Heaven all at once became avaricious and was not content to wait for its human harvest until the whitening and bending head was bowed to the earth by the weight of years, but seized him in the very vigor of his manhood. Scientists tell us that the human heart, which beats so constantly, never resting, never tiring, if directed against the granite pillar, would wear it to dust in the course of a single lifetime. The heart beats of the lamented dead prompted many a word and deed that made serious breaches in the walls of the fortresses of the rum power, and his death will quicken the pulse of every one interested in this reform, so that in time the walls may be wholly levelled.'

MRS. S. H. KING

next spoke upon 'Mr. Finch's Relation to the Order of Good Templars.' She told of Mr. Finch when he was a law student in New York and of

the inducements held out by the Good Templars of Lincoln that finally resulted in his removal to the West. His work here was reviewed at length, and many incidents were related showing the grandeur of his character, the steadfastness of his purpose, and his pure-hearted unselfishness.

“The hymn ‘Rock of Ages’ intervened between the remarks of Mrs. King and the discussion of Mr. Finch’s relation to the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, by

MRS. M. E. ROBERTS.

“Mrs. Roberts remembered distinctly the first appearance of Mr. Finch before their Union. How he urged upon them the necessity of steadfast prayer, for without it they could not meet with success. He had shown himself to be a good and a pure man, and when his hour of adversity came, when the enemy attacked his good name, the women of Lincoln were glad to hold a public meeting to do all they could to vindicate him before the eyes of the world. His work is not finished. It is just beginning. The God of battle leads, and the grand cause will move forward.

“‘Come, ye Disconsolate’ was sung with feeling by Miss Lillus S. Peck, the glee club and the congregation joining in the refrain.

COLONEL GEORGE B. SKINNER,

for ten years President of the Lincoln Red Ribbon Club, next spoke of ‘Mr. Finch’s Relation to the Red Ribbon Club.’

“‘Mr. Finch came to Lincoln in 1877 and delivered twenty-one lectures in succession. During these lectures he converted to the temperance faith a good many men from all classes of society. A short time after the close of these lectures he called upon me to help him organize a Red Ribbon Club, which I did, and hired a hall for one year, and opened the meeting with a membership of seventeen old soakers, who had sworn to live a sober life. This was the start of the Red Ribbon Club which Mr. Finch, nine years afterward in this city, complimented

by saying that this club surpassed in point of numbers, influence, and power any temperance club known in this country.

“ ‘Mr. Finch went from here all over the State, organizing fifty or sixty clubs. I called a State Red Ribbon Convention, and over four hundred delegates responded to the call. This gave temperance work a great impetus outside of the regular organizations. Our club received a great deal of help from Mr. Finch every time he came to the State. He regarded it as a good thing. Everybody could come in, drunk or sober. I must tell what the club has done, as it redounds to his glory. Since the organization of this club over sixteen thousand persons have signed the pledge, and while many have gone back, hundreds are left who have kept the faith.’

A. G. WOLFENBARGER

was introduced by the chairman of the meeting. His subject was ‘Mr. Finch as a Party Leader.’ He said :

“ ‘Thousands of men have been born rich, but no man has been born great. The laurel wreath of fame, woven by jealous fingers, must ever rest upon that brow beneath whose arches glow the restless and unquenchable fires of a genius burnished by incessant toil. Some essentials there are to successful leadership common to all who move the world’s great armies :

“ ‘1. Intelligence to plan.

“ ‘2. Force of will and grasp of others’ confidence to carry out that plan.

“ ‘3. Courage to grapple with overwhelming obstacles, supplemented by a happy faculty to inspire and harmonize human forces.

“ ‘4. Beneath these must lie the solid granite foundation of a cause worth fighting and dying for.

“ ‘That all these elements were sublimely blended in the rounded character of John B. Finch none will deny. But the short span of a life but half begun is sadly insufficient to test a general’s power.

Lying before us as an open book, the page torn rudely out at thirty-five, we read what has been written, and stand in mingled sorrow and admiration beside an early tomb. In all that makes the leader grandly great this dauntless knight of the new crusade was equipped. With a lawyer's keen analysis he studied American constitutions and drank in his country's history. Schooled in the noble struggles and partial successes of moral suasion societies, he sought to supplement their good beginnings with more enduring work. The organized enemies of society and pure government were intrenched behind the protecting bulwarks of social customs and written law. The assassin of all peace, virtue, public and private morality stood with drawn dagger, reeking with the blood of millions of murdered victims, ready to stab the dearest institutions of this republic to the heart. The lion manhood of free America had sneaked to cowards' tents, and the white hands of women and the pinched and pale faces of starving childhood were uplifted in pleading for protection. The tranced spirits of illustrious forefathers filled the fretted air, and God's angel came forth to gird the loins of a champion.

“ ‘The executive experience of John B. Finch, as chief of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the world's Good Templars, was of great value. His long and laborious lecture tours had left his name in almost every Christian household throughout the land. Unsought fame had already set her shining mark on the orator's head when the Pittsburg Convention of 1884 named him as the Chairman of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party.

“ ‘Amid the bitterest political struggle that had occurred since the war, the prohibition national campaign of 1884 was conducted. The highest Presidential vote reached in any Presidential contest prior to 1884 was only about 11,000. With only a few weeks in which to plan his campaign and conduct the canvass in the various States, Mr. Finch succeeded in calling forth a vote of 152,000 for ex-Governor St. John.

“ ‘He never acknowledged discouragement. His presence in a State set hundreds at work. He was the best organizer this reform ever saw.

His arraignment of the liquor politicians and parties of the country was an indictment from which his opponents instinctively shrank, not caring to plead in defence. When a great contest was over he would congratulate the workers and urge immediate organization for future fights. He kept the party growing. With him it was a battle to the death, and temporary defeat was only the signal for renewed action.

“ ‘I have no doubt that this great leader fell as he might have chosen—in the field with his face to the foe—for he loved the battle-field only less than victory.

“ ‘The work he so grandly inaugurated will go on till the cause he fought so nobly for will win. His princely form and commanding voice are hidden and hushed forever, but the inspiration of his leadership will linger to cheer us through the irrepressible conflict.

“ ‘“Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to love,
Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to trust ;
Fresh flowers of faith shall spring from out his dust,
Bright stars of hope shall shine his sod above.”’

“ ‘The song ‘ My Redeemer ’ preceded the remarks upon ‘ Mr. Finch’s Work in the Elevation of the Home,’ by

HON. O. P. MASON, EX-CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEBRASKA.

“ ‘Death is at all times terrible to the living, whether it comes to the smiling infant in its cold embrace or to venerable and decrepit age, with its experience and wisdom. And the terror of the shock is greatly intensified when it comes to those in the full vigor of life and takes the strong and useful to the silent halls of death to become the companion of the mute grave worm and repose in the silent tomb. In such a case the loss to humanity, to society, and the world is irreparable. But nature, even here, holds out the rainbow tints of hope to cheer the mourning heart and encourage activity and usefulness in a field where avarice, selfishness, and jealousy are unknown ; where ambition for the

full recognition of the brotherhood of humanity and the fatherhood of God is greatly intensified. This at least is the hope I entertain for my departed friend.

“ ‘ We all know the powers of his mind and his enthusiastic feelings were enlisted in the cause in which he took part, and so deeply was he interested, so persuaded of the justice of his side of the question, that he was never known to admit the advocates of his cause to be wrong. If doubts were suggested by the opposite party, he would repel them in an instant as if they reflected upon his honor and judgment. The power of his eloquence was supreme in the cause which he advocated. When he spoke the audience chamber was thronged, and none listened without a tribute of admiration. He continued in his labors with a constantly increasing reputation until called hence. He loved humanity and labored for its elevation. In the cause which he represented it may be truthfully said :

“ ‘ ‘ This was the noblest Roman of them all ;

* * * * *

He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world : This was a man ! ”

“ ‘ According to his deeds and his virtues let us honor his memory and with all respect and rites of esteem, commemorate his noble acts in a good cause.

“ ‘ He labored to make his country the eagle’s nest of freedom and not alone the cradle of infant liberty. He was assailed by the whirlwinds of rage and passion ; but he remained calm amid the fury of the storm, guiding the cause he represented to success and victory. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolutions ; who resists the severest temptations from within and without ; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully ; who is calmest in storms and

most fearless under menace and frowns, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering. Tried by this standard, the deceased must take rank among the good and great. There is yet another test. The true test of a great man—that, at least, which must secure his place among the highest order of great men—is his having been in advance of his age; and when tried by this standard the deceased was truly great. He was foremost in the cause he represented and far in advance of his age. He is good who does good to others, and if he suffers for the good he does he is better still, and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived at the height of goodness, to which nothing but an increase of his suffering can add. If it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit; it is heroism complete. Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies." And dust to dust concludes the noblest song, and he is not great who is not greatly good.'

"The last speaker of the afternoon was Dr. C. F. Creighton, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. His remarks were substantially as follows :

" 'This audience, what a tribute! In other cities what expressions of regard are being manifested to-day! How they indicate the character of the individual! These are Christian audiences. The Christian audiences of the world have been inspired and moulded by the Christian lips that are now passing to dust.

" 'Reformers like Mr. Finch are the outgrowth of the Christian Church. No other institution produces them, and not only so, but the material which these reformers use to elevate the world is found in the Church. His relations with the Christian world were vital.

" 'The Christian people, the more cultivated and Christianized people of the nation, want to settle the liquor question. In your hands lies the settlement of the liquor traffic. On this line John B. Finch occupies a position from which his influence for good goes out like the light from a beacon. He is dead, but the cause will go on after his death.

" 'Mr. Finch was one of the stars of the first magnitude that occupy

places in the firmament. Many have been blotted out, and we say they are dead. Is Shakespeare dead? We know that he lives in the literature of every nation and yet speaks to millions through his wonderful poems and tragedies. Is John B. Gough dead? Is his influence dead? No. John B. Finch is not dead. I believe that is one of the great headlights of progress that go dashing on into the trackless void and summon and show the way for the advance of civilization.

“ ‘ John B. Finch was the bitter enemy of the liquor traffic. Now the arm that was lifted against it has fallen. The soul that fought it so gallantly is now crowned among the martyrs.

“ ‘ Thank God for such men.

“ ‘ The liquor traffic to-day rules this nation as an unlimited monarchy. This John B. Finch died in fighting, and to-day we can do no more than to shed a tear over his dust and drop a laurel, and thank God that even his dust is left us. God never forgets His own dead. Our hopes are fired by the thought that He will breathe upon the dust where his sainted dead sleeps, and lift him up as a monument of those who have died for others. If God reigns he shall be crowned.’

“ ‘ Sweet By and By,’ by the glee club and the audience, and the benediction, by Rev. J. T. Minehart, brought the exercises to a close.”

The National Temperance Society issued a pamphlet containing a complete report of the Chickering Hall services on the same day. From that pamphlet the following extracts from the addresses are made :

ADDRESS OF THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

“ FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS : The eloquent voice that was to have rung through this hall this afternoon, with its thrilling inspiration, is silent, because it has passed into the harmonies of the heavenly world. It has been my privilege during the last five-and-forty years to be ac-

quainted with about all the leaders of the Temperance Reform, from the pioneer days of Lyman Beecher, and Father Mathew, and Delavan, and Jewett ; but among them all no other man at the early age of thirty-five had wrought so wide a work and had so wide a reputation as John B. Finch. He was every inch a man in his superb physique, and with his smile as sweet as summer. Strange, brethren, to think it has gone off that face—in his manly bearing, in the courage of his convictions, in his large charity, and in his heroic consecration to the glorious work of salvation for his fellow-men. Well, on the single question of policy his judgment and mine differed ; differed frankly ; differed fraternally ; differed generously as fellow-workers ought if ever on any point they differ. My Brother Finch was an intensely earnest partisan Prohibitionist. I have been decidedly from conviction a non-partisan Prohibitionist, and yet not one whit the less do I always honor the zeal and intrepidity with which he marched up to the uttermost limit of his highest convictions. Wherever I saw the flash of that cimeter or heard that glorious voice ringing out in the forefront of the battle, I said, ‘ Go on, brother ; your blows are telling against the common foe. You are fighting for the victory of our one great cause ; for the salvation of our fellow-men and of our land from the most perfidious and cruel of curses and of despotisms.’ My friend Finch was a brilliant political orator and sagacious political strategist, but he was a great deal more than that. His fire-like sagacity made him more than that, for behind the terrific ramparts of the liquor traffic belching out fire, blood, death, and damnation, he saw the drinking usages and labored with all his might and main to remove them. Behind the ballot-box he recognized a popular conscience, and addressed himself to it, and felt that only reform in all its aspects could be carried on by a public conscience leavened with truth and held firm by this conviction of the everlasting right. And more than that. John B. Finch was a man of God, a sincere, devout, child-like follower of Jesus Christ, and the sword he wielded was the sword fashioned in heaven. It wrought mightily. The hand that held it has

been stricken with death, but the sword—the sword survives. Other hands will take it up. Others are marching with it through the breach unto victory. Unless I misread his brief, beautiful life, no part of it was more fruitful or will live longer than that part which was devoted to the leadership of that splendid, world-wide organization of the Good Templars. He led them over the whole land and in other lands, for his audience-chamber spread from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific, and the men listed under its standards were counted by tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. His work goes on. Brethren, comrades, to-day we clasp our hands afresh in a vow of everlasting loyalty to the cause for which John B. Finch lived, fought, and in which he breathed his last breath when God summoned him to his crown. On the early morning of the first day at Gettysburg the gallant Reynolds fell, pierced through the heart, dropping instantly from his horse. The battle went on till at the stone wall broke the crest of the highest wave of the rebellion. In the forefront of this great fight of the age John B. Finch is fallen—suddenly translated. The great fight goes on. The National Temperance Society, which I have the honor of representing this afternoon, loses one of its noblest officers. Our work goes on. The great and beneficent Order of the Good Templars has lost its beloved head. The great work goes on. On the morning of the first day of the battle against the drinking usages and the dram-shops our leader leaves us. But, hark ! hark ! Methinks from the upper spheres I hear that voice still sounding, ‘Brethren, comrades, advance in the name of the Almighty till to the great cause of prohibition His right hand and His holy arm shall give you the victory !’

“ You know that when the gallant young Count d’Auvergne fell at his post, his name still was kept on the roll, and whenever it was called, some one stepped out a few paces to the front and answered, ‘Died on the field of honor.’ John B. Finch’s name stands and it will stand, and we will call it on the roll, and whenever it is called some one shall, by his voluntary effort, step three paces to the front and say, ‘Died on the

field of battle for God and home and native land ; for truth and temperance and righteousness.' ”

ADDRESS OF GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

“ MR. PRESIDENT, FRIENDS OF THE TEMPERANCE UNION : The tidings of the death of John B. Finch carried sorrow to thousands of homes and hearts. In no one spot outside of that sacred place where the widow and the fatherless boy weep by the side of the dear dead husband and father, are there mourners more sincere than this thronging multitude in Chickering Hall—here where he was so much beloved, here where we hoped fondly to listen to his musical voice on this very day. The Lord of Hosts has taken away from our Jerusalem the strong staff, the mighty man, the wise counsellor, and the eloquent orator. Since there came to us with such suddenness on last Tuesday morning the announcement of his death, in our despondency and sense of loss we have been groping blindly, crying as children at the translation of this youthful prophet, ‘ My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.’ It is vain to stand here to speak in a few words of John B. Finch. We are too near that awful scene. Some other time some loving friend who knew him all along will stand in some proper place and paint the picture of this wonderful man. Wonderfully many-sided, combining in his character those natural qualifications, physical and mental, which combined in him so many qualities that are ordinarily distributed over many persons. He was a close student ; a deep thinker, and retained what he read about. He was a wonderful orator with that musical voice of his by nature so richly endowed and so highly cultivated. Frank in his expression, his earnest, ardent temperament cleaving the way into all heads and hearts. By far the most convincing, the most impressive speaker I ever listened to on any platform.

“ John B. Finch is dead, and we from our standpoint of human vision say, ‘ We never can fill his place.’ It will be difficult to do it ; but

remember, my friends, that God lives ; that we have never got to fill His place, and it is His cause. He takes us by the hand to-day, reaching down amid the unseen forces, and leading us forward in this great battle.

“ A few months ago I stood with him on many platforms in the great campaign in Michigan, and when we came into Detroit, there to meet the champions of the saloon—for they could be called nothing else—I sat in our hotel on that Saturday in March, the 26th, with David Preston on one side of me and John B. Finch on the other side. We were all worn—we were all weary. Mr. Preston said to me : ‘ General, you are working too hard. We did not bring you to Michigan to kill you. Mr. Finch put his hand lovingly upon my arm, and said : ‘ You must stop ; you must go slowly. I will do all the work to-night. You speak but a few moments.’ And there we three together planned the defence—that magnificent defence he gave of our cause before four thousand people that evening. A few days afterward Mr. Preston fell as suddenly as Mr. Finch fell. Sitting with his family at night, singing the sweet song, ‘ Thus far the Lord hath led me on,’ he went to his room, never to come forth alive. And on last Monday night this other friend of mine, who cautioned me so lovingly, was not, for God took him.

“ Oh, my friends, let us emulate the example of John B. Finch ! You young men who listen to me to-day, oh, stand for truth. Turn your faces toward the stars and be men. Have the courage of your convictions, as did this man, and devote all your days to the great cause for which he died. We mourn, but, after all, how blessed a thing to die as he died ! He died strong. We mourn for him.

* * * * *

“ ‘ For him the welcome angel came
Ere yet his eye grew dim
Or bent his stately frame.

“ ‘ His weapon was so bright,
His shield was lifted high,
To smite the wrong, protect the right,—
What happier hour to die ?

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
And every murmuring heart be still,
As, bowing to God's sovereign will,
Our best loved we surrender.'

"Brethren, by the side of these rapidly-opening graves let us come to a new consecration, seize the mantle of the ascending prophets, and so shall it be said of us when we come to die—they will chant about our tombs that elegy of the Church—'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

ADDRESS OF REV. I. K. FUNK.

"Lamartine in his 'History of Turkey' tells the story of Mahomet in his early career gathering around him his family, who did not as yet believe in his claims, and asked them to give him an adherence to those claims. He said to them: 'Which of you will be my brother, my substitute, my representative?' They were terror-stricken at the thought, and none answered. By and by the youngest one, but a child, stepped forward and said: 'Prophet of the Lord, I, in the default of others.' So when this greatest of the crusades against intemperance was begun, the God of Heaven looked down upon earth, and said: 'Who among you all will be My substitute, My representative?' The aged among us, the wise men of reputation, were silent, almost terrified, at the growing proportions of the liquor traffic, intrenched as never before behind the wealth, social customs, and in the politics of the day. Silent! At last a young man stepped forward and said: 'Lord, I, in the default of others.' And as Mahomet, when that young man told him that he in the default of others would be his representative, said to them, 'Obey him,' so we heard the Divine command say to us all, 'Obey that young man.' But thirty-five years of age, and seldom has any leader been so implicitly obeyed as has been John B. Finch in these last two years.

Now dead ! John B. Finch dead ! What is death ? It is birth, resurrection. Not dead.

“ A little girl had a little bird's egg, so beautiful of color and shape, she visited it time and again, and at last she saw the shell was broken. The beauty and shape were gone. She burst into tears as if her heart would break. She heard a little sound and looked up, and there on the bough of a tree was a singing-bird—so beautiful ! That bird was perfected in that shell, and had escaped from the broken shell. The little child forgot the broken shell as she saw the bird. Out in Evanston, Ill., is the broken shell. The perfected man is not there. Nor is he gone. I believe, brethren, that those who die in the Lord Jesus Christ are with us. The Saviour said : ‘ I am the first-fruits of the resurrection. I go for your sakes (not for His own), and if I go I come again.’ And as He came and was a power more than ever to those who believed in Him, so this one who has gone beyond the veil is not away from us. Beyond the veil are the secret springs of those forces that move the world. Not less than before, but greater than before. Had John B. Finch a wonderful knowledge of human nature, that intuitive knowledge that was almost miraculous ? He understands the human heart better to-day than ever. Had he a marvellous power of combination and a lightning power of execution ? Never was he so able to combine—never so swift of execution as to-day. The stars, we are told, fought in their courses against Sisera. The dead are fighting with those who are in the right in this mighty cause. It is no calamity to die. I once heard Henry Ward Beecher say to a man who came up to him and said : ‘ You are not well.’ ‘ No,’ said Beecher, with a far-away look. He ventured to say further : ‘ Mr. Beecher, you had better be careful of yourself, or some time sickness will get the better of you.’ With that look that seemed to take in immensity, he said : ‘ I hope so ; I hope so. I would not live away.’ He who understands the mystery of death, as the Scripture teaches us, would not live away—not even if he takes into consideration only the welfare of those who remain behind. The last

time—and it seems but yesterday—that Mr. Finch spoke to me, almost his last words were : ‘ Let there be no compromise with that infernal liquor power.’ I said to him : ‘ Let there be no compromise.’

“ Richard Cœur de Lion, after he was dead, led in a remarkable way his soldiers. His heart was taken out and put in a casket, and his soldiers would carry that casket with them in battle. They would throw the casket far into the ranks of the enemy, and then they would cry : ‘ Let us go forward to where Richard’s heart is.’ And so let us throw this sentence of John B. Finch : ‘ Let there be no compromise with the infernal power, the liquor traffic.’ Hurl it forward into the ranks of the enemy, and then cry to the temperance hosts from Maine down to Texas, on to California : ‘ Let us fight up to that sentence of John B. Finch.’”

ADDRESS OF MRS. MARY T. BURT.

“ Sometimes death comes after days and months of pain and suffering. Sometimes it comes suddenly, quickly, instantaneously, and in the twinkling of an eye the mortal puts on immortality. Sometimes it delays its coming until all preparations have been made for leaving the earthly home for the heavenly. But not so the summons came to our brother. It came to him when his life was full of earnest plans of hard work. It came to him when life, I presume, seemed the dearest. It came to him when he stood as the honored leader and the trusted guide of two great organizations. And God was merciful in sending death thus. He was spared, our brother, the fruitless longing of not seeing his hopes fulfilled or his plans realized. God took him to Himself suddenly and quickly. In the course of my temperance work and life I was privileged to meet Mr. Finch but three times. I heard him speak but once, and that was at the great meeting in Syracuse, August 25th, 1887. I remember as he sat upon the platform when, just as his name was announced, his friend and brother, Mr. Hopkins, turned and extended to him his hand. They sat thus for an instant with clasped hands,

looking into each other's eyes, a look of perfect love and of confidence. And then he rose to speak. But a great storm of applause swept over that audience. And as he stood then in his magnificent manhood giving expression to utterances which thrilled the hearts of his hearers and inspired them to fresh action, I said to myself: 'What a splendid and God-given man!' But we could not say—we did not know—that there, close by his side, stood the angel of death. We did not know that never again in this great State would that voice be heard in behalf of this great cause. But that was God's way, and that was His will. I believe that Mr. Finch was a man of the strictest integrity; the purest life; that he was a Christian man; and it seems to me, in the face of this record, that nothing more can be said, for no memorial can be better than that. As I sat that night on the platform in Syracuse, and heard the expressions of the men who stood side by side with him in this great battle, I realized that for him they felt a love that was not common in its nature; that the love they felt for him was like the love which Jonathan felt for David; and I have sat here on this platform this afternoon, and I have seen strong men weep on every side of me, and so I know that this was no common man, and so I feel that for his life, for his presence, and for his words, you need be doubly thankful to the One that gave him to you. And now it would seem to our poor clouded human vision that this is all wrong. That this life, so useful and so beautiful, should be taken now in its prime—it would seem to us all wrong. But not so, my friends. The life taken just as it was, in God's sight, all rounded and complete; the warp and woof all perfect. Just as when the one with silvered hairs and whose face is all lined over with the experiences and the cares of life, whose hands are wrinkled and feeble—just as we judge their lives to be complete in years and usefulness, just as complete was this man, our brother.

I am glad I met Mr. Finch as I did. I am glad to have known him, for we women looked to him as the leader of this great cause in this country. We trusted him as much as did you. We honored him no less.

And now to the wife sitting in her stricken home in the far West goes out our heart in tenderest sympathy ; and for this boy in his youthful years left so lonely and fatherless, may God keep them and care for them as He will. We realize that while this man, so full of power and life, was out in the world, that the great heart of his joyous soul was suddenly and painfully stirred often and often ; we know that he heard heavenly voices calling, and we know that he has reached that happy, tearless shore which girds God's throne in heaven. In the bosom of the Almighty is he sheltered, and in His arms has he found eternal rest.

“ ‘ Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won
Enter thy Master's joy.

“ ‘ The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

“ ‘ Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field ;
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his Red Cross shield.

“ ‘ His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

“ ‘ The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last—
His soul is found in peace.

“ ‘ Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.’ ”

Stephen M. Wright, Esq., Vice-President of the American Temperance Union, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

“ WHEREAS, It has pleased Him who notes even the fall of a sparrow, to suddenly call from our midst one who, though scarcely yet in the prime of life, was the accepted leader in waging the battle against the intemperance of our land ;

“ WHEREAS, From this platform, and at this very hour, was to have been heard his voice in ringing denunciation of the great evil of the liquor traffic, it is therefore eminently fit and proper that there should be offered such feeble words of sympathy as befit our sorrowing hearts ; therefore,

“ *Resolved*, That the American Temperance Union, and its friends here assembled, do express our deep feeling of sorrow and bereavement at the loss which we have sustained in the death of our dear friend and co-laborer, John B. Finch.

“ *Resolved*, That we unite with all other temperance organizations in deploring his great loss, at this particular time, when his clarion voice is so needed to carry forward the great work intrusted to our hands.

“ *Resolved*, That to the Order of Good Templars do we particularly extend our sympathy in the loss of the great chieftain by whose power of persuasion they were made to extend their hands across the ocean, and grasp each other in friendly unity.

“ *Resolved*, That while we, as members of the American Temperance Union, do keenly feel the loss which we have sustained in the death of a warm friend, ever ready to respond to our call, we cannot but realize how serious is the blow to the temperance cause in all its phases, for in John B. Finch they all found a close student, a vigorous thinker, an impressive and convincing speaker, clear and logical in his reasoning, with a remarkable degree of boldness and unflinching faithfulness of purpose, which made him, by its own force, naturally a most sagacious

leader ; and, as we part with him to-day at the tomb, we may fittingly say : ‘ Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity.’

“ *Resolved*, That to his family we tender our sincere condolence in this hour of deep affliction, and sympathy in this their irreparable loss of an affectionate husband and tender-hearted father ; and while we hesitate to trespass upon the sacredness of their grief, we earnestly commend them to the mercy of Him who has promised a crown of immortal glory beyond the tomb.”

In Boston memorial services were held in the People’s Church Sunday afternoon, October 23d. James H. Roberts presided.

After remarks by the chairman, the choir sang :

“ Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home ; sweet, sweet home ;
Lord, tarry not, but come.

“ Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home ; sweet, sweet home ;
Lord, tarry not, but come.

“ Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-heating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home ; sweet, sweet home ;
Lord, tarry not, but come."

ADDRESS OF BENJAMIN R. JEWELL.

" Life is real ; it may be brief ; let us learn therefore the necessity of living not to ourselves, but for the good of our fellow-men. Let us break the narrow cords of selfishness that bind us within the limited vision of ourselves and those with whom we are intimately associated. Let us labor for the good of the race ; then shall we realize the full value of life and the true measure of time.

" " We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs, when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

" Measured by this standard, John B. Finch lived a long life. Cut down in the early summer of his years, he lived to the autumn of life in influence and experience. His was a rare combination of gentleness and strength ; his winning manner and luminous smile were irresistible. He convinced his hearers by the logical presentation of his subject ; his withering satire was annihilating ; his was an analytical mind. His sentences were ornate, and as an orator he ranked among the first upon the temperance platform. As a speaker he was not impassioned ; his training as a lawyer enabled him to lead his hearers, step by step, from principles that were self-evident to those that would reasonably follow. He was sympathetic, and the little incidents of life that touch our compassion moved his heart to the tenderest emotions. I have seen him help the little ragged newsboy time and time again ; if he could bring

sunlight out of darkness or a smile to one with a burdened heart, it was a real pleasure for him to do so. His spirit was that of one who wished to help his fellow-man.

“It was my privilege to be with him many times in the constitutional amendment campaigns, and I wish to state that in his presentation of the cause, he rigidly adhered to his agreement with the committee that he was to present the subject from a non-partisan standpoint ; and while he was an intense partisan upon the platform, he was faithful to his engagements with the Amendment Committee.

“To me his words were an inspiration, and his sincere and brave spirit wonderfully impressed me, and I regarded him the most able exponent for constitutional prohibition.

“He was a natural organizer and possessed rare executive ability. The detail of work was not irksome to him, and he joined heartily in all plans for the advancement of the cause.

“He believed in the educational methods of temperance work, and gave his unqualified approbation to those organizations that adhere to special agencies, moral, educational, and religious. In this he exhibited a broad and catholic spirit which is worthy of imitation. In an hour of perplexity, a friend said to him, ‘I am willing to die for the temperance work,’ and the reply of the great leader was, ‘It is easy and cowardly to die ; it is brave to live and conquer.’

“I knew Mr. Finch in his home—a fond husband and an affectionate father. The saddened household, what a shadow has fallen there ! the memories of his home life, how they linger like the evening shadows of the setting sun on the autumnal sky ! The remembrance of his loving and devoted life is the best legacy left to the sorrowing wife and fatherless boy. What a precious bequest, priceless above rubies !

“I would not claim for him perfection of character, but I do feel that he ranked among the truest and the best.

“We miss him—his smiling face and his happy greeting ; but amid the sorrow of his absence we remember that our loss is his gain. His

spirit is in the presence of Him who is 'fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore.'

" ' We too must come to the river side,
 One by one ! one by one !
 We are nearer its waters each eventide,
 Yes, one by one.
 The waves of the river are dark and cold,
 We know not the place where our feet may hold.
 O Thou, who didst pass through the deepest midnight,
 Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.
 Gathering home ! gathering home !
 Fording the river one by one,
 Gathering home ! gathering home !
 Yes, one by one.' "

ADDRESS OF MRS. HELEN G. RICE, FOR THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

" We, members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, are wont to call each other *sisters* ; and it is no mere form of speech, for to stand heart to heart for the accomplishment of a high and holy purpose gives a sense of kinship not less true and tender than does the tie of blood. We are wont also to speak of the husbands of these sisters, loyal as ourselves 'to God, and home, and native land,' as the good brothers-in-law of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. So it is most fitting that the White Ribbon household should be represented in this memorial service to-day ; for John B. Finch was one of the family, a brother beloved.

" How well I recall the first time that I ever saw his face and heard his voice, in that grand meeting at Tremont Temple, when he shared the time with Colonel Bain and Governor St. John ! Still more vividly rises before me an evening a little later, when a nearer view of him led me to say to the friend beside me : ' Mr. Finch must be a good man, for his goodness is stamped upon his countenance ; it was worth the time and

trouble of coming here to-night to see the rare sweetness of his smile ;' and my friend replied : ' It was the best temperance address that I ever heard.'

" Since then his name has become a household word in scores of New England homes, and

" ' Many a [tear and] blessing went
With [him] beneath that low, green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings.'

" An English writer has said : ' There is no good man's heart that has not a little of the woman in it,' and our brother surely had

" ' That gentleness
Which, when it weds with manhood,
Makes a man.'

" True and tender to all women, he had the nobleness of soul to discern all their possibilities, and to rejoice in all that they had accomplished. By the sense of personal loss which his sudden going has brought to each White Ribbon woman, we know something of the shadow which rests upon the home he loved, where the wife sits in the desolation of her young widowhood, and clasps to her arms her fatherless boy. May the dear Lord comfort and shield them.

" ' So young,' we all said, as the sudden tidings reached us, ' to be called away from his labors ;' but for God's children there are no untimely deaths, no unfinished lives, and, ' counting time by heart-throbs,' Mr. Finch had lived longer than many a man who has rounded out his threescore years and ten. Rather let us say, ' So greatly honored, to be thus early promoted to the higher service.'

" ' Undaunted he fell.
Not in the winter of age bending low ;
Wasted and worn in the summer's warm glow ;
Strong in his manhood, hope gilding his sky,
In the pathway of duty he sank down to die.
Undaunted he fell ! '

“ It would be wise for the young manhood of this nation, enfeebling its powers to such an extent physically, mentally, and spiritually, with the nicotine and alcoholic habits, and other follies of the day, to gaze upon this splendid example of what a man may be when he learns ‘ to think God’s thoughts after Him,’ and to work in harmony with God’s plan ; a gentle man, and yet a masterful man, who could sway audiences at his will, his great power lay in the fact that he dared to be ‘ in the right with two or three.’

“ When the truth took possession of him, it was like a fire in his bones, which must find outward expression. So he could stand out before this nation the living embodiment of a great principle, while the multitude passed by on the other side.

“ It was not in God’s purpose that he should live to see this great principle triumph, and to hear the sneers of the populace change to plaudits ; but he whom God crowns victor on the eternal heights can miss nothing of earthly honors. Ours is the precious legacy of his brave, wise words, which will help the cause he loved for all the days to come.

“ ‘ All is not dead.

Still in your midst the best lingers to-day
Of the loved and departed, untouched by decay.
The virtues he cherished yet live, and will last
When the scenes of the present are lost in the past.

All is not dead !’

“ ‘ Pause now and weep !

Weep for our [hero], lost to our sight ;
Nobly he toiled for us ; gave of his might.
Ye may search for his like as long years circle round,
But a loftier spirit will never be found.

Pause now and weep.’

“ But, after all, the crowning glory of this man was that he had enthroned Christ in his heart. Loyalty to the Master made his gentleness more gentle, his bravery more brave, and himself like unto those who

wait for their Lord with loins girt about and lamps trimmed and burning.

“ ‘ Christian, farewell !

As ready for death as true in thy life,

No danger appalled thee in [bitterest] strife.

With tears we commit the dear form to the sod,

The dust to the earth, the spirit to God.

Christian, farewell ! ’ ”

ADDRESS OF REV. J. W. HAMILTON, D.D.

“ MR. CHAIRMAN : This is the soldier’s farewell. We are a company of comrades met to say last words over a hero’s grave. John B. Finch was an officer commanding in the field, when and where death met him. He fell with his sword drawn and face to the foe. If ever

“ ‘ Thebes, Epaminondas rears again,

When Grecian mothers give birth to men,’

it was when this fair land raised up this man, and gave him to the temperance reform.

“ He was every inch a man—a manly man. He was a foeman worthy of Damascus steel. Money could not bribe him, mere friendship persuade him, nor could political preferment move him.

“ He was a brave man, he cared little for majorities. Righteousness with him was no uncertain sovereignty. His first gun in every campaign was the canon of Sacred Scripture, and the monument he would build on the battle-field of his last victory would be the tombstone of the last saloon. There is a Scandinavian legend that there was once a giantess and she had a daughter who, when wandering in the field, found a husbandman ploughing. She picked him up, with his horses and plough, between her thumb and finger, and tossing him into her apron she hastened to her home, and said : ‘ Mother, what beetle is this I found wriggling in the sand ? ’ and she replied : ‘ Daughter, this is a brave man come from a brave people, who will soon possess the land. We must be

gone from here.' When the man whom we honor to-day first stood upon our platform, we were few and feared by none. It was in the sneerful period of our history. Some there were who spoke triflingly of the youthful aspirant. But others there were, wise men in the political parties, once they had measured him and weighed his cause, who sagaciously said : ' He is a brave man, come from a brave people, who will soon possess this land. We must be gone from here.'

" He was a sincere and earnest man in all his dealings with the great tragedy of human kind enacted by the drink habit. We have been charged with much trifling. Speakers we have had who oftentimes addressed themselves to public audiences in only a humorous vein ; but there was no trifling by this man. He was an honest, sober man, and I have heard my brother Miner say he would go a long journey on serious business. I love to think of him now as I have seen him stand in the majesty of his custom before the assembled thousands who not infrequently came to hear him. I may say of him as Byron has somewhere said, that there he stood,

" ' Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime.'

" He was a strong man and a sagacious leader. He commanded the respect of all his opponents. I have said elsewhere that he was a statesman—the statesman of this reform. There were no tricks of the orator about him. He wielded the sinews of war, he set siege to the citadels of rum and won his battles by main force.

" He was a great commander. It has been said that it was not until the Prussian drill-master, Steuben (I believe), had introduced drill and discipline into our American armies that they could withstand any respectable force ; so this man, when we were scattered and disorganized, came with his sagacity, and not only his sagacity to see the weak places in the walled cities of his enemies, but sagacity to discover the weakness and aimlessness of our own numbers ; and as a great tactician he introduced the skilful management by which he drew the men to-

gether and held them about him as a great general holds his armies in his command. He then sought out strong men, daring to wrestle with their great manœuvres and standing armies, willing to carry his cause to the people, and trust to that 'silent conspiracy of the sensible' which sooner or later must settle this cruel war, as every other war against sin and sinning. There he was willing to leave his forces and die. He engaged in great intellectual conflicts, and because it was a moral contest in which he was engaged he never wavered, believing that the right was invincible and must prevail.

"He was a gentleman. As a brother he was regarded by his fellow-workmen, and our sisters honored him because they recognized in him the gentleman. It was for this cause that his opponents could not complain of him. It could be said of him as of his Master, 'Thy gentleness hath made thee great.'

"He was a Christian man. No one who engages in God's work can certainly succeed until he first surrenders himself to God's will. This is God's work, and this man is God's workman. To that class of pagan Christians among us who make traffic of the blood and tears and cries of men, women, and children, he was the firm and stately 'Delhi, with his cap of terror on.' After the straitest sect of our religion he lived a Methodist. I repeat he was a Christian man.

"But I was not to speak at length, and with my last word I have done. My brother,

" 'Farewell! If ever fondest prayer
For others' weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.' "

ADDRESS OF REV. A. A. MINER, D.D.

'John B. Finch was a strong man with a tender heart. His sympathies were as broad as the race, and yet he had nerves of steel. Honest in every fibre of his being, he readily marked the shuffling of others.

“ Mr. Finch saw clearly the woes flowing from the drink traffic and drinking usages of society. The wife’s careworn face, the children’s pleading look, the poverty-stricken home—all summoned him to heroic effort. The world was asleep ; he would awake it. The Church was apathetic ; he would arouse it to life. Our politics were corrupt ; he would revolutionize and purify them.

“ This could not be done by either of the old parties. They were organized for other purposes. They are divided on this. Their business is at an end. There is no issue in which the members of either party are agreed. The offices are the goal of all effort. No matter how threatening the condition of things, the first step in reform cannot be taken without hazard to party success. The one party will not make a change ; the other cannot.

“ This fact Mr. Finch clearly perceived. All the professions of reform put forth by the dominant party of the State are ambiguous and incomplete. If they had had any prohibitory purpose, thirty years’ history would have made it manifest. We should have no occasion to take promises of intention to do something, in place of things done.

“ The truth is, public confidence is gone. The enthusiasm awakened by Mrs. Livermore’s announcement the other night shows the trend of public thought. She had long wrestled with the problem of duty. She felt that she was not in the right position. She continued to hope against hope. Duty became too plain to be longer resisted. The Republican Party is repudiated by her. Tens of thousands are standing where she stood, hesitating as she hesitated, and will at length decide as she decided. Let no man say I am bringing politics into the Church. I am but turning rum-ridden politics out of the Church.

“ The state of public opinion here is but a sample of the thought in many another quarter. Mr. Finch has been largely instrumental in bringing about this state of things. Ever since his election as Chairman of the National Prohibitory Committee, at Pittsburg, in 1884, he has had the conduct of the warfare in his own hand. All the lines of influence have

been directed by him ; and he possessed in a remarkable degree the confidence of all earnest prohibitory workers in every section of the country.

“ His visits to this State and city were frequent and always welcome. With thousands of saloons licensed by State authority, without stress of law, no wonder Mr. Finch was a frequent visitor here. The lessons in the various localities are substantially the same.

“ The failure to take up the cause of good order has everywhere placed the Republican Party *hors du combat*. Public attention is called to the subject as never before. The prophecy that the defeat of 1884 had put back the cause of prohibition fifty years has not been verified. The contrary is true. It placed it in the foreground. Prohibition successfully challenges public attention at every turn. And no man is worthy of higher honor in this result than is the man we mourn.

“ But his work is done, and well done. The strength and sweetness of his life will remain with us for many a year. Having communed with him on the shores of Lake Michigan and often in our own city, and having welcomed him a guest in my own home, I had learned to appreciate the straightforwardness, the candor and transparency of purpose equally manifest in public and in private life. The memory he leaves will be in large measure a ‘ savor of life unto life.’

“ ‘ Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away ;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven’s own light.’ ”

OUR LAMENTED LEADER.

’Tis sad indeed—his loss to mourn,
So young, so helpful was our friend ;
We can but wish he still were here,
With fifty years or more to spend.

A "moral hero" came and stood
Foremost among the moral host ;
Though brief his service, he of all
Was one we loved, revered the most.

His heart's condition well he knew,
But courage, duty, stood the test ;
No man among us more can do
Than give his life that all be blest.

Perchance on him we leaned too much
And shunned, ourselves, the rightful part,
That falls on soldiers in a war
Where ballots tell on head and heart.

Some, with mission best performed
In early manhood's active years,
Depart before results are seen,
And leave us anxious with our fears ;

While others, plants of slower growth,
Reformers are past middle life,
And do their best when needed most
To gain the day in peaceful strife.

Full well we know that Right must win,
And Justice triumph in the end ;
Though long delayed, we need not fear
While earnest souls their spirits lend.

The cause he loved cannot stand still,
The forceful motors are too great ;
What man and woman both demand
Will come to pass in every State.

And when the jubilee resounds
O'er prohibition—far and wide,
O'er Freedom gained anew for all—
When North and South stand side by side,

Let him whose loss we mourn to-day
Receive due credit for his part ;
Let monumental tablet tell
The cause that lay so near his heart.

GEORGE KEMPTON.

At the National Prohibition Conference in Chicago November 30th and December 1st, the first evening was devoted to the memory of John B. Finch.

Frances E. Willard made the principal address, and was followed by General Clinton B. Fisk and others. Miss Willard said :

“ As a child Mr. Finch was so ethereal, of a spirit so sportive and an alertness so surprising, that they called him ‘ *Bird* ; ’ and this was his only name until, at three years old, he rebelled against it as ‘ not fit for a boy,’ and said : ‘ My name is John,’ to which he steadily adhered. We who now learn for the first time what B. stood for in his name can see in it a prophecy of that multitudinous nature of which we were so proud, in which the flashing eagle of argument did not dismay the full-voiced nightingale of rhetoric or the winsome dove of pathos.

“ Indeed, I used sometimes playfully to speak of this brilliant, tune-ful song-bird of the choir as our ‘ Temperance Gold-Finch.’ We do not wonder that the same imperial will and pronounced individuality that even in early childhood chose its own name has since, by its splendid achievements, made that name known in every quarter of the globe, so that to-day in Finland and Tasmania, in Stockholm and Madras, Good Templars wear the mourning badge for John Bird Finch.

“ But though he took first rank on the platform, as he did in teaching, he was a born journalist, and his first public reputation as a young man opposed to dram-shops resulted from his articles in a local paper of Marathon, N. Y. Work on the temperance platform could not then be relied upon as a means of support by a young man wholly dependent upon his own exertions, so our hero went on teaching and had much reputation in county conventions and teachers’ institutes. At one of these, held in Cortland, he was secretary, and here Miss Frances Manchester came to pass her examination for a certificate. He looked up and asked her name ; thus they became acquainted ; and to this lady, whose bright, intrepid spirit has helped him on in every good word and work, he was married in May, 1876. To her was given the loyal love of his strong manhood, and with her he shared the multiplying triumphs of his great career.

“ We now see these two going together out into the temperance harvest of their native commonwealth, where, in Buffalo and many other towns and cities, rapidly grew the reputation of this brilliant orator of twenty-four. In 1877 they went to Nebraska, where John led the Red Ribbon movement, spoke sixty successive nights in the Opera House at Omaha, and in the State won sixty thousand names to the iron-clad pledge, while everywhere the masses flocked to hear him.

“ In 1881 John B. Finch appeared for the first time at Lake Bluff, that Mecca of our leaders. His speech at once betrayed him as a logician without rivals. His great book, ‘The People vs. the Liquor Traffic,’ proclaimed him chieftain of pen as well as voice. He was central figure at Farwell Hall in the mid-term Convention of the Prohibition Party held in 1882. In 1884 he blazed out on the assembled leaders of the national temperance movement at the Pittsburg Convention, where Governor St. John was laid upon the altar of our sacred cause. During that great campaign, in all the awful strife, and through the battle smoke, two martial figures fought at the fore, John Finch and John St. John, against the forces of the demijohn.

“ In the notable debate of 1884, where he demolished the arguments of Dr. Dio Lewis and vindicated the principles and plans of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, Brother Finch endeared himself to all White Ribboners. In the non-partisan campaigns in Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan, and Tennessee, and that memorable debate with D. Bethune Duffield in Detroit, his flashing sword made him our Henry of Navarre.

“ But it was the chief marvel of his marvellous life that the man who stood first in the legal temperance movement should win his crowning victory as the central figure of the movement on its moral suasion side. Having had a teacher’s training, he always believed that the drink habit and the liquor traffic find their surest bulwark in the people’s ignorance of natural law. Hence it was his earnest purpose to introduce educational methods into the Good Templars’ Order, and he worked hard, assisted by his trusty counsellors, to arrange a course of reading and study for the members. Under police protection he saw the night side of our large cities, and studied the consequences of strong drink in police courts and institutions for the defective, dependent, and delinquent classes. He studied beer with special care, its nature and effects, finding that the most impure living and most brutal murders resulted from its use. As a consequence of these investigations he came to believe it the most demoralizing of drinks, and warned the people against beer mugs in the home and beer casks in politics as the chief curse of America and constant companion of anarchy and kindred crimes.

“ Devoted and loyal as he was to the Prohibition Party, earnest in the Red Ribbon work, brotherly and true to the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, the first, last, longest love of John B. Finch’s life was his love for the Good Templars. David was not nearer to Jonathan nor Naomi to Ruth. He was devoted to that society as we women are devoted to our Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. It is the strongest proof of his affluent brain that he could, at one time, lead the two wings of our mighty temperance army, but it is the strongest proof of his true

heart that his best love was given to the one that he had earliest known and that had longest cherished him.

“Unconsciously we all our lives sit to be photographed before the camera of public opinion, and when we disappear the negatives are taken to death’s dark closet, where they are developed and then printed by the sunshine of that kindliness in human hearts which holds them from speaking anything but good of the departed.

“A POLITICIAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

“John B. Finch was a natural politician, but he was that rare and masterly creation, a politician with a conscience. Reared in the Democratic Party, and sure to have won promotion there, he parted company with his old comrades when they struck hands with the saloon-keepers.

“There was another trait of his which I certainly cannot pass by in silence—he had profound faith in woman. He believed she could do anything she chose, and wanted her to have the chance. Once, soon after their marriage, Mrs. Finch heard a lady speak in a temperance convention, and she, turning to her husband, whispered, ‘How can she do that?’ But he answered, ‘The time will come when you can do the same.’ He had a pride in his wife’s ability to buy and sell, to keep their bank account, and pay their taxes. He willed all he had to her, and made her the executor of his estate, and she says no words of his are more familiar than his bright, ‘Oh, yes, Puss, you can do that!’ Soon after their marriage Mrs. Finch had occasion to declare her belief in the enfranchisement of women, when her husband said to her, ‘I believe just as you do.’

“His wife said recently to me: ‘The first thing when he came from his long journeyings was a romp with little John. I called them my two boys. He was social, jolly, affectionate. Then he and I would settle down to desk work, for I was his secretary, knew all about his plans, and spent my whole time helping him to work them out. He had the

happiest life I ever knew ; he loved his home, delighted in his work, and never borrowed trouble.'

"This is her testimony who, with a Spartan's courage, has triumphed over the weakness induced by the first terrific shock when she knew that her strong staff was broken, and her beautiful rod. God bless Mrs. John B. Finch, of whom our work will hear more as time goes on. She has been truly a helpmeet for her husband, a woman of individuality and strength. As loyal and true as we are to his grand memory who has so swiftly vanished from that lovely home, so true and loyal will we be to thee, our sister and our friend !

"Mrs. Finch and her husband were comrades always. It was with his full sympathy she entered the University at Evanston, graduating from our school of oratory, and Brother Finch came there to live in 1884 chiefly because it was her wish. She and I have long been friends, and I first knew through her of Brother Finch's malady. She said, 'I must study and be able to take care of myself and little John, for my husband's life hangs on a thread.'

"I shall never forget her language when I saw her first after the thunderbolt had fallen. She said : 'I thought I could not bear it ; the world rolled from beneath my feet ; but I have prayed much, and I have had a vision of my husband, who smiled upon me and said : "Live for Johnny's sake."' "

"To those of us who were often at conventions or summer camps no memory is more familiar than Brother Finch with little John, his only child, so strongly like his father, seated upon his knee or perched upon his shoulder. A more fatherly spirit I never knew than that of our departed chief. The boy was all in all to him ; never seemed in his way, or other than fondly welcome. even in his busiest hours. And I want to say to-night to little John that he has as many friends as there are temperance people in the nation ; the Prohibitionists will still bear him in their arms and carry him upon their shoulders, and if he grows up as clean, as pure and earnest as his father was, we shall all be more than

glad to help John D. Finch to any good or any greatness within his power to gain.

“ It goes without saying that Brother Finch was an indefatigable student. The Pullman car was his study, its swift motion keeping time to his tireless thoughts. He had great power of concentration. When he was studying one might speak to him a dozen times and he never knew that he had been addressed at all. He was a brancher out ; he had intellectual hardihood ; read both sides of a question ; had a surprising grip of memory, and great skill in the mechanic arts ; could run a locomotive as well as a party and dissect a cadaver and a fallacy with equal readiness. He had a temperance library second to none and the only complete collection in the world of books and journals pertaining to Good Templary. He had a choice law library and a collection of the chief poets and novelists, in both of which he was well read. His favorite books, aside from our temperance standards, were Guizot's and Bancroft's histories, Lieber's ‘ Civil Liberty ’ and ‘ Civil Government,’ also his ‘ Political Ethics ;’ Freeman's ‘ Comparative Politics,’ Von Holst's ‘ Constitutional History of the United States,’ John Stuart Mill's ‘ Political Economy,’ Draper's ‘ Intellectual Development of Europe,’ Bancroft's ‘ History of the Constitution.’

“ With a memory furnished by the careful study of such books as these, and full of the thoughts they struck out from his own mind like sparks from steel, he was always ready to speak, and could put the filling into the warp while he was upon the platform. It was his wont to walk back and forth with hands behind him while preparing his many studied efforts.

“ He was of generous nature, willing to divide, quick to ask forgiveness or to grant it. He never measured people by what they said, but by their deeds. His wife pays him the matchless tribute of these words : ‘ He was the purest man in body and mind I ever knew.’ For myself, I judge men and women most by the company they keep, and this I know : Three of the gentlest, strongest, truest men I ever met

have borne to me the warmest commendation of John B. Finch's character and daily life, and the men stood as close to him as brothers. They are A. J. Jutkins, Samuel D. Hastings, and George W. Bain.

“ Dear friends and brothers, his character has grown upon me as I studied it the more. He was greater than we knew ; he was better even than we thought. Men said he was ambitious ; but since he went away the secret compact that he made with leaders to accept no preferment has come to light. Men said he was sometimes impatient and severe ; but since he went away we know about the ticking of the death-watch in his tortured heart ; it explains utterances that he regretted more than any other could. Men who were false and jealous lied about him, but in the fierce light that beats upon all the thrones of power *he* stood unscathed.

“ And he is gone whom temperance people so often called ‘ the mighty Finch.’ I cannot make him dead. He was one of the liveliest men I ever saw. My thought and prayers are often with his dear wife and little John.”

On Sunday evening, December 4th, the District Lodge of the thirteenth district of Illinois, of which Mr. Finch was a member, held a memorial service in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago. George C. Christian, ex-Governor St. John, and Frank J. Sibley made short addresses.

Mr. Sibley said :

“ After the tongue of eloquence has uttered its most touching tributes to the memory of John B. Finch ; after the pen has painted its fairest memorials of his matchless manhood ; after the muse in marvellous melody has taught the harp to trill new sad cadences to the name of our lost leader, it seems hardly fitting that less eloquent tongues or pens

should take up the lamentation, or less skillful fingers touch the harp-strings, expecting to awaken a new symphony of sorrow.

“ We gather here to-night, as the high and the humble are gathering in a dozen kingdoms and countries, in both hemispheres, to commemorate in our own way, as they have done in theirs, the wisdom and the virtues of our dead chieftain.

“ Good Templary claims John B. Finch as peculiarly its own ; its child, its brother, and its father ; its pupil and its teacher ; its comrade and its leader.

“ Possessed of the same broad charity and brotherhood that animates the Order that he so ably represented and so earnestly loved, he was always ready to encourage and aid every worker in any other department of temperance endeavor. If any temperance organization was assailed, it had but to call our chief, and his answer to the call was prompt and sure.

“ Wherever a great contest was pending for the principles of the reform and against the forces of the liquor power, John B. Finch was ever to be found at the front hewing his resistless way with the keen cimeter of truth and unanswerable logic through the bulwarks of false philosophy the enemy had reared. It mattered not to him whether the battle was waged in the name of Good Templary or in the name of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Sons of Temperance, the Red Ribbon movement, or the Prohibition Party, he was ready for the fight, and, in the name of God, helped to win the victory.

“ After the long and severe campaigns he loved to return to the lodge-rooms of the Order honored by his leadership. It seemed that there, best of all places in the world, the weary warrior from the moral battlefield could find rest, as the strong man, buffeted by the world's storms, can find sweetest peace in his boyhood's home.

“ But rest for such a man meant no idle folding of the hands. In every Good Templar Lodge he visited, and at every visit, he left the imprint of his ever-active thought. As the drop of ink flowing from

the pen of genius embalms the thought that lives and 'makes men think new thoughts forever,' some word of his lingers in every lodge-room, an inspiration to each true soul. . . .

"As Good Templars and friends of the cause he championed, we gathered round his coffin in his broken home, and bore it reverently to Rose Hill, where we laid him to rest in the eternal silence of the city of the dead. Tears fell like summer rain as the coffin-lid closed, and all that was mortal of John B. Finch was forever shut from our gaze.

"To-night as we meet to honor his memory the winds are singing a requiem round his tomb, and our sad hearts respond to the sorrowful moan, as *we* gather here in the gloom to say to our leader and our friend earth's last 'Good-night,' while over yonder, in the sunlit land, *HE* waits to give us the Good Templar 'welcome' and bid us 'Good-morning' in the kingdom of God."

The following tributes from eminent men and women and from the press indicate the high esteem in which Mr. Finch was everywhere held and the widespread sorrow at his loss :

ELIZABETH BOYNTON HARBERT.

"When solicited by a committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to say a few words at a 'Memorial Service' in commemoration of the useful and heroic life of Hon. John B. Finch, the immortal lines written by John Boyle O'Reilly, in recognition of Wendell Phillips's patriotic service, seemed the only phrasing adequate to the occasion. To-day, as I long to write a fitting tribute of recognition of the life-work of our loved friend, the same lines ring out through the silence.

" 'What shall we mourn ? For the prostrate tree
That sheltered the young, green wood ?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea,
And guarded the fields from the flood ?
For the eagle that died in the tempest,
Afar from the eyrie brood ?

- “ ‘ Nay ; not for these shall we weep,
For the silver cord must be worn
And the golden fillet shrink back at last
And the dust to its earth return ;
- “ ‘ And tears are never for those who die
With their face to the duty done ;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste,
And the fields where the wild waves run.
- “ ‘ From the midst of the people is stricken
A symbol they daily saw
Set over against the law books
Of a higher than human law.
- “ ‘ For his life was a ceaseless protest
And his voice was a prophet’s cry
To be true to the truth and the faithful,
Though the world were arrayed for the lie.
- “ ‘ Come, brothers, here to the burial,
But weep not ; rather rejoice
For his fearless life and his fearless death ;
For his true, unequalled voice,
- “ ‘ Like a silver trumpet sounding
The note of human right ;
For his brave heart always ready
To enter the weak one’s fight ;
- “ ‘ For his soul unmoved by the mob’s wild shout
Or the social sneer’s disgrace ;
For his free-born spirit that drew no line
Between class, or creed, or race.’

“ When the startling fact was stated that this heroic, eloquent young leader had been suddenly removed from earth, with new emphasis came the calm, unalterable conviction of the truth of immortality, and that what we call death is birth—birth into higher conditions, more blessed

and boundless opportunities of service. Else is life a cruel mockery, an utter failure. Our abiding faith is, that life is glorious, the second birth into spiritual conditions, a beneficent progress, and that John B. Finch to-day, free from all disabling conditions, lives and labors more effectively than ever before.

“ We think of a bright summer day six years ago, when in expectant mood we waited in the shadow-flecked tabernacle at Lake Bluff for the appearance of Hon. George W. Bain, Hon. John B. Finch, and Colonel George Woodford, who were to voice their protests against the national crime of licensing the liquor traffic. Mr. Finch stepped into the sunlight with his splendid equipment of youth, grace, eloquence, logic, and enthusiasm, and as we listened to the most masterly address we had ever heard upon this great question, our mental verdict was, This young man is the Wendell Phillips of the prohibition movement.

“ A few months later the opportunity was afforded for testing his moral courage in connection with another unpopular reform. During the excitable campaign in behalf of woman suffrage in Nebraska, at a meeting held in the Opera House in Lincoln, Mr. Finch presided, and spoke most gracious words of welcome and God-speed.

“ While in Lincoln we attended a Sabbath afternoon temperance service, and the manner in which he was received showed clearly that this young prophet was honored and appreciated at home.

“ The one sacred shrine of the philanthropist and the reformer is ever his home. In this Mr. Finch was no exception.

“ During the last visit of Mr. Finch to Chicago, it was our pleasure to return with himself and wife from the city to Evanston. During the ride mention was made of the fact that Mrs. Finch had persistently declined an official position tendered her. She said, ‘ I am determined not to allow myself to be so weighted with other duties that I cannot aid Mr. Finch in every way through the next few years, for he has promised that after the next campaign he will not work so continuously.’ As we separated, Mr. and Mrs. Finch returning eagerly to their beautiful home, accompanied

by 'little John,' my remark to my husband was, 'Is it not beautiful when husband and wife are thus united in heart, aim, interest, and life-work?'

"I had feared that Mr. Finch was overlooking the great truth that until the opinions of women are crystallized into laws, no vices which appeal peculiarly to the tastes and passions of men could be educated out of existence; but a few months before Mr. Finch entered the higher life, he wrote requesting that suffrage documents be sent South, and letters were received from Southern women reporting some of Mr. Finch's brave utterances in regard to the enfranchisement of women in the most conservative Southern States.

"We rejoiced to find that upon this great question also there was rectitude of vision in this young, intrepid leader of the prohibition forces.

"Why this brave soul was withdrawn from earth we know not, but if we believe in a God of love, of wisdom, of omnipotence, then must we gather about this open grave, not only with resignation, but with solemn joy, knowing that infinite wisdom and love, in death as in birth, in sorrow as in joy, in defeat as in victory, doeth all things well; that truth and right are omnipotent, and that from the beginning until the end the banner over us is love.

"With this abiding faith in the omnipotence of the Good, let us 'never strike sail to a fear, and put into port bravely or sail with God the sea.'"

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN P. ST. JOHN.

"In my judgment—based upon ten years' acquaintance—John B. Finch was intellectually the peer of any man of his age in this nation. As a public speaker, he had no superior. As a political leader, he was aggressive and fearless. Socially, he was warm-hearted and generous. He idolized his wife and boy, and when God called him, they lost their truest earthly friend and humanity one of its ablest defenders."

JOSEPH COOK.

“ John B. Finch fell dead in Boston, which has seen many historic deaths ; but since Warren in his early manhood fell at Bunker Hill, there is no death of a young man more pathetic than that of this reformer and hero. The soil of this city is henceforth the more sacred for having been an altar on which so costly a sacrifice was laid.

“ So much fervor is rarely found combined with so much caution as his ; so much impetuosity with so much gentleness ; so much restlessness and daring with so much sagacity and patience. His speech was a mirror of his soul. His epigrams had marvellous force. His eloquence was a combination of thunderbolt and sunbeam. He was a prophetic ray of the dawn of a better age than ours, which will place his name among the jewels of its morning stars.”

SAMUEL DICKIE,

Chairman Prohibition National Committee.

“ My acquaintance with Mr. Finch covered a period of about five years. Although meeting him but seldom, he yet impressed me as a remarkable man.

“ As a platform speaker, while always clear and convincing, he could be calm, cool, logical, or, at the demand of need, could hurry his captivated listeners as by a storm of passion to the desired end. As a wise and skilful political leader, he was unsurpassed. A brave and true man has fallen.”

CHARLES S. WOLFE,

Ex-Chairman Prohibition State Committee of Pennsylvania.

“ His loss to our cause seems irreparable. No one was so fully informed or thoroughly equipped as he for the crisis into which we are entering. Why does God strike down our best men at the very time they seem to be most needed ? His work and his duty have been most ably, faithfully, and completely done. May God have mercy upon those

whose neglect of duty made his work so unremitting and arduous. May He make his death even more potent than his vigorous and fruitful life, in awakening slumbering Christian patriots and philanthropists to a keen perception and faithful discharge of long-neglected duty. May God sustain and comfort his loved ones, and permit them to see his memory revered as among the most unselfish and noblest patriots and benefactors of his race."

DR. A. J. GORDON.

"John B. Finch impressed me always when I heard him as combining to a remarkable degree boldness and gentleness, firmness of conviction and charity of spirit. 'Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity' might well express our tribute to him now that he is gone. With all the intensity of his nature he hated the traffic, and with all the tenderness of his heart he compassionated its victims."

HON. CHARLES S. MAY,

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan.

"Though I did not know John B. Finch personally and had seen less of him than of many others, I still could not fail to be impressed by his commanding abilities. He was a great debater and a great organizer.

"It is very sad and inscrutable that he should be cut down just at the opening of a career of such eminent usefulness and honor. His friends are left, indeed, with the proud but pathetic reflection that he has fallen, like Quincy and Warren, at the dawn of another great revolution, which his own brave voice has helped to bring on.

"I regarded him as the ablest of the prohibition leaders."

MISS CHARLOTTE A. GRAY,

Organizing Secretary for Europe of the World's Woman's Temperance Union.

"The news of the death of John B. Finch has come like a shock to all, and especially to those of us who have so lately learned to know

and respect him. We wonder why he should have been taken away so early in the midst of such a useful life. With him, we believe, it is well, and that he has received the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' of the Master. His was a very useful life, and he probably did more for his country than many who have lived twice as long."

JOHN T. TANNER,

Athens, Alabama.

"I had read and heard so much of John B. Finch that I expected much of him, but on meeting him at the Pittsburg Convention, I discovered that half had not been told.

"Some men live too long, some die too soon, but the sun of John B. Finch went down in meridian splendor without even a cloudlet in the sky.

"He was a man of culture and refinement, and, better than all, a Christian. In the work assigned him he was peerless, and his death is a national calamity."

HON. HENRY W. BLAIR,

United States Senator from New Hampshire.

"I had little personal knowledge of Mr. Finch, and think that my impression of the man must be that made by his public conduct upon the mass of his countrymen.

"When I heard of his death I felt that although a strong pillar had fallen, yet his was a career which could not be arrested, and that, like Warren on Bunker Hill, he had become an immortal inspiration to every one who is consecrated to the welfare of man and the glory of God."

T. B. DEMAREE,

Past Grand Chief Templar of Kentucky.

"For five years I was associated with our fallen chieftain. When I first met him upon the floor of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I

said, 'That man is born a *leader*.' For three years I served as his deputy and was subject to his orders, and was proud of my leader. Many times I sought his help, and was never refused. When the treasury was empty he supplied me from his own purse. Two days before his death he wrote me. While reading his letter my son came with a daily paper announcing his death. I cannot describe the shock. The Order has lost a leader whose place *no man* can fill. I shall ever keep in memory the name of my faithful friend, John B. Finch."

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

"John B. Finch was a genuine reformer, brave and brotherly, true and fearless, a faithful friend, whose mighty voice, great heart, and splendid genius were consecrated to the cause of the perishing. In the history of these times will appear but few names of men around whose memory so much affection will linger. He will live more in hearts than on marble; his fame will be broad and lasting, for it will rest upon unselfish heroic devotion to the best interests of mankind. His grasp of the great principles on which true Christian government rests, the far-stretching insight of his political views, the loftiness of his language, his imperial creative genius—all combined to enable this marvellous young man to make the world hearken to his appeal in behalf of the American home in its struggle for supremacy over the American saloon. The great world listens still to him, 'who being dead yet speaketh.'"

REV. W. SEARLS,

Chaplain of Auburn State Prison, New York.

"I saw and read with tearful eyes that my dear friend, John B. Finch, walks no more among mortals. And my soul said within me, 'How are the mighty fallen—fallen in the midst of battle! Can it be? Shall we hear his voice no more?' Such a man, such a leader gone in the midst of his years, gone to his reward! The cause he so fearlessly advocated, and that, too, with such matchless power, could ill afford to spare him."

HON. SAMUEL D. HASTINGS,

Past Right Worthy Grand Templar, Madison, Wis.

“ John B. Finch was one of the most unselfish, self-sacrificing men I have ever known. He always seemed ready to give his substance, his time, his talents, his zeal, his very life for the good of others. His religion was a religion of deeds rather than of words ; it was of the great unobtrusive kind that, ‘ Let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth.’ ”

R. S. CHEVIS,

Past Grand Chief Templar of Kentucky, and Mrs. R. S. Chevis.

“ Mr. Finch’s knowledge of the temperance reform was as thorough as observation, information, and experience could well make it.

“ Sacrificing ultimate wealth and distinction in his profession at law, he entered the temperance work from a sense of duty, and with him it was a conscientious undertaking ; consequently he applied himself at once to lay a foundation so strong that the temple when erected should never fall. Educated in the school of total abstinence, and espousing that standard of temperance from principle and not policy, he readily comprehended the rights and advantages of prohibition.

“ He had learned that the saloon was the child of moderation—that the whole system of the drink traffic had its life and support in the doctrine that it was the abuse and not the use of intoxicating drinks that produced evil. So long as moderation prevailed as the standard of temperance, just so long would the saloon have a right to exist. From a scientific standpoint, he believed even the moderate use of liquor as a beverage sinful, being contrary to God’s law and nature’s law. Hence, as an advocate of total abstinence, he had not only a moral principle to act upon, but a conscience to sustain and support him. His logical conclusions were, that if total abstinence was a good thing for the individual, prohibition was a good thing for the State ; that he could

with equal propriety support both ; for while one was a moral and the other a legal force, yet they were one and the same in principle.

“ When applied to the individual we call it total abstinence ; when applied to the State, prohibition. Thus he taught that in this great reform both moral and legal forces were necessary to ensure success.

“ Mr. Finch went farther in the establishment of a successful method to build upon than any of his predecessors. Although many of them believed in total abstinence, they could not or did not comprehend the benefits of prohibition ; and while others favored prohibition as a measure of political economy, they did not understand that the success of prohibition depended upon the practice of total abstinence.

“ Mr. Finch’s education and great brain force enabled him early in life to grasp the situation and comprehend the necessities of the reform, while his true philanthropy and generous heart led him to sacrifice all personal ambitions and devote his life to the cause of suffering humanity.

“ Presenting as he did a sensible and practical theory, his teachings were readily accepted, and to the astonishment of the world we find him, at the age of thirty-five, a philosopher, statesman, and leader at the head of the greatest social, moral, and political reform that has ever been attempted during the civilization of man.

“ The history of prohibition cannot be written without the history of our departed leader. His exposition of the fundamental principles involved in the reform is a part of its history, and his thoughts and acts are so thoroughly embedded in the reformation that the future historian cannot write one without the other. Generations yet unborn will rise up and honor his name as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

“ In concluding this short review, we desire to record our personal appreciation of Brother Finch’s character, wisdom, and philanthropy. We sincerely believe that this country never produced his equal, and we mourn him not only as a leader and public benefactor, but as a true and devoted personal friend, whose loving spirit, kind words, and gentle

deeds will be to us a sweet memory and consolation through all the years to come.

“ God bless the heroic life of our beloved John B. Finch ! ”

CHICAGO “ DAILY NEWS.”

“ John B. Finch was sincerely admired and beloved. His talents were of an unusually high order, and he applied them with great enthusiasm and force in the cause of temperance. The distinct good he did that cause is fully recognized ; what further glorious ends he might have accomplished in its behalf had he been spared to fulfil his career of energetic usefulness—these can only be guessed at now, and their accomplishment seems farther and farther away. By his death the prohibition cause in America has lost one of its ablest leaders.

“ But for other reasons, too, his loss is deplored, for John B. Finch was a man of great heart ; his charity was tender and far-reaching, and his hands were prompt to do the manly deeds which his generous nature ever inspired. Rarely has it been our fortune to meet with a man combining to so marked a degree the most admirable qualities of head and heart.

“ ‘ And so they weep,
Knowing they shall not see again
This bravest, fairest, best of men
That is for aye asleep. ’ ”

THE NEW YORK “ PIONEER.”

“ In person Mr. Finch was tall, heavily built, and shapely. Physically as intellectually, he was marvellously powerful. Though passionately fond of hunting and athletic sport, he denied himself all recreation for the past ten years, and labored unceasingly for the cause of reform. In his personal habits he was plain and unostentatious. Of the many costly presents of jewelry he had received he only wore a gold watch, presented by his temperance friends in Nebraska.

“In religion he had no prejudices. He was a simple Christian, with a confidence in his God that was strong and abiding. At the time of his death he was a member of the Methodist Church at his Evanston home.”

THE “LEVER.”

“Mr. Finch was an indomitable worker, far too much so for his own good. He gave himself no rest, even when rest was the absolute demand of his physical being. He has been almost constantly in the field for months past, doing as much work on the platform as any man ought to undertake, and in addition to this attending to his large correspondence, consulting friends about the work, and looking after the thousand and one details of that work, when he ought to have been in bed recuperating his wasted powers.”

THE UTICA “DAILY PRESS.”

“By the death of John B. Finch the cause of prohibition loses its ablest advocate. He was known as one of the most eloquent and forcible temperance orators in the country, and devoted his time for several years to speaking in the interests of temperance and prohibition.”

THE “GOOD TEMPLAR,”

Glasgow, Scotland.

“Mr. Finch was tender and sympathetic, yet he was bold as a lion, and it might be truly said of him that he ‘never feared the face of man.’”

THE SALT LAKE “DAILY TRIBUNE.”

“From Boston, where he died, to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, there is lamentation over his death in every temperance circle, and from every point comes the exclamation :

“ ‘No man can take his place.’ ”

THE "RESCUE,"

Sacramento, Cal.

"His work was one of self-sacrifice, working for the elevation and amelioration of the condition of millions who are in bondage. He was essentially a worker, and, as was not altogether unexpected to himself or his friends, he died with the harness of work literally upon him. Peace to his ashes."

THE "NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE."

"At this important juncture, when the temperance question is becoming an absorbing national question as never before, so gifted and able a leader can ill be spared. The work to which his life was dedicated and for which it was sacrificed, it must, especially in its educational aspect, be the duty of many henceforth to share and promote, until with God's blessing the end he sought is achieved—the prevalence of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages and the entire legal prohibition of the drink traffic."

"THE STATE SENTINEL,"

Decatur, Ill.

"While his eloquent and convincing voice is hushed and keen incisive pen is still, John B. Finch is not dead nor his work ended. Nearly a million Good Templars, with ritual in nineteen different languages, are pledged to carry forward the principles for which he so bravely, unselfishly, and successfully battled. Three hundred thousand organized prohibition voters, of whose executive committee he was the head, most of whom at some time have felt the inspiring influence of his matchless logic, will never sheathe the sword of truth until the idea to which his life was consecrated is crowned into law by the verdict of the great American jury."

"THE EVANSTON CITIZEN,"

October 6, 1887.

"In the death of Mr. Finch the Prohibition Party has lost an able, honest, fearless leader and counsellor; the temperance platform has lost its most brilliant, eloquent, and sincere orator, and this country never lost a truer citizen—one who always put principle before policy.

"While men differed with Mr. Finch in his views, they nevertheless gave him credit for his honesty and admired him for his fearlessness. Without doubt the loss thus sustained by the temperance cause will, in a great measure, cement the workers in a closer union for the abolition of the drink curse."

THE "YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE BANNER."

"He loved children, and could entertain and instruct them as few are able to do. We told you one time of his talk to the children at a big meeting at Saratoga last May. We shall never forget it, nor his description of cider-making, his disgust of the tobacco habit, so plainly shown by his expressive features, and his few but well-chosen words. We wondered at the time if any one who heard him would ever wish to drink cider.

"Boys can imitate his example in this way. They can and should keep their mouths pure and clean. They can do so by keeping strong drink and tobacco out and using no profane or impure words. They can store their minds with useful knowledge. This is not to be found in trashy novels. Mr. Finch read everything which would help him. He would take up a book of facts and arguments and read it as eagerly as a hungry boy would eat his dinner. He read useful books, and remembered what he read."

The following letter was received from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Lincoln, Neb. :

“ To Mrs. F. E. Finch :

“ Again and again the church bell tolls, and the emblems of mourning flutter in the breeze ; we heed them not, for he was a stranger who died ; but not so to-day. A brother has gone, and though far away from home when he stepped into the unseen, with you we heard—we mourn ; but while we mourn we rejoice that his works are with us continually to increase in their influence.

“ The union for which he first labored unite in sending sympathy.

“ May God and the right be your comfort and solace.”

The following resolutions were adopted by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge Executive Committee at its first meeting after the loss of Mr. Finch from its councils :

“ WHEREAS, In the Providence of Almighty God, our honored brother, John B. Finch, Right Worthy Grand Templar, has been early and suddenly removed from arduous and self-denying labor to everlasting rest and reward.

“ Resolved, That we place on record our high estimate of the pure and noble character, the exalted intellectual gifts, and the self-sacrificing devotion of our beloved leader. His keen, cogent logic and impassioned eloquence, informed as they were by an almost inexhaustible knowledge of the facts and philosophy of temperance, and enforced by a burning hatred of iniquity, an absolute loyalty to truth and righteousness, and a tender and Christ-like love for his fellow-men, made him a model reformer.

“ Wise in council ; firm, kind, and judicious in administration ; fearless in conflict ; faithful in friendship ; he was singularly qualified for the pre-eminent position of leadership to which he was called.

“ To all gifts and acquirements he added a sweetness and affability of disposition and a generosity of soul, which won for him not only the respect and admiration, but also the love of those who knew him.

“ *Resolved*, That, while realizing the greatness of our loss, we desire to bow in reverent submission to the will of God. ‘Clouds and darkness are round about Him ; righteousness and judgment are the foundation of His throne.’ What we know not now we shall know hereafter ; but this we know, ‘He doeth all things well.’ For the life—for us, alas ! too early closed—a beautiful example to young men and a benediction to the world, we give thanks to our Heavenly Father.

“ *Resolved*, That we respectfully proffer to Sister Finch our deep and true sympathy, and assure her of our fraternal regard, supplicating for her and her boy the richest consolations of Divine grace.

“ *Resolved*, That we will strive to honor the memory of our revered and beloved chief by consecrating ourselves afresh, with unreserved devotion, to the work to which he gave his life ; especially by earnestly laboring to make our beloved Order what John B. Finch desired it might become—the great missionary temperance organization of the world.”

The following resolutions and letter were received from California :

“ *Mrs. John B. Finch, Evanston, Ill.*

“ *DEAR SISTER* : The sad news of the sudden decease of your beloved husband was announced at the opening meeting of the annual session of the Grand Lodge Independent Order Good Templars of California, which was held at Pacific Grove Retreat, commencing October 4th, 1887. In the evening of the day named memorial services were held, at which addresses were delivered by O. C. Wheeler, P.G.C.T. ; C. S. Haswell, P.G.C.T. ; George B. Katzenstein, P.R.W.G.T. ; Robert Thompson, P.G.C.T. ; Mrs. Lydia F. Luse ; Rev. W. J. B. Stacey, and J. M. Walling, G.C.T., after which the following was unanimously adopted, and is hereby officially transmitted :

“ *WHEREAS*, This Grand Lodge has, within the last few hours, received by telegraph the sad announcement that ‘John B. Finch fell dead last night at East Boston, Mass. ;’

“AND WHEREAS, The stroke that removed John B. Finch from ‘earth-life’ took from the highest pinnacle of fame in our Order, our chief executive head—a champion of our cause, honored and loved throughout the Good Templar world ;

“AND WHEREAS, His recent labors in this jurisdiction—labors that stamped him as a master workman, in the highest sense of the term—labors that left an impress upon the public mind, deep and lasting—labors, the consequences of which will run parallel with duration—afforded us an opportunity to know his worth as we could not have known it under any other circumstances ;

“AND WHEREAS, It is becoming in an organization whose work is the warp and woof of human weal throughout the whole world to make permanent record of the labors and achievements of its most successful and its greatest advocates ;

“AND WHEREAS, Our late leader had, in early life, become eminently learned and wise in the science of moral, social, and political law ; which learning and wisdom he brought to the advocacy of total abstinence from the social use of all intoxicants, and the constitutional prohibition of their manufacture and sale, fired with a fervor of zeal that yielded to no weariness, a consecration without reserve, and an energy that absorbed his whole being ;

“AND WHEREAS, The elegance of his rhetoric, the purity of his logic, the clearness and force of his illustrations, combined to make his arguments absolutely irresistible ; forcing from the most astute unbelievers in his doctrines the acknowledgment that he had proved his propositions ;

“AND WHEREAS, He had, by indefatigable application of an intellect rare in the harmony of its construction and forceful in its development of great principles, and by the assiduous culture of a heart, warm as a woman’s and glowing as an angel’s, attained a power over the human mind that swayed at will audiences rich in intellect and vast in numbers, as few men of any age ever did or ever could ;

“AND WHEREAS, His vast attainments had pointed him out as a fit

head and leader and representative of the grandest moral and social organization on earth, and a man to conduct the serried hosts of more than six hundred thousand total abstainers from intoxicants, in their march through a battle greater and to a victory more glorious than the world has seen beside—even the banishment of the intoxicating cup from the face of the whole earth, and the restoration of temperance, truth, and brotherly love among all mankind ; therefore, be it

“ *Resolved*, 1st, That we, as Good Templars, individually call upon our souls, and all within us, to bow, with unfeigned humiliation and submission, to the terrible dispensation that has bereaved us beyond the power of language to express.

“ *Resolved*, 2d, That this bereavement calls upon and demands of every Good Templar throughout the world to renew consecration and to redouble energy in the great work we have undertaken—the rescue of the fallen and the preservation of the upright.

“ *Resolved*, 3d, That as the breach in the ranks of hottest battle is closed by the voluntary acts of the brave, in at once taking the place of the fallen, so every one of our hosts should forthwith strive to aid in supplying the place of him whose irreparable loss we have just sustained.

“ *Resolved*, 4th, That this sudden calamity, falling upon us like a shaft of ethereal fire from a cloudless noon-day, is a most solemn admonition to each of us to be so faithful in duty and so prompt in action that whenever we are called hence, whether at midnight or at noon, the hour that shall close our work shall witness, in our case, as it did in his, the perfection of all our hands have found to do.

“ *Resolved*, 5th, That at this critical moment the rousing battle-cry of a gifted sister who, when about to pass the ‘gate ajar,’ dipped her pen in living light ‘and spread it broadcast o’er the world,’ should be adopted by each as addressed to us :

“ ‘On, brothers, on ; though the night be gone,
And the morning glory breaking ;
Though your toils be blest, ye may not rest,
For danger’s ever waking.

“‘Ye have spread your sail, ye have braved the gale,
And a calm o’er the sea is creeping’;
But I know by the sky that danger’s nigh,
There’s yet no time for sleeping.

“‘Still dingy walls nurse midnight brawls;
Up from the vale is wreathing
A fatal cloud, the soul to shroud,
While man its poison’s breathing.

“‘Still vice is seen in glittering sheen,
In the ruby bubble laughing;
But death his shrine has reared in wine,
And the young blood he is quaffing.

“‘When the beaker’s brim with rust is dim,
Because no lip will press it;
When the worm is dead, which ever fed
On the heart that dared caress it;

“‘When the gay, false light of eyes so bright
Be too true for thought to smother;
When the art be lost and the demon tossed,
And man tempt not his brother,

“‘Then, peaceful and blest, from toil ye may rest,
Else rest is but in heaven;
For shame still lies in sad, wet eyes,
Still hearts with woe are riven.

“‘Then on, brothers, on; though the night be gone
And the morning glory breaking;
Though your toils be blest, ye may not rest,
For danger, danger’s waking.’

“ *Resolved, 6th, That this Grand Lodge hereby tenders to the bereaved widow and family of the deceased the most profound condolence*

and the warmest sympathies of our hearts, in this, their hour of unutterable sorrow and woe.

“ *Resolved*, 7th, That, in the printed proceedings of this annual session, a memorial page, with suitable emblems, be devoted to the memory of our departed chief.

“ *Resolved*, 8th, That this report and accompanying proceedings be spread upon our minutes, and an engrossed copy thereof be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

“ O. C. WHEELER,	} <i>Committee.”</i>
“ R. THOMPSON,	
“ C. S. HASWELL,	
“ M. C. WINCHESTER,	

Memorial resolutions and letters of sympathy were received from all parts of the world, very few of which can be given.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts sent the following :

“ WHEREAS, In the Providence of Almighty God, our brother, the beloved and honored head of our Order, the Hon. John B. Finch, has been suddenly removed from his labors to his everlasting rest and glorious reward,

“ *Resolved*, 1st, That while perplexed and distressed under the stroke of this calamity, by which a young and beautiful life has been so prematurely closed, we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, recognizing that His appointments are perfect in love and wisdom, as they are supreme in authority and power.

“ *Resolved*, 2d, That, with gratitude to God, we place on record our high estimate of the character of our departed chief as a Christian, a Good Templar, a fearless, enthusiastic, and untiring reformer, a wise, kind, and capable leader.

“Endowed with extraordinary powers, invincible in argument, captivating in oratory, he charmed alike by his lucid and incisive logic and his commanding eloquence.

“A heroic champion of truth and righteousness, a determined assailant of falsehood and wrong, he gave the greatest social evil which afflicts our race no quarter ; yet he never battled maliciously. His soul was set upon the deliverance of his country and of the world from the bitter and blighting curse of intemperance. He laid his axe at the root of the tree, and the upas growth trembled before his keen, resistless strokes. He aimed his sword at the very heart of the enemy, and fought for nothing less than the complete and eternal overthrow of the liquor traffic—that compact with hell, that ‘covenant with sin and death.’

“In the camp of the foe, as well as among the hosts of the temperance crusade, it is felt and confessed that ‘a prince and a great man has fallen.’

“*Resolved*, 3d, That we recognize in our beloved brother not only the gifted orator and the cogent and conclusive reasoner, but also the man of statesman-like qualities, as wise in council as he was powerful in advocacy.

“His organizing and administrative abilities were remarkable. His hands touched the springs of every department of temperance work. His active mind was ever devising new plans and methods of usefulness. His large heart throbbed with benevolent impulses and generous purpose.

“In private life he was pure, noble, lovable—a devoted husband, an indulgent father ; while in public life he was a kingly man—a sovereign spirit, by virtue of the affluence and variety of his gifts and attainments, the intensity of his zeal, the unreservedness of his devotion, the constancy of his labors, the honesty of his purpose, the sweetness and courtesy of his demeanor.

“*Resolved*, 4th, That, while sensible of the irreparable loss which our beloved Order and the cause of temperance and humanity in general have sustained by the death of Brother Finch, we recognize the heavier

loss and deeper sorrow of the widow and the fatherless, and respectfully tender to Sister Finch our true fraternal sympathy, and pledge her our earnest prayers.

" CHARLES L. ABBOTT, G.C.T.	} Committee."
" SARAH A. LEONARD, G.S.	
" WILLIAM LEONARD, P.G.C.T.	
" JESSIE FORSYTH, G.W.S.	
" JAMES YEAMES, G.W.C.	

The Grand Lodge of Yorkshire, England, sent the following to Mrs. Finch :

" DEAR SISTER : The Executive of the Grand Lodge of Yorkshire was convened at the earliest possible moment after the official announcement of the death of our late unrivalled chief, your beloved husband, and passed the following resolution of sympathy :

" We, the Executive of the Grand Lodge of Yorkshire, desire to express our warmest sympathy with Sister Finch in her bereavement, and ardently hope the Disposer of events will sustain and be her comforter in this great affliction. We feel her loss is an irreparable one, and that words are of little or no avail in arresting the full tide of sorrow ; yet we were unworthy our faith did we not assure our sister that her sorrow is also our grief, and is universally shared. In the loss of our illustrious chief the world has lost a worthy citizen and humanity a sincere friend, whose life-work will be remembered for aye, and whose memory will be enshrined in Templar history for all time.

" Yours, in profound sorrow and sympathy,

" CHARLES DOVER, G.S."

Chester County District Lodge of Pennsylvania issued beautiful mourning cards with the following inscription :

“ *In loving memory of our*

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND TEMPLAR,

JOHN B. FINCH,

Founder of the District System.

“ He liveth long who liveth well,

All else is being flung away ;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day.”

On the memorial page of the *Journal* of Kansas Grand Lodge, 1887, the following appeared :

“ Dead ! while his voice was living yet,

In echoes round the pillared dome !

Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet

With themes of State and loves of home.

“ Dead ! in that crowning grace of time,

That triumph of life's zenith hour !

Dead ! while we watched his manhood's prime

Break from the slow bud into flower !

“ Dead ! he so great, and strong, and wise,

While the mean thousands yet drew breath ;

How deepened, through that dread surprise,

The mystery and awe of death !

“ We sweep the land from hill to strand ;

We seek the strong, the good, the brave,

And, sad of heart, return to stand

In silence by a new-made grave.”

MEMORIAL POEMS IN MEMORY OF JOHN B. FINCH.

BY CHARLES WESLEY KYLE.

Lo ! he is dead,
This brilliant leader of our cause,
This brave defender of the right ;
This advocate of purer laws,
Who charmed and filled us with delight—
Can he be dead ?

Ah ! who could know
That he we loved and cherished so
Would, in the brightest hour of life,
With intellect and soul aglow,
Amid the conflict and the strife,
Be stricken low ?

We stand aghast !
To think his life is o'er and past
While yet his sun was at its noon ;
Its brightest rays should be its last ;
And midnight's chill and silent gloom
O'er him be cast.

Illustrious dead !
Sleep well ; of thee 'twill e'er be said :
He did what mortal man could do
Mankind with truth to firmly wed ;
Their souls with honor to imbue
In error's stead.

BY REV. R. M. OFFORD.

Hark ! I hear quaint voices singing,
Out upon the night air ringing ;
Grief, and Hope, and Faith, and Fear,
These the voices that I hear.

'Tis a medley that they sing ;
Patient but a while remain ;
I will seek to catch each strain,
Unto you the measures bring.

GRIEF SINGS :

A hero hath fallen !
Well, well may we weep
For the cause that hath lost him,
Full dearly it cost him.
Say, why should he sleep ?

FEAR SINGS :

A hero hath fallen !
His work is all done.
We mourn his life's ending ;
Will his mantle descending
Find e'er such a one ?

HOPE SINGS :

A hero hath fallen !
Rich sacrifice made.
'Twas a life worth the living,
And a life worth the giving,
On the altar he laid.

A hero hath fallen !
But dying he speaks ;
His life tells the story ;
'Tis *good* and not glory
The *Patriot* seeks.

FAITH SINGS :

Death reapeth the Reapers,
And layeth them low.
Say, rather, these sleepers
Are seed that we sow.
The grave cannot hold them,
They soon shall arise ;
Yon mansions enfold them,
Where man never dies.

A hero hath fallen !
The cause is not lost.
His life shall inspire us,
His courage shall fire us.
Press on at all cost.

FAITH AND HOPE TOGETHER SING :

'Tis with toils and not with tears
We must labor through the years.
Fight till every foe is down ;
None but victors wear the crown.

BY HARVEY J. WARNER.

(Read at a memorial service held in the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, October 11th, 1887, by the Young Men's Prohibition Club of Kings County.)

We bow in sorrow o'er our dead
Chief Templar of the land ;
And dauntless partisan, who led
The Prohibition Band.

He fell, a soldier on the field
While at his post. His heart,
Pent with commissioned truth to wield,
Received the fatal dart

That broke the shaft, and life so pure
And luminous was riven ;
And angel bands in triumph bore
His spotless soul to heaven.

Fell, ere defacing time had marr'd
The vigor of his youth ;
Fell in the conflict, pressing hard
The enemies of Truth.

Torn from devoted hearts, who knew
The riches of his love ;
Snatched from his work impelled to do
To Saints' reward—above.

From place to place, urging his speed,
He travelled o'er the fields,
And scattered everywhere the seed
That prohibition yields.

He stood a foe with all his zeal
To parties of all kind
Upholding rum ; and made them feel
The rigor of his mind.

With rum he would not stoop to take
The honors of a State ;
He would not for his conscience' sake
Thus compromise his hate.

The every impulse he obeyed
Seemed born of virtue's might ;
For prohibition worked and prayed—
A votary of Right !

He toiled in every home to blend
Virtues that triumphs win ;
From platforms swords of truth would send
To free the world from sin.

The languor of that placid face
And shrouded eye and sight
Pleads with the universal race
To triumph in the fight.

As in the conflict we pursue,
Faithful to public weal,
May embers of his fires renew
His followers with zeal.

Our brother's purposes shall stand
A monument of Right !
Rum shall not rule our native land,
Our sacredness to blight !

Few of our land with him could cope
On platform—in debate ;
His lucid speech and boundless scope,
Like thunderbolts went straight.

Great largess to our cause he brought ;
With singleness of soul,
Through darkness and defeat still fought
For prohibition's goal.

A blessed boon, a life so true—
Impelled to temp'rance zeal—
His speech would everywhere renew
Hope for the Nation's weal.

His fruitful years stand forth replete,
A beacon clear and bright ;
A corn-shock for the Master mete,
And garnered with delight.

BY SAMUEL GREENWOOD.

There is no flower alive with nature's gladness
But some hot blast is waiting to lay low ;
There is no joy so full but some great sadness
Is waiting to o'ershadow us with woe.

There is no love or hope to mortals given
But turns at last the currents of our bliss ;
There is no friend so strong this side of Heaven,
But Death is waiting with his quiet kiss—

The kiss of death from angels' lips imparted !
The kiss of life from the eternal God !
Oh, we have lost the bravest, noblest-hearted,
That in these vice-thronged, snare-laid ways have trod !

From East to West, from Scotia's sea-washed beaches
To where the sunset gilds the Western shore,
The universal voice of mourning reaches,
And hearts and homes are sorrow-swept and sore.

Our chief has fallen, in his full fruition
Of hope and honor and unsullied name ;
The ceaseless fire of his great ambition
At freedom's altar burned with holy flame.

His was a zeal no obstacles abated,
His was a purpose deep as love and life ;
With every will and feeling consecrated,
No power turned him in his holy strife.

With heart and mind of strong and tender beauty,
With soul and arm firm in his faith above,
He knew no lower call than God and duty,
He gave no blow that was not born of love.

O mothers of this vice-ruled generation,
O mothers of the nations yet to be,
He lived to save your homes from desolation,
He died to make your sons and husbands free !

O grieving friends, his place is void forever,
No monumental stone can tell our loss ;
Go follow up his work with brave endeavor,
And let us share the burdens and the cross.

Gird on the sword, let all brave men succeed him ;
Lift high his standard, tread the path he trod ;
Let nations hear his battle cry of freedom,
And we may win this shackled world for God.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEMS FROM LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

“**T**O accomplish our aim—the overthrow of the liquor traffic—we must get down on our knees and ask God’s help, and not that only, but we must be willing to do all in our power individually in the way of active aggressive work.”

“I know the disheartening obstacles in the way, and the enormity of the task before us to accomplish the prohibition of the liquor traffic. But we must not stop or falter because of this. We must talk, believe, feel, pray, and work.”

“This struggle long ago ceased to be a moral pastime, which men can pick up and lay down at their will. That it is a bitter fight, a war that must eventuate either in the destruction of the liquor power or in the annihilation of the Christian Sabbath and everything that is dear to a Christian nation, is evident to all.”

“Every person must either be in favor of the sale of liquor or against it. There is no neutral ground.”

“That man who votes for the license of the sale of liquor is equally as responsible for the misery and crime it causes as the man who sells it.”

“I would advise mothers to throw open their parlors and sitting-rooms to their boys; to put away their ornaments which boyish hands must never touch, let God’s sunlight in even if it does fade the

carpet, and make their houses a 'home' for their loved ones, instead of a place to stay in after all other 'places' are closed."

"An old bachelor is only half a man."

"Old men have fought more than half the battle for prohibition. Now we call upon the young men to come to the rescue and win the fight."

"Every man is our brother."

"When I see men 'on the fence' in regard to the prohibition question, I sometimes wish the fence was sharp enough to cut them in two, that we might have our half."

"The opportunity to drink creates the appetite."

"Moral suasion is secondary to legal suasion, and political suasion is master of both."

"If any man wishes to know what makes his taxes so high, and where the money is used, let him read the report of the supervisors, county commissioners, etc. He will find that the expenditures for the support of paupers, made such by drunkenness and other damages, the direct or indirect cause of which results from the sale of intoxicating liquors, is the principal cause of high taxes."

"The men who sell intoxicating drinks should be compelled to 'foot the bills' for all consequential damages resulting from their trade."

"No Good Templar has a right to vote in any manner whatever for the support of the liquor license."

"Alcohol is not found in nature; it is the product of rottenness, coming in only at nature's death; consequently there can be no natural appetite for it."

"To claim that stimulants are necessary to man's existence is to claim that God did not know the needs of the creatures He created."

“The so-called ‘moderate drinker’ is a more dangerous man in a community than the common drunkard, because of the evil influence he exerts.”

“I would not trust my life in the hands of a tippling physician.”

“Legal suasion and moral suasion should be worked together ; it is folly to oppose either. One is the bones and the other is the flesh of the temperance body.”

“It is a violation of the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States to grant license to men to sell intoxicating liquors.”

“I used to think a ‘strong-minded’ woman was a humbug, but I now think that a weak-minded woman is a fizzle.”

“It would be more profitable to have grass grow in the streets of a city than to have drunkards grow in them.”

“Alcoholic drink taken by a healthy person is never beneficial, but always injurious. It is not assimilated by the system, but prevents the stomach from digesting its wholesome food. It attacks and partially or totally destroys the brain and the whole nervous system and muscular tissue.”

“The ‘appetite’ for intoxicating liquor is a misnomer. It is a *disease*, and the victim of it should be pitied and helped, not despised and punished. He should be treated in hospitals for the disease, not sent to prisons for punishment. The man who sells the poisonous stuff should answer for the vice and crime it produces, not the victim who is poisoned by it. If a man goes to a drug-store and buys a bottle of medicine, and goes home and takes it and becomes poisoned and is made sick by it, the druggist or prescription clerk is fined or imprisoned, not the victim. The laws for punishing the drunkard and letting the drunkard-maker go free are absurd and unjust.”

“The argument that public sentiment should be educated to a complete acceptance of prohibition before prohibitory laws are enacted is the purest nonsense. Everybody will readily admit the absurdity of the idea that people should be educated to be perfectly honest before laws should be passed against stealing. Laws must come first, and learning to live up to them will always follow.”

“The most common and most powerful cause of prostitution among our girls and women is wine and beer drinking.”

“It makes no difference whether alcohol be in the shape of brandy or beer, the effect is the same upon the victim. To separate beer from ardent spirits in legislation, and exempting beer and wine from the strong restrictions against the stronger beverages, will prove terribly disastrous.”

“A man who is not a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages is not fit to preach the Gospel of Christ.”

“To see Christian men voting to place men in official positions who drink, swear, and frequent houses of prostitution, because they are candidates on a particular party ticket, is a disgusting spectacle.”

“The most dangerous swindle on earth is a religious swindle.”

“The rum power is doomed in America.”

“The Christian Church, to purge itself from all complicity with the unholy rum traffic, must banish alcoholic liquors from the communion table, convert or expel its tippling communicants, and refuse to stain its righteous coffers with the blood money of the liquor-dealer.”

“It is humbuggery to ask God to do what we are too lazy to do ourselves.”

“The fear of damnation makes church-members, but the love of Christ makes Christians.”

“A man may be a temperance man and not be a Christian, but a man cannot be a true Christian who is not a temperance man.”

“To license a man to sell rum because he will break law and sell without license if you don’t, is simply compounding felony and rewarding a criminal for his crime.”

“Beer drinking and beer saloons make people idle, ignorant, and immoral.”

“The beer saloons of America are the hot-beds which propagate communism and anarchy.”

“Wine and beer, commonly called the lighter drinks, are the devil’s kindling wood to kindle the fire of appetite, and thus accomplish the first fatal step downward to a drunkard’s grave.”

“The churches insist on divorcing themselves from individual duty, and at the same time seem to wish to monopolize all morality. They have fought more over doctrine than over morals ; more over the theological than over the practical. There have been no great theological battles over war, intemperance, slavery, oppression of the poor, etc.; but over the questions of baptism, communion, or the meaning of some phrase about which the people know little and care less, the controversy has been prolonged and deep. If a surgeon would allow a man to bleed to death while debating what method of compress it was best to use, he would be a murderer ; so the skirts of the Church are stained with the blood of those who have been lost while theologians have debated whether *aiônios* means everlasting and whether Christ was immersed or sprinkled. The all important question of man’s salvation has been made secondary to the question of how to save him. No cause has been more neglected by the Church than the temperance reform in point of practical aid. Thousands of dollars are raised yearly for foreign missions, but our temperance publication houses have yet to receive any substantial aid from the Church as a Church.

“All this is not the result of Christianity, but is caused by the lack of genuine Christianity. It is the natural result of substituting for the practical work of Christ the theories of denomination ; of preaching the Church first and Christ afterward. I do not for a moment doubt that the Church will ultimately take the temperance question up and help carry it to a successful issue, but I am very impatient at its seeming reluctance to take the lead in this matter.”

“The coronet on the brow of kings and nobles, the grandest mental endowments, the highest culture, the most brilliant eloquence offer no protection against the insidious approach of the remorseless habit of drinking. No class on earth is protected. Yes, there is one class from which no victim has been snatched, no loved one taken, no honored one seized. That class is the *total abstainers*.”

“The temperance people of this country have no more opposition to a saloon-keeper, as a saloon-keeper, than they have to a minister as a minister. The effects of the work of each is what they condemn or uphold. A man is tried not because of his works, but because the results are good or bad.”

“Men talk of the vested rights of the saloon-keeper. There is no such thing, and the man who prates about the vested rights of a saloon-keeper talks the sheerest demagoguery that ever fell from the lips of a fool. He pays cash from year to year for the privilege of making drunkards of boys, of making homes miserable, of wrecking men and ruining women ; but the right to do it does not exist.”

“The rights of man are limited where they clash with the rights of other men.”

“Government can take man and put him up to be shot at to protect its interests ; then certainly it should protect him from the dirty beer-shop that is trying to murder him.”

“ We want no compromise with the liquor traffic ; no half-way measures ; no gilding over of the great sin ; no overtures of peace with the grog-shop, so destructive of human happiness.”

“ It does not matter whether the dram-shop keeper is a devil or an angel, the traffic in intoxicating liquors has the same evil result.”

“ It is nonsense to say that the sale of intoxicating liquors cannot be prohibited in this country. Whenever any national vice becomes stronger than the Government, the Government had better order its grave-clothes and invite mourners.”

“ It is the duty of Government to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong. The work of individual reformation must be by personal appeals, moral suasion, the removal of the temptation by the State. The theory, in a nutshell, is, stoop down into the gutter and by personal exertion pull the fallen out of the hole, and when you have got him out, plug up the hole by law so another shall not fall in.”

“ Prohibition laws are not ‘ sumptuary ’ laws. They do not prescribe what a man shall eat or drink, but what a man shall sell. The only ‘ sumptuary ’ laws in this country are the Republican and Democratic laws, which punish a man for drinking too much whiskey.”

“ The Government has no right to license a wrong.”

“ By the prohibition of the liquor traffic, the Government does not destroy private property or take it for public use. It simply prevents private parties from using their property to the injury of the public.”

“ Prohibition in the National and State Constitutions, made effective by a political party pledged to the principle of prohibition, not as a matter of policy, is the only sure remedy for this most terrible social and political evil—the liquor traffic.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADDRESSES.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ISSUES.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT LEWIS' OPERA HOUSE, DES MOINES, IA., APRIL
22D, 1882.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have come to your State, by request of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, to discuss the necessity, feasibility, and practicability of the outlawry or inhibition of the alcoholic liquor traffic. This traffic, having been indicted by the legislative grand jury, is now in the court, to be tried by the grandest jury of a republic—the people.* Your legislators have indicted the alcoholic liquor traffic for social crime; the case is in your hands to investigate, consider, and determine. The law-making power being the one to pass on the question, the issue involved is not one of law, but of fact. I enter this investigation with misgivings in regard to my own abilities to materially assist you. I come as an assistant, not as a teacher, and hope if I do anything, I may assist you to reach a just, righteous verdict. In view of the great interests involved, I would not, as an American citizen, dare to mislead you, but deem it my duty to counsel the fullest, fairest, and most complete investigation of all the facts in this case.

* The Legislature the previous winter had submitted a prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution. The amendment was to be voted on at a special election the following June.

“The advocates who are defending the criminal have, and probably will continue to exhaust every quibble before they will go to trial on the *real issue*. A celebrated lawyer once said to a graduating class, ‘If you have a client who is guilty, and who has no defence, never let him be tried.’ ‘How will you prevent it?’ asked one of the students. ‘If they force you into court, try the opposing attorney, try the witnesses, try the judge, and if nothing else will win, try the jury, but never try your client.’ This advice has been and will be adopted by the defence, and it may be best for us at the commencement of this investigation to determine by whom and how the case is to be tried, and what issues are and what are not involved in the case.

“This question is to be tried by you voters not as Germans, Irishmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, New Yorkers, or Illinoisans, but as citizen voters of Iowa, bound by your honor as voters to do what in your honest judgment is best for the State. It is to be deprecated that the advocates defending the liquor traffic have thought it necessary to appeal to class, clan, and national prejudices, thereby disintegrating society for selfish ends. Although sure demagoguery will not influence sensible men, it shows how utterly reckless and unscrupulous are the advocates on the other side.

“See what interests they jeopardize to secure an acquittal. A republic must be homogeneous if it hopes to live and prosper. An individual cannot take into his stomach pine-knots, sticks, stones, tacks, and nails, allow them to remain there unassimilated and undigested, and live ; so Iowa cannot take into her political organism New Yorkers, Illinoisans, Germans, Irishmen, and persons from other nations and States, allow them to remain in the political organism banded together as clans and nationalities, unassimilated and undigested, and politically or socially prosper. Anything that prevents the assimilation or digestion of food in the physical organism is an enemy of the body. Any man or class of men who try to induce Germans to band together in this country as Germans, or Irishmen as Irishmen, is a traitor to the Government and

its liberties. All such work and talk is un-Republican, un-Democratic, and un-American, as well as an insult to the nationality thus sought to be used as tools.

“The term ‘German vote,’ which, during the last few years, has become a power in certain political circles, originated in this vile demagoguery. All voters in this country are Americans, native and foreign born. No man has a right to vote in Iowa as a New Yorker or a German. If he votes, it is as a citizen of Iowa. Any man who does not love this country more than any other had better emigrate. American know-nothingism was a curse to this nation, because it acted as a disintegrating force on society. German know-nothingism, as now developed by tricksters and liquor-sellers, is of the same class of political heresies. If it continue it will undoubtedly develop American know-nothingism as its antidote, when the Germans who have been led into this movement will be the ones to suffer, as five American votes will count more than one German vote. But it is to be hoped that this accursed political trickery may die before such a remedy will be necessary. No greater insult could be offered to the German-American voters of Iowa than to insinuate that they are controlled by their stomachs instead of their brains, and that with a swill-pail full of beer they can be led up to the polls and voted either way. The grass on Southern battle-fields, growing green over the graves of noble Americans born in Germany, who died for this country, hurls the lie in the teeth of the men who claim that Germans are controlled by appetite and by liquor demagogues, not by principle.

“These men who appeal to German ideas, theories, and practices, do so to subserve selfish interests, and I submit that such practices are enough to cast doubt on the merit of their defence. Anything that excites race-feeling instead of intelligence, appetite instead of reason, passion instead of conscience, self-interest instead of duty, should be shut out of a case involving grave questions of the functions and duties of Government.

“The voters should investigate the arguments and facts brought forward by both sides, and on these, and these alone, as explained by their own experience and observation, render their verdict.

“Among the issues not involved in this case at present is that of political partisanship. I stand before you to-night a Democrat, with my reason and intelligence indorsing the principles of American democracy. Not as it is represented in some of the State platforms written by political tricksters to catch traitors—I have no sympathy with this gerrymandering of political platforms to catch soreheads from other parties, believing, as I do, that a man who leaves his own party for spite and votes with another party for revenge is an unsafe and unreliable man, and not worth purchasing at such a price—but believing in the principles as laid down when the party passed seven prohibitory laws in as many different States.

“My friend Senator Kimball is a tried, true Republican. On the conclusions to be deduced from certain political data we differ broadly, but on this issue we agree. Love of home, country, civilization, and liberty are as equally dear to the Democratic as to the Republican father, and if these mutual interests are endangered by the liquor traffic, partisanship is forgotten in the struggle with the common enemy. ‘For home and native land’ is the war-cry that makes us brothers.

“Neither is the issue of the use nor abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors involved in this campaign. The prohibitory constitutional amendment no more prohibits the use of intoxicating liquors than Section 4035 of the statutes of Iowa prohibits the use of adulterated foods. That section reads: ‘*If any person knowingly sell any kind of diseased or corrupted or unwholesome provisions, whether for meat or drink, without making the same fully known to the buyer, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not more than thirty days, or by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars.*’

“The section does not prohibit the use. If you want to eat diseased meat you injure yourself and, indirectly, society; but if you sell the

meat, the sale is a social act, you injure another, and society interferes to protect its units from imposition and injury. This section deals with the traffic, not with the use. Trade being a social institution, society has a right to destroy it if its effects are deleterious. Use is an individual matter over which society has no control as long as the individual does not injure it by the practice.

“Section 4041 of Iowa statutes reads : ‘*If any person throw, or cause to be thrown, any dead animal into any river, well, spring, cistern, reservoir, stream, or pond, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten nor more than thirty days, or by fine not less than five nor more than one hundred dollars.*’

“This deals with the public act of poisoning the water, not with the individual use of the poisoned water. It does not say you shall not drink, but it says you shall not poison the water. The one act directly affects society ; the other affects the individual and indirectly disturbs society, and the former is prohibited.

“Society will never undertake to say that an individual shall not read obscene literature, but it does say individuals shall not print and circulate such literature, to corrupt the elements of which society is composed, thereby endangering its life, prosperity, usefulness, and peace. Self-preservation is the first law of life, with States as well as individuals. Trade, traffic, business depends largely upon society—the State—for its existence. Anything that affects deleteriously the health, morality, order, or safety of the public by its presence or conduct, the State must destroy as far as in its power, to preserve its own life. The State must guard against those social diseases that tend to break down its system, or it will die. The thing which every trade and traffic must show is that it strengthens and builds up the health of society. If it fails to show this ; if it generates disease in the political system ; if it acts as an ulcer on the body politic, society—the State—must, to maintain its own existence, destroy as best it can ; and no rights are violated thereby, the traffic having forfeited all right to demand legal protection

by its indirect attacks on the life, prosperity, and order of the State.

“The friends of the amendment, recognizing the fact that society is made up of individuals, and that the health and character of the unit of society—the individual—affects to a very large degree the health, prosperity, and usefulness of the political system, believe it to be for the best interest and, in short, the duty of society, to make everything as favorable as possible for the development of those traits and characteristics of the race which tend to build up and strengthen its power for good, and to destroy as far as possible all institutions, customs, and practices which tend to develop those viler characteristics of the race which endanger its life and weaken its power to bless the people. In short, they believe with the great English statesman that it is the duty of Government to make it as easy as possible for the individual to do right and as difficult as possible for him to do wrong.

“The anti-amendment advocates claim, on the contrary, that it is the duty of society to take into its system those institutions which generate corruption and disease of the elements of its own life, in order to test what elements can stand the strain and be stronger by it. In other words, that an individual had better take corruption or poison in order to generate a fever to purify his system. Would not the learned materia-medicaist say, ‘It is better never to poison the system and subject its elements to such a test’?

“The issue in this campaign is not a question of total abstinence. In Nebraska there are thousands of total abstainers who are Prohibitionists. There are also hundreds of Prohibitionists who are drinkers.

“The ex-chief justice of my own State, one of the ablest criminal lawyers on this continent—learned, logical, and eloquent—whose hatred for the dram-shop is so intense he can hardly find language to express it, is a man who used to drink wine, and I think he does yet. When you talk to him in regard to total abstinence, he says: ‘That is an individual

matter.' When you talk to him in regard to the American dram-shop, he says : ' It is a social nuisance that must be suppressed.'

" The man who drinks liquor may love his home ; the man who uses liquor may love his wife ; the man who uses liquor may love his child ; and the man who abstains may do the same thing. In this campaign, and on this issue of home and family, they are one ; and if the liquor traffic is proved to be the enemy of home and family, there is no reason why the drinker should not stand with the abstainer in favor of this amendment.

" This question of the prohibition of the alcoholic liquor traffic is in no sense a question of individual abstinence any more than the prohibition of the sale of rotten beef is a question of the prohibition of eating it, or the prohibition of the sale of bad milk a question of drinking it. The one implies the protection extended by a State to society as a whole ; the other implies the individual action based on a man's judgment.

" It may be best for us to look for a moment at this proposition, because the opposition will almost surely endeavor to drag these two distinct lines of work together, and endeavor to whip out of the prohibition ranks all men who drink alcoholic liquors. On the principles underlying the temperance reform in this country all men are agreed.

" There has hardly been a session of the Brewers' Congress or the Distillers' Union in the last twenty years that has not resolved against the evils of intemperance. On the primary proposition that these exist all classes agree. The only question is the question of remedy.

" The theory of the Prohibitionist is that it is the duty of the State to make it as easy as possible to do right, and just as difficult to do wrong ; that it is the duty of the State to make the road up to manhood and honor as smooth as possible ; to plant along the side of the road the flowers of hope, of promise, and of public approbation. Into the road down to licentiousness, and vice, and crime, and infamy, and death, roll the rocks of law, hedge it with the brambles of public opinion, the briars of public condemnation, and then place the citizen at the begin-

ning of the two ways, and say to him : 'Take your choice.' The State can never enter there and say, You must go this way and shall not go the other. It will simply make the road to manhood pleasant and the road to disgrace disagreeable, and allow the young man standing at the entrance of the two paths to choose along which he will journey. He can go to heaven if he will, or he can go down to ruin if he will. In the way of his free moral agency the State can never come, until by his individual action he injures others. At this starting-point the moral suasion organizations come to persuade, to convince that it is best for him to go the better way. The State simply steps in to prevent temptation, leaving the free will of the individual untrammelled, while the work of the moral suasion society is to show the individual what is right and what is wrong.

"Take another view : Intemperance, as it is known to the people of this State, is known to the scientific world as alcoholism or dipsomania—better known to the American physician, the English physician, the French physician than any other form of chronic poisoning. The Prohibitionist says : 'The same rules of common-sense should be applied in the treatment of this disease that are applied in the treatment of other diseases.' The only cure for the man who has the small-pox—you know something of this disease from the terrible scare which swept over the country last winter—is the treatment of kindness, nursing, and doctoring. It does no good to pound a man on the head with a club who has the small-pox. It would do him no good to put him in the 'cooler' or to set him at work breaking stone. The only way to treat a sick man is to treat him with care and scientific treatment. The people use common-sense rules for treatment of small-pox—treatment for the sick, vaccination for the well, quarantine for the disease. In the temperance movement the temperance societies adopt the same methods. The pledge is vaccination. If it does not take the first time they vaccinate over again, and keep on vaccinating until it works. Last spring, when it was reported that small-pox was spreading from every part of the

country, there was heard a universal demand for the interference of Government, not with the idea that its interposition could cure those men who were sick, but with the idea that the hand of Government through that agency known as the police power of the State could keep the disease within certain limits and protect those who were well.

“The State of Iowa has adopted this theory.

“Section 4039 of your statutes reads :

“*‘ If any person inoculate himself or any other person, or suffer himself to be inoculated with small-pox within this State with intent to cause the spread of the disease, or come within this State with the intent to cause the prevalence or spread, etc., he shall be imprisoned and fined.’*

“The State does not say people shall not catch the small-pox, but the State will make it as difficult to catch it as possible. The love, care, and kindness shown to the patients sick with contagious disease is moral suasion ; the red flag out in front of the house, the strong hand of quarantine, is prohibition. This prohibition is of the State. If this system is sensible with other diseases, the same system should be applied to this widespread disease of intemperance.

“Yellow-fever swept up the Mississippi and located at Memphis. The second year, within twenty-four hours after the time it appeared in Memphis, every place which had communication with that city had quarantined against it ; they stopped the passage of merchandise, and even stopped the passage of United States mails from the city until disinfected. Why did they do this ? They could not legislate the poor fellows who had the yellow-fever back to health, but they could legislate them into a quarantine to prevent other people from catching it.

“Twenty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-four people in this country died from yellow-fever in the last ten years. Take that number ; think of it—21,384 ! Does any man say it was wrong to quarantine Memphis, though it destroyed merchandise, though it destroyed business, though it wrecked the whole city ? No ; it was right ! The disease of alcoholism, during the same time, has killed more than six hun-

dred and fifty thousand American citizens. This is not the statement of a temperance lecturer—it is the statement of Willard Parker, the first surgeon of this country. It is the statement of N. S. Davis, the celebrated physician of Chicago, and it is the statement of every doctor in this country who is tall enough in his profession to be seen over three counties. And yet the drunkard makers object to quarantine. Alcoholism has killed six hundred and fifty thousand, and there are men in this audience, I presume, with these facts before them, who have been so mistaken that they have voted to license a man to take the seeds of this terrible disease in his hands and sow them among the boys and girls of this country. Yellow-fever has ruined less men, less women, and less children in Memphis than alcoholism has in the State of Iowa. The one is prohibited, the other licensed.

“While the churches and the moral suasion organizations go down to the gutter after the poor drunkard, while they endeavor to cure his sick body by scientific treatment and his sick soul by the grace of God, it is the duty of the State to do away with the places, to destroy the trade which incessantly turns out these sick men and keeps the supply constant, and forces this work through the years and on through the ages.

“The question in regard to State action is not the question of what the treatment of the individual shall be. It is simply the question of what is the duty of the State, what is the power of the State to restrain or to prevent the spread of this fearfully contagious disease.

“The question before the people of Iowa during the next sixty days is not: ‘Are you a Democrat? Are you a Republican? Are you a Presbyterian? Are you a drinker or an abstainer? What is your individual convictions in regard to the use of liquors?’ but, ‘*What is the effect of the American dram-shop on the best interests of the State?*’ This is the sole issue in this campaign. Everything else is subterfuge—is thrown in to deceive; and every person who endeavors to prevent the people from considering this primary question is working in the interests of the liquor men.

“I was through the canvass in Kansas. The same issue was presented there, and from the beginning to the end of the fight I never heard the liquor men meet the issue squarely and fairly on its merits.

“The whole question to be tried is simply, What is the relation of the liquor traffic to society in this State? That much and no more. I am well aware that when you have reached this point, when you have arraigned the liquor interest on its record, and insist it shall come into court and plead to the indictment, that it will at once move to quash the indictment on certain specious sophistries. One will be this : that this business is an old institution ; that the State is composed of people who have come from different countries and different nationalities ; that the German, having come from his Fatherland, has the right to bring here its customs ; that the Irishman, coming from the Evergreen Isle, has the right to bring the customs of that country here.

“Let us look at this position for a moment—the position that is everywhere held and urged by the liquor men of this country. Let us examine whether this idea is in harmony with the primary principles of Government.

“Political institutions are the outgrowth of social customs, not social customs the outgrowth of political institutions. Society is built from the bottom, not from the top. The home comes first ; then families assemble, and you have a village ; villages, and you have a township ; townships, and you have a county ; counties, and you have a State ; and, in this country, States and you have a nation. All political customs grow out of social life. The political customs of this country are the legitimate children of the social customs and life of the founders of the Government, of the men who made our liberties and our institutions possible.

“If I ever get indignant in my life, it is when I hear men born in other countries, together with dirty, dough-faced American demagogues, sneering at the Pilgrims, and ridiculing Puritanical morals and ideas. No man has greater respect for the good traits of our foreign-born citi-

zens than myself, but I believe that a native born American is as good as a foreign-born American, as long as his life and his conduct are as good ; and I most earnestly protest, in free America, against the beer smut-mill being turned on the men who planted our liberties, and suffered and died to perpetuate them. A few American sneaks, in order to catch the beer vote, enter the cemetery where America's noblest dead are buried, desecrate the graves, and attempt to defile the memory of those who built the Government and established the liberties under which these ghouls live. Who were these Pilgrims who are now made a byword and jest by the beer-guzzlers of this country? What did they come to America for? What kind of a country did they find? Britain's poetess answers :

“ ‘ The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that Pilgrim band ;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?
 There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.
 What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !
 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod ;
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God.'

"Such was their coming, and such the motives which led them to leave the Old World and its comforts for the unknown New. By struggle and toil, through disease and suffering, they developed the land and planted the ideas of liberty in their descendants. Their theories of liberty and morals were developed by their children.

"Who died at Lexington? Whose blood wet the ground at Bunker Hill? Whose breast was in front of British bullets at Brandywine and Germantown? Who starved at Valley Forge?

"Through blood the land was made free. What was then done? Did Americans close the doors of the Republic and say: 'We are free; let the world take care of itself'? No! They welcomed the down-trodden of all nations. Immigrants have not been asked to come as alien paupers. They have been received as brothers, and made members of the family. After all this, for these refugees from the despotisms of Europe to attempt to destroy American customs by traducing American dead is disgraceful. If they came here to be Americans, they are welcome; but if they prefer European ideas and customs, and the governments which those ideas and customs have produced, a ticket from New York to

Europe will cost little more than a ticket from Europe to New York, and they are free to go. Americans are satisfied with American institutions and American liberties.

“This Government is the child of that morality, that theory of religious liberty, that theory of governmental life which was taught by the men who settled and developed the Colonies ; while, on the contrary, the German despotism of to-day is the legitimate child of the German social life and German social customs. Whenever the people in this country destroy American social customs and American social life ; whenever the people drift away from the rocks on which their forefathers founded this Government into the seas where despotisms have floated ; whenever American customs cease and the customs of despotic Europe take their place, this Government had better order its grave-clothes and invite in the mourners. America, as a republic, can only live while the customs that made it a republic live. This theory of government can only continue while the social life that developed it continues. When a different form of social life, a different form of social thought, a different form of social teaching, a different form of moral training come in, I have no hope for the Government.

“Suppose I could to-night take a hundred thousand native-born Americans, and, with a motion of the hand, plant them over in the German Empire, would not Von Bismarck have a lively time governing them ? Why ? Because their training in their mothers’ arms, their training in the cradle, their training in the primary school, in the graded school, in the academy, in the university, have all developed a different line of thought, a different theory of government, a different theory of responsibility, from that developed by the German social life, the German social customs, and the German schools. The idea that because customs have lived in another country, and have been developed in another form of government, that they must of right be allowed to continue here, is utterly fallacious.

“Suppose before the missionaries went to the Fiji Islands, a man

from that island had drifted over and located in the city of Des Moines. (You know that the Fiji Islanders were cannibals.) Suppose this Fiji Islander had come. Now, he is a different man from the American. His teeth are different, his head is especially different. He has different passions, different appetites, different ideas. For a time he restrains his inclinations, but at last, the old appetite in him being aroused, he makes a raid on your home, catches your fat baby boy, kills him, dresses him, cooks him, and puts him on the table for a meal. You get your shotgun and go up to interview him. Don't kill him on sight. When you see what he is about, you say: 'What have you done?'

" 'Why,' he says, 'nothing, only killed a boy.'

" 'But you have committed murder.'

" He says, 'I do not understand.'

" 'Why, you have killed this child. You had no right to kill him. You have no right to do what you are doing.'

" 'I thought this was a free country !' he exclaims.

" 'It is a free country, but it is not a free country to commit murder in.'

" 'But,' he says, 'I used to eat babies over in the Fiji Islands. Have not I got the right to eat them here?'

" 'What would be the answer? 'Sir, the Government of the United States is not the Government of the Fiji Islands. Your social customs have developed your form of government, our social customs have developed our form of government. When you leave that Government you must leave every custom that is inimical to this Government or destructive to its institutions, for we have no desire to have introduced here the customs that propagated the governments of your native island.'

" 'Suppose the ex-Khedive of Egypt, when he was deposed, instead of moving to Italy, had come over here with his wives and children and gone to housekeeping in Des Moines. An officer takes him by the shoulder, and says : 'Hold on, sir ! What are you doing?'

“ ‘ I am keeping house.’

“ ‘ You are my prisoner.’

“ ‘ What for?’

“ ‘ Bigamy.’

“ ‘ What is bigamy?’

“ ‘ Having more than one wife.’

“ ‘ I thought this was a free country!’

“ ‘ It is.’

“ ‘ I used to have these wives in Egypt. Have not I the right to have them here?’

“ ‘ What would you say to him? ‘ Sir, this Republic is a different Government from the despotism of Egypt. This Government is a product of our social institutions. Consequently, when you come to this country you must leave every custom that would be injurious to the welfare of this country and the perpetuity of this Government.’ The idea that American freedom means universal license is the dangerous idea in this country.

“ ‘ In my State a young woman recently from Europe was brought into a court charged with the murder of her infant child. When the indictment was read, and she was asked, through an interpreter, to plead, her answer was : ‘ I thought this was a free country.’

“ ‘ The idea that this country has no form, no customs, no laws, no institutions, which immigrants are bound to respect ; that men have the right to come here and follow any customs, any ideas, any theories, and any practices, is an idea utterly antagonistic to American institutions, and if carried out will ultimately build on the chaos of our liberties the worst despotism that the world ever saw.

“ ‘ At the birth of this Government, the institutions of the Colonies were the institutions of a monarchy in a modified form. The men who settled at Plymouth Rock were men who had given up, in a measure, their old ideas and theories, and a new social system had been slowly developing. This change ultimately developed a social life that would

not endure even the limited monarchy of Great Britain. When the United States came into existence as a nation, they were a long way from having republican institutions. The American leaders were not destructionists, they were reformers.

“The difference between the French and American Revolutions was this—the Americans simply wished to tear down the building of a monarchy, to take out of it all the material they could use in another form of government, while the French endeavored to destroy and build wholly new.

“The work of American statesmen for the first hundred years of this Republic has been the work of changing, adjusting, and trying. Look! see what changes have been made. Examine the law; you could hardly recognize it as the child of the law in existence when the Colonies became free. The old theory was that the king received his authority from God, that he stood in the relation of God to the people; with the destruction of that idea, the individual became the sovereign, and the ruler the representative of the people. The result of this was a change in the law in accordance with the change in ideas. The old theory of the divine right of kings to rule the people developed the theory of the divine right of the husband to rule the wife. The old marriage forms—every one of them—contained a clause stipulating that the wife should obey the husband. If I had been young at that time, and one of the ladies here had also been living, worth fifty thousand dollars in bonds, notes, and real estate, and married me, by the act of marriage (unless her property had been entailed upon her and her children) every dollar would have become mine. I could have spent it or gambled it away, and she could not have prevented me by other means than love or the broomstick. The old law has been changed, and shaped, and polished, until to-day, in my State, if I wanted my wife’s money, the only way I could get it would be to persuade her to give it to me. She can buy and sell property and transact business in her own name; and next November many of Nebraska’s voters will say that the women of the State have

the same right to a voice in the Government under which they live that the men have. This is the legitimate result of a change of customs from a monarchy to the broader idea of a democracy, founded upon the morality and intelligence of the people.

“The founders of the Republic recognized the fact that the foundation of universal liberty must be universal education. At the birth of this Government the schools of America were private schools, but the necessity of making the citizen-sovereign intelligent developed our free-school system. All the institutions that America inherited have been moulded, shaped, and developed. Among these inherited institutions was the accursed drinking-place. The dram-shop is not a child of American customs, liberty, ideas, schools, or theories. It was inherited from the despotic governments of Europe. At the laying of the foundation of the Government there were men who openly denied that it should continue to be in the new structure.

“Those who favored a compromise were in a majority. They said : ‘It will not be fair to reject the liquor traffic until it has been tried in the new form of government.’ They prevailed and it has been tried.

“Its results have been the same as in Europe—drunkenness, debauchery, vice, crime, riot, communism. In the rich soil and genial climate of our Government it bore fruit early, and in 1676 the Government of Virginia found it necessary to protect the people from the multitude of evils resultant from the traffic and the conditions favorable to its development. As increasing population, seconded by wise statesmanship, has enlarged the nation’s borders, it has grown with our growth and increased with our strength ; it has been crippled only where persistent prohibitory efforts have made the conditions for its development unfavorable. The evil has long been admitted by all and a persistent effort to remedy it has been made by a few. Compromise has followed compromise, the unrestrained sale, license, high license, civil damage, local option ; and I wish to assert in the light of history that all these compromises have been failures to just the extent that principle has been

sacrificed ; and successes just to the extent that right has been recognized and prohibitory features incorporated into their text. Thus this institution has been tested and found unworthy of a place in a free republic. It is an enemy of American liberties, and must be destroyed. Then :

“ ‘ There shall be sung another golden age :
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts—
 NOT SUCH AS EUROPE BREEDS IN HER DECAY,
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.
 Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
 The first four acts already past,
 The fifth shall close the drama with the day :
 Time’s noblest offspring is the last.’ ”

EXAMINATION OF THE ISSUES AND DEFENCE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MOORE’S OPERA HOUSE, DES MOINES, IA.,
 APRIL 23, 1882.

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF DES MOINES : I came to your State at the request of the old prohibition corps of the temperance army, the Good Templars, who have fought on this line since 1851, to discuss with you the question of what is the best thing for the people to do with the alcoholic liquor traffic of your State. Your Legislature has submitted this question to you. I would have preferred that the question could have been submitted to every one who suffers from the accursed influence and effects of the drink traffic, or whose heart is bleeding from its direful effects ; but the provisions of our American Constitution are such that men above the age of twenty-one years must settle this question, while the great class who suffer most from the evil influences of the liquor traffic—the women of the country—are debarred from expressing

their opinion in making the final verdict. I would that this were not so ; but as it is submitted to the voters of this commonwealth, you, as voters, must settle the question. The day has passed when a man can afford to laugh, to sneer, or to jeer at this question. As citizens of the State, bound by the highest obligations of a Christian civilization—home and love of country—you are to take the question without passion, without prejudice, without bitterness, and fully consider it in all its phases. This question is one that must be settled calmly and dispassionately. The drunkard factory of this State must be weighed in the balance of political economy, of social life. It must be weighed, not by prejudiced men, not by bitter men, not by unfair men, but by jurors willing to consider each of the counts in the indictment against it, and then to render their verdict according to the facts.

“To-night let us examine the relations of the liquor traffic in this country to society and its interests ; then, as you go from this hall, weigh the evidence, and if your judgment tells you it is conclusive against the traffic, if your judgment tells you my statements are correct, act upon them. If your judgment tells you my reasoning is incorrect, reject it. I would not think much of you if you would accept something as true because I said it was true. I would not think much of you if you would reject what I said simply because a temperance man said it. You are moral, responsible, intelligent, cultured men, and you must take the statements and weigh them in the scales of your own judgment, your own experience, your own intelligence, and then make up your minds whether they are true or false. The power of the liquor traffic to do great good or great evil to the commonwealth cannot be doubted. The immense number of these retail shops, the large number of men engaged in the business of selling liquor, the great capital invested in the manufacture and in the buildings where liquor is sold, make the business capable of doing great good or great evil to any city, county, State, or nation where it is permitted to exist.

“That this capacity is always exercised in the direction of evil is

scarcely deniable. No man dares dispute the pernicious influence of the grog-shops of this country.

“ A few weeks ago the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* described a certain section in the city of Chicago, which is called the ‘ Black Hole.’ Many of you saw the description. It declared that in that section of the city the vicious elements upholding vice and crime, licentiousness, debauchery, and lewdness were the governing factors and the controlling interests. A few days later the same newspaper published a diagram of the streets of the city where the ‘ Black Hole ’ was located. Suppose that to-night I should draw on this curtain the same diagram. Suppose, further, that you had not seen the *Inter-Ocean* article. After I have drawn this diagram I take the *Inter-Ocean* in my hands, and, standing before you, I read the description of the locality, studiously omitting the names of the places, the kind of business carried on there, and only speaking of the moral and social condition of the people. After I have read the description, my license friend, if you are in the house, I want you to tell me what kind of institutions are located along those streets ; what institutions will produce such a condition of things.

“ Suppose I told you that on the first corner is a Methodist church, then from there down to the next corner it was blocked solidly with dry-goods houses. At the end of the street the Presbyterian Church is located, and across the other side are retail houses. Then there is a Baptist church, and on the other side are manufactories—in other words, I tell you that that section of the city is filled with churches, with schools, and with business places. My license friend, would not you say my statement could not be true? Is it possible for such a state of things to exist where any respectable business exists? Then let me ask you to tell me what kind of business you think is transacted along these streets? Why, you would answer in a minute, if you were honest, ‘ Grog-shops and their children, gambling hells and houses of ill-fame.’ The last two—the children of the first—infest the streets. That is the kind of institutions the *Inter-Ocean* says are there.

“A few years ago—the older men among the ministers here will remember—the metropolitan press of New York turned the public gaze upon a section of that city controlled by vice, crime, and immorality, and when the public looked at the streets where this horrible state of things existed, what did they see? Did they see churches, schools, and business to produce these results? No! The centre of Five Points was an old brewery, and every street radiating from that brewery was crowded with grog-shops and their attendant institutions, where liquor was sold and humanity debased. When the Christian element of the city wished to elevate the social and moral condition of Five Points, the very first thing they did was to buy the old brewery and change it into a city mission.

“When Christianity came, the devil packed up his pet institution, to a certain extent, and moved over to Water Street, and then Water Street became the worst section of the city. The vicious element followed the dram-shop.

“Last September one of the great newspapers of the city of Chicago arraigned Mayor Carter Harrison for not revoking the license of a certain liquor-dealer. The paper charged that this man had repeatedly violated the law, and insisted that the mayor should have revoked the license, and that his failure to act was his fear of injuring his political interests. Mayor Harrison, talking to a reporter, said that the accusation of the paper regarding the guilt of the liquor-seller and the failure to revoke the license was true; but he said he allowed that dram-shop to continue because it was a resort of thieves—it was a trap where the policemen could find criminals and catch them, and he allowed it to remain simply for this reason. Would he keep a church open as a trap for criminals? I think not.

“I was born in the State of New York, where the farmers plough the land on three sides—top and two sides. One time, while a boy, an old gentleman in our neighborhood came to me, and said: ‘See here! Do you want to go and hunt foxes with me to-morrow?’ I said, ‘Yes.’

The next morning he came with the hounds. I had my gun ready, and we started out across the hills. We went up one hill, down on the other side, across the valley, up the second hill. About half-way up the hill we came across a fox-track in the snow. It was what we were looking for. The old hunter brought the dogs, put them on the track, and away they started, along the range to the north. I shouldered my gun and started after them. The old man said : 'Where are you going?' 'Going after the foxes.' He said, with a laugh : 'You follow me;' and he started across the hill to the southwest. The dogs had gone north; he went southwest; and I, without a word, followed him over the top of the hill and part of the way down the other side. He said : 'You wait, behind that stump.' He went and sat down behind a tree. For a whole hour I sat there in the snow. The thought commenced to come into my mind that the old gentleman had brought me there to freeze. Just as this thought was taking definite shape, on the wings of the wind from the north was borne the baying of the hounds. They came nearer and nearer. The fox was shot in front. After the fox was shot the old hunter came up, and I asked : 'How did you know the fox would come here?' 'Why,' he answered, 'this is his runaway. I have known over three hundred foxes killed on this range, and I never knew one to run on this side of the hill in any place but between this stump and that tree.'

"Every hunter will tell you such is the habit of many kinds of game, and it is equally true of the criminals of this country. Suppose a man should break into a store here to-night, and leave for Chicago to-morrow—your police get a description of the man, and telegraph to the chief of police at Chicago to arrest him. Where would the Chicago police first search for him? Would they go to the prayer-meeting? Would they go to the stores? No! they would go to the grog-shops, or to the progeny of grog-shops—houses of ill-fame, gambling hells—because this kind of game always seeks this runaway, its old familiar grounds. Take the records of the courts of this country, and they sustain this charge so

thoroughly that no one will dare challenge it. And, gentlemen, before the license men of this State can hope to defeat the amendment, they must show that this charge is false. If the liquor traffic of this country stimulates crime, if it stimulates and produces vice, if it upholds it and sustains it, there is no argument that will justify a man in voting to continue the business.

“Again, the dram-shop of this country is a school of perjury. From the very day it is opened it makes liars of men. You may say this is a strong charge. Indict a liquor-seller in this town for violation of your liquor law. Your detectives tell you that he has persistently violated it. Bring him into court and put him on trial. Subpœna from their houses in this city twenty-five men, young and old, who have patronized him. They come into court. You reach out the Bible ; they will swear, on God’s Holy Word, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Try to prove by them facts which they know to be true. Nineteen out of the twenty-five will swear to a lie to defend the man who sold them the liquor.

“One of these witnesses is on the stand ;

“ ‘ Were you in that liquor-shop ? ’

“ ‘ I was.’

“ ‘ Did you buy something there ? ’

“ ‘ I did.’

“ ‘ What was it ? ’

“ ‘ I don’t know.’

“ ‘ What did you call for ? ’

“ ‘ I didn’t call.’

“ ‘ Well, what did you get ? ’

“ ‘ I don’t know.’

“ ‘ You drank something. What was it ? ’

“ ‘ Well, it might have been tea, it might have been coffee, it might have been lemonade ; I don’t know.’

“ Lie ? Of course he lies.

“Suppose he had gone into the saloon and asked for beer, and the bar-keeper had set up lemonade, would he not have known the difference?

“Suppose he had asked for whiskey, and the bartender had set up tea, would he not have known the difference?

“And yet that man comes into court, and, after taking his oath on God’s Truth, deliberately and wilfully perjures his soul, degrades his manhood, dishonors his citizenship, to defend the man who will take his last dollar, make him a drunkard, and then kick him into the street and call him a drunken dead-beat! Have you ever tried to enforce the law against liquor-sellers? If so, you know this to be true.

“They everywhere try to corrupt judges, to suborn witnesses, to defeat the ends of justice, and prevent an honest, fair, and full enforcement of the law.

“The liquor traffic of this country is a parasite on legitimate business life. The dealers and their advocates will tell you, before this amendment fight is over, that the dram-shop (in some way, they will be careful not to specify how) conduces to the general prosperity and the business interests of this State. If this statement is true, then certainly they have a good defence with which to meet the indictment against them.

“Let us for a few moments examine the theory of State building, in order to fully understand the causes of city, State, and national prosperity.

“A king from Asia Minor was one time visiting a king of Sparta. In Asia, in the early days of the world, all cities were walled, as a defence against enemies. When this king came to Sparta and discovered the absence of walls, he was astonished, and asked the king of Sparta, ‘Where are the walls of your cities?’ The Spartan ruler answered, ‘I will show you to-morrow.’ The next day he ordered the armies of Sparta to pass before his guest in review. As these proud freemen marched by, the king, touching his visitor on the shoulder and pointing with

pride to his soldiers, said : ‘ These be the walls of Sparta ; every man is a brick.’ Ladies and gentlemen, the morality, intelligence, and virtue of the people is the foundation of city, of county, of State, and of Government building.

“ The unity of society is the individual. If you wish good society you must build up the units of society, cultivate the institutions and customs whose influence and effects tend to improve and elevate the individual. If Iowa has institutions that only develop health, strength, morality, and intelligence, her future prosperity is assured ; but if she sanctions and enters into partnership with institutions which debauch public morals, destroy public health, impair individual credit, stimulate vice and crime, the day will come when, with a political system destroyed by social debauchery, Iowa, as a Republican State, will be a thing of the past. The laws of social and political health are fixed ; to violate them is to invite disease and death.

“ ‘ What constitutes a State ?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall, or moated gate ;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned ;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No ; MEN, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—

Men, who their duties know--

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain ;

These constitute a State ;

And sovereign law, *that State's* collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate

Sits empress, *crowning good, repressing ill.*'

“The defendants in this case have only to prove that the liquor traffic builds up the State by building up the individuals who constitute it. If it builds up its patrons socially, financially, intellectually, and morally, the case of the people against the traffic must fail. If, on the contrary, they fail to show that their business benefits directly their customers, then their business must go. Let us see if it does.

“Our Greenback friends, during the past four years, have told us a great many things that are true. One of the principles of political economy which they have been teaching persistently, or rather developing, is that there can be but two types of men in our social organism—the first the producing class—those who, by their work, add to the material wealth of the State, or, at least, produce enough to take care of themselves. That class have a right to a place as long as their production does not injuriously affect the society in which they live ; consequently, they are dismissed from consideration. The other class, the non-producers, are the men who must show to the satisfaction of society that they are entitled to a place outside the almshouse. All political economists group this second class into two sub-classes—assistant producers and parasitic non-producers.

“Let me illustrate. Call up here a merchant and a doctor ; two of one class. Place here a saloon-keeper and a thief ; two of the other class. Do not say I am making my point too strong ; this is the teaching of every man who ever wrote a work on political economy, and I am simply stating what has been affirmed by men who advocate and believe in license. I will show you the difference between these classes. I turn to the merchant, and say to him : ‘You receive money from the producers of this country. You must show what you do for society, and what you do for the producer for the money you receive. What do you give in return for the producer’s money?’ He answers : ‘I am simply the agent of producers. I act as their hired man, to a certain extent. The producers manufacture or grow certain commodities ; in another country other producers provide other commodities. I take the com-

modities which these men produce, ship to other producers, and bring their products back for others.' Although our farmers tried to abolish the merchant a few years ago, they learned that the conduct of commerce is a science, and that the men who were novices in the matter were illy fitted to carry it on. When we have examined the merchant, we find he returns equal value for the money he gets.

"We turn to the doctor, and say: 'Doctor, you receive money from the producers while you produce nothing yourself. Tell us what return you make for the money received.' He answers: 'The producers of this country do not take care of themselves. In the first place, many of them do not understand the laws of hygiene. They become sick, and I am simply the one who repairs the machinery.' One time, on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, I was talking with an honored friend, Mr. Quick, and I asked him: 'What is your business?' He said: 'I am pump-doctor.' He was the hydraulic engineer. He was the man who had charge of the sick pumps of this road. When a pump would not work, he doctored it. Now, the physician stands in the same relation to society in which that man stands to the railroad; he is the one who repairs the physical machinery of the producers. When we have examined him closely in regard to the money he has received and the work he has done; when we think how we have seen him standing by the sick-bed of loved ones, as hope was dying out, and the only ray of light was the thought that God gave and God was taking away, and heard him saying, to comfort the breaking heart: 'While there is life there is hope;' when the loved one came back to health and strength, we took the money from our pocket and willingly paid the bill for services rendered. The physician assists the producer for the money he receives.

"Next, examine the others. 'Mr. Liquor-dealer, you get the money, what do you give back for it?' 'Whiskey and beer.' 'Well, sir, let me put a hypothetical question to you. Suppose a man comes into your saloon to-morrow, and drinks. During the next week, the next month,

the next year, he patronizes you. For ten years he is your best customer, giving you the larger part of his earnings and the greater part of his time. At the end of the time what will you have done for the man in return for the money he has given you?' If the liquor-seller is honest he will have to answer : ' He would have been better off if he had never come into my place. I have not only taken his money, but I have cursed him in the taking.'

"Try it again. 'Mr. Liquor-dealer, suppose a man with a family comes into your place and becomes your patron. At the end of five or six years he dies in front of your bar under the influence of liquor. What will you have done for his wife and babies in return for the money you have received from him?' Again the answer must be : 'It would have been better for that wife and child if he had never traded with me.' Do you see the difference? The merchant says : 'I benefit him, and you see the benefit.' The drink-vender has to admit that he curses him, and everybody sees the effect of the curse.

"If I put the same question to the thief. 'I give peace of mind.' 'What do you mean?' 'If a man has money he worries for fear it will be stolen ; after I steal it he soon stops worrying—I do not injure his brain, nerves, or muscle.'

"Suppose four farmers come into Des Moines, each with fifty dollars in his pocket. One goes to a dry-goods store, one to a hardware store, one to a boot and shoe store, and the other to a dram-shop, and each spends his money in the place he visits.

"After two weeks I come to you and say : 'Let us go and see those producers ; see what they received for the money they gave those non-producers.' We drive to the home of the man who spent his money at the dry-goods store. 'What did you get?' 'Do you see that dress which Nellie is wearing and that coat that Tom has on? Well, I gave the merchant fifty dollars, and he gave me in exchange these things. He is better off ; we are better off.' Exchange of values ; both are benefited.

“ We go to the man who traded at the hardware store, and we say : ‘ What did you receive ? ’ ‘ Do you see the stove, and the axe, and those kettles ? ’ ‘ Yes. ’ ‘ Well, I gave him fifty dollars ; he gave me these. We are better off ; he is better off. ’

“ We go to the man who spent his money at the boot and shoe store. ‘ What did you receive for the money you paid ? ’ ‘ You see these boots which I am wearing, and the shoes Nellie has on, and the boots that Will, Dick, and Harry and the rest are wearing ? I gave that merchant fifty dollars for them. We needed the boots and shoes, he needed the money, and we traded. ’ An exchange of values ; both are benefited.

“ Now we go to the man who spent the fifty dollars in the dram-shop, and say to him : ‘ Sir, you paid that non-producer fifty dollars. What did you get back ? ’ ‘ Come here and I will show you. ’ Will he say that ? No ; he will hang his head, and say : ‘ I got this flaming nose, these bleared eyes, and have been sick ever since. ’

“ ‘ My farmer friend, would you not have been better off if you had put the fifty dollars in the lamp and burned it, and never have gone to the drinking-place at all ? Yes ; because you would have had a clear head, hard muscles, and could have gone to work at once and produced more wealth to take the place of that destroyed. The liquor-dealer took your money and unfitted your brain and muscles for the production of more wealth. ’

“ In the Southern States you will see, in different places, clinging to the trees, the plant known to botanists as the mistletoe. You will say it is a beautiful plant, and yet the botanist will tell you that it is a base plant. You ask why ? Climb up the tree and see. What will you find ? The plant putting its roots down into the earth to suck its life from inorganic matter ? No. It is thrusting its rootlets into the bark of the tree, sucking its life from other life, living by the destruction of organic life. Botanists call it a parasite. Among insects you have the same class. Go out along the old California trail in my own State or in Wyo-

ming, anywhere between the Missouri River and the coast, stop in one of the old sod ranches and tell the keeper of it that you want a bed. Stipulate that it shall be unoccupied, and labor under the delusion that you will be given such a bed. When the time comes you disrobe, retire, and start for dreamland. You will have to start pretty quick to get there. Just as you are passing over the border something starts from your foot along up the leg. It stops, and you know where it lingers. You have a very urgent desire to put your hand down and interview it. By the time you reach down, there is something on your back and something on your side. You roll, and kick, and strike ; it will be fortunate for you if you said your prayers before you went to bed ; it may keep you from saying something worse before you get up. At last you can endure it no longer ; you spring out, light a lamp, and throw down the covering. See them run ! the flat-headed cowards !

“ Oh, how humanity loathes them ! The whole family—mosquitoes, gnats, jiggers, cockroaches, bed-bugs ; ugh !

“ Come up higher, to the highest order God created on earth, and you have the same type. Every gambler in this country is a parasite on social and business life. He is a man who, through the meshes of his games, entraps other men, and grows rich by the ruin of his victims ; a man who takes value without returning an equivalent. Every dram-shop in this country bears the same relation to society. The liquor-seller comes into your town, locates, commences his business, and sells his wares. What is the result ? As the shingles go on his house, they tumble off the houses of his patrons. As he wears broadcloth, his victims come to rags. As he drives up the street with his nice team, his victims plod, with hods on their shoulders, earning money to buy the liquor man another team.

“ As you meet the liquor-seller's wife, with her silks and satins, tripping down the street, you meet the victim's wife, scantily clad, carrying a basket of clothes she has washed to earn money to buy food for her babies. You meet the liquor-dealer's boy flying his kite, while his vic-

tim's boy meets you with : ' Mister, won't you give me just one penny to buy bread ? I am starving.'

" The license man objects : ' But the liquor-dealers do not get rich or their wives wear silks or satins.' True ; the picture is what *would really be* the condition of the liquor-seller's family but for the fact that blood-money always curses the receiver. Money made from the sale of liquor is like money made from gambling—hard to keep. But, my license friend, is not my point strengthened by your objection ? For, it being true, the liquor traffic curses even the families of those who engage in it. It is a universal curse, without a redeeming trait.

" The liquor-seller lives by ruining his customers. The dram-shop of this country, worse than the devil-fish of Victor Hugo, not only wraps its arms around its victim directly, but thrusts those insatiate arms into their homes, taking the carpets, pictures, books—everything that makes home pleasant for wife and children, and drawing into its maw the very element that civilizes and Christianizes the country.

" Suppose that I could take all the money which the producing community of the State of Iowa could make—I am not speaking of the money you could borrow in the Eastern States—but all the money you can make in a year. Pile it here on the table. This money must build the homes and fences ; lay down the carpets and buy the books ; it must run the stores, run the manufactories, carry on the newspapers, and build up all other kinds of trade. It is the life-blood of commerce. When you have it piled up here, the lawyers, doctors, ministers, merchants, newspaper men, and manufacturers gather around. Five thousand liquor-sellers step forward, and say : ' More than nine million dollars of that is ours.' You say : ' No ;' but they say : ' Gentlemen, we bought the privilege of the first grab at it, and that grab we are going to have.'

" My friend, are you in business in Des Moines ? Do you not know this to be true : If a farmer who drinks liquor comes into this city with one dollar in his pocket he will spend it for grog, and ask you to trust him for a dress for his wife ? Do you not know that the saloons of this

city and other cities are located on your principal business streets, and that they sell their liquors for cash, while you trust for the necessaries of life? Do you sell jewelry? If you do, do you sell the best of your jewelry to the man who spends his money in grog-shops? Do you sell nice clothing? How much do you sell to the man who spends the greater part of his money in a drinking-place? Do you sell silk dresses, my friend? Are the patrons of the dram-shop your customers? Do you not know, business men, as a matter of fact, that the dram-shop unfits its patrons for you, and takes the money which would buy nice things to beautify the home—buy nice clothes and good food—leaving the home without these blessings?

“ ‘But,’ says one, ‘the liquor-dealer buys these things.’ ‘Oh, yes, gentlemen; but he is one where his patrons are a hundred. Where you sell him one suit of clothes you lose the sale of a hundred suits to his customers. Where you sell him one picture to go into his home to beautify it, you fail to sell his customers a hundred pictures to make their homes pleasant for their children and families.’

“Take a leech; press all the blood out of it. Now I will show you a trick of license economy. I take a lancet, draw a scratch on my arm, and say to the leech: ‘Suck.’ It does. Just look at it. It is growing respectable—it is getting sleek, and smooth, and fat. When it is full, it will let go. There is this difference between insect leeches and human leeches: an insect leech ceases sucking when he is full, while a human leech will continue to suck as long as there is any money in the pockets of the victims or until he is choked off.

“I want to show you the statesmanship of license advocates.

“I take the leech and squeeze it; two or three drops of blood come from its mouth and I swallow them, and say I have gained so much blood. Some boy in this house cries out: ‘You are foolish. Every drop of that blood was in your body—the leech sucked it out of you. You have only got part of it back, and that part in a way that will do you more injury than good.’ Liquor men come into your State, and the law

draws a scratch on your business life and sticks them on, and says : ' Suck.' See them change their clothes ! See them grow fat as they live on the business life of the city and the country ! When the year rolls around, the city council inverts them, and squeezes out of them five hundred, one thousand, or fifteen hundred dollars, and says : ' Ha ! ha ! we have saved so much money to the city.' But where did the liquor-dealer get the money ? He did not have it when he came here. He came into our State, and without giving a single thing of value—without building up society, without helping society, he has sucked from it thousands of dollars. He keeps the largest part, and gives you a pittance to be allowed to continue. You take it, and congratulate yourselves that you are dividing up with the spoiler of your homes, your prosperity, and your civilization.

" Build up a city, gentlemen ? Just as well build up a man by putting lice on his head as to hope to build up the material interests of a city by opening dram-shops ! In every business relation the liquor-traffic of the country is an institution which receives value without returning it. It lives on society as parasites live on other bodies.

" A saloon bears the same relation to legitimate business that a bed-bug does to a man who sleeps in the bed where the bug lives. Recently a lady said to me : ' I wish you would not use such horrid comparisons.' I did not ask her how she knew they were horrid. I simply said : ' My dear madam, if I should catch a bed-bug and an ant, and place them here with microscopes over them, would you come and look at them ? ' ' Yes.' ' Well, I submit the bed-bug is prettier than the ant—prettier body, prettier legs. If I had mentioned the ant, you would not have objected ? ' ' No.' ' Then why object to my mentioning the better-looking insect ? Is it not from simply the way it makes its living ? '

" Ladies and gentlemen, you would admire a louse as much as you do a honey-bee if it lived in the same way. It is not the anatomy of the insect. Some of the parasites are among the most beautiful of insects. It is the way they live—by sucking their life out of other life—that

raises the feeling of disgust and leads to their destruction. It is not a liquor-seller's clothes or looks which causes society to detest him and his trade : it is the way he lives in society—a mere parasite on business life. As the shingles go on his house they fall off the house of his customer ; as he and his family live easily, in idleness, his customer and his customer's family suffer in rags. For this crime of parasitism he is on trial.

“ I suppose I ought to say, in justice to myself, that I never like to compare things unfavorably. I do not like to drag anything into a position where it ought not to be, and I feel at this point like apologizing—to the bed-bug. You ask what I mean ? I will tell you. I never knew one bed-bug mean enough to eat another bed-bug, or one louse mean enough to eat another louse. It remains for the last and highest order, which God created in His own image, to develop the type which will live on their own kind and off their own species ; who will fasten the fangs of parasitic avarice in the pulsating flesh of their own kin, their own blood, their own sex, and their own race ; and grow rich, not by the destruction of other species, not by the destruction of other orders, but by the destruction of individuals who feel the same, who enjoy the same, as they do. It is unfair to a parasite that lives on other forms of life to compare it with a class low enough, vile enough, to live on its own kind without a feeling of sympathy, without a pulsation of regret.

“ Again, the liquor traffic is the enemy of home life. The keystone to American civilization is the American home. I would I could take you to the frontier—to the cattle and mining towns of this country, where home life is comparatively unknown, and by ocular demonstration impress this fact upon your minds—show you how the words ‘ mother ’ and ‘ home ’ have the power to awaken the latent manhood in, and lead out to a grander and better life, men seemingly lost to all influences for good. You, especially you business men, know how great this influence is on public life. The opposition you meet, the trickery and fraud you see practised, make you hard, uncharitable, cynical, and, when gone

from home for months, bitter and selfish. You return to your home, and in the presence of wife and children, hatred, selfishness, bitterness, cynicism, vanish like the cold, clammy, poisonous March fog before the morning sun. Home life and love is the sun which fructifies all the nobler impulses of man's nature. Few men go from home with the kiss of wife upon their lips and the soft touch of baby fingers lingering in pleasant memories on their neck but feel more charity for their fellow-men, more love for humanity, and a renewed desire to build themselves up in all that pertains to true manhood. Home is the moral and political conservator of the nation, the antidote of communism, socialism, riot, vice, and bloodshed. A man who goes from home with the softening influences of womanhood's homage and childhood's love lingering about him seldom goes to murder, rob, or incite riot.

"Into this garden of American hope the breath of the liquor traffic comes like the hot winds of the desert. By the use of the things sold in the dram-shop, all the finer feelings of the husband and father are injured and his passions stimulated, and from being the head—the life of the home—he soon becomes a despot and a terror. The money which should be used to buy pictures, books, carpets, and other things to make home pleasant is spent to still further lower and degrade him.

"A drunkard's 'home'! Can there be any greater mockery of the sacred word? Any institution or custom which causes such results is a terrible enemy to American liberty and civilization.

"Again, the liquor traffic is the enemy of an honest ballot and a fair count. The effect of the dram-shop is to destroy the intellectual force and moral character of its patrons, as well as to reduce them financially, often to beggary. The high moral sense which should govern every voter is lost when a diseased craving for stimulants controls a man. In such a condition he is open to corrupt influences, and comes to regard his vote as a merchantable commodity which ought to bring enough in the markets of corruption to minister to his appetite and supply his wants. The threat of the brewers in their late convention was based

upon the knowledge that the traffic had placed thousands of men in such a moral, physical, and financial condition that they could be corrupted. The liquor men have always boasted of their political power obtained in this way ; and many a candidate has felt it necessary to leave money with the liquor-seller to influence the bumper vote. Look at Chicago, New York, and other cities. An honest vote in some parts of those cities is impossible. 'In what parts?' Those where the dram-shops are most plentiful. Unless the liquor traffic of the country is destroyed, it will do for the whole nation what it has done for the great centres of population ; and as the life of this Government depends largely on the purity of the ballot-box, which can only be guaranteed by the morality and intelligence of the individual voter, the Government must destroy the dram-shops or they will destroy the Government.

"This is, in part, the case for the people. The issue raised is one of simple fact. Guilty or not guilty? The traffic must plead to the indictment. If the charges made are false, the amendment should be defeated. If they are true, it must, for the good of the whole country, be carried. Standing on the street corners, blowing or bulldozing, does not meet the counts in the indictment against this villainous social criminal.

"*Does regulation regulate?* These charges are made against *licensed dram-shops*. If the charges are true, license is a failure. The *license system* of grog-shops is on trial, and it will not benefit liquor-sellers to cry out 'Stop thief!' with the idea of turning public attention from the real issue. Is the *licensed* traffic guilty of the crimes and misdemeanors alleged? If it is, then *license* is a failure. The condition of things cannot be worse. The defendants must meet the indictment and show its counts false, and that dram-shops are a blessing, that *license* is a success, that they obey law, that the liquor traffic purifies the ballot-box, discourages corruption, builds up society, and promotes law and order. If they can show this, their business is safe. Liquor men, the voters of Iowa are waiting for you to meet the facts. Will you do it, or dodge and cry,

‘ Keep it out of politics ; ’ ‘ Prohibition is a failure ; ’ ‘ Beer is a temperance beverage ; ’ ‘ Moral suasion is the way to work ’ ? These questions are *not involved* in the campaign. The license system of grog-shops is being tried by its record, and you must confine yourselves to the issues ; any evasion or failure to meet the charges fairly, honestly, and manfully will be a confession of guilt, and will be so regarded by the people.

“ But, ladies and gentlemen, the drunkard-makers cannot and will not try to explain away or justify the record they themselves have made. Every charge made by the amendment advocates is true, and the defence, as outlined by the brewers of Iowa, is in keeping with the nature and character of the traffic, not only in Iowa, but elsewhere. A telegram from Dayton, O., received to-day, says : ‘ The *Dayton Journal* is being boycotted by members of the liquor associations on account of its stand on the Pond and Smith bills.’

“ The record of the liquor business, the creed of the brewers, the admissions of their advocates, show conclusively that the dram-shop is a bulldozer, a rebel, a defiant outlaw, which assassinates business, character, or life, as it may deem best, to intimidate opposition, and prevent investigation of its record and effects. These cowards are universal bulldozers. I never knew the liquor business to do a manly thing in the world. I never knew it to make a manly fight. I never knew it to stand squarely on an issue. Its whole defence is a show of defiance, a show of bravado, a show of bulldozing, a show of braggadocio ; and when these fail, the defence is private, cowardly assassination. What is the first argument brought against the amendment in this State ? ‘ You cannot prohibit the sale of liquor.’ What does that mean ? Rebellion !

“ If prohibition will not prohibit, what is the cause of its failure ? The women will obey the law, the decent men will obey the law, and if it fails it will be because the liquor outlaws refuse to obey the will of the people. They are self-confessed traitors to good government.

“ I tell the liquor men of this country that if they think they are

greater than this Government, the same thought has been entertained by other men. There is one thing more certain than that—this Government is greater than any class of rebels : it can enforce any law which a majority of this people, through their legislatures, say shall be the supreme law of this State. This must be taken for granted—that the State of Iowa can enforce any law that may be passed by a majority in its Legislature. If the votes of the majority of citizens expressed in the statutes of Iowa cannot be enforced ; if five thousand saloon-keepers could bulldoze and intimidate the Government of this commonwealth, then the sooner that Government goes into bankruptcy, and you get one which is good for something, the better it will be for humanity, civilization, and liberty.

“ Through the canvass in Kansas the same thing was said. They did not say that the charges made against the dram-shop were false. They said : ‘ If you pass the amendment you cannot enforce it ; ’ and, armed with bottled beer, they tried to bulldoze the State. What was the result ?

“ Coming from Topeka, recently, to Kansas City, I was sitting in the seat just behind the leader of the anti-Prohibitionists of that State—I had the pleasure of meeting him on the public platform during the canvass and discussing the question with him—we were talking about other questions for a time. At last he turned to me, and drawing his face down as long as Job’s when he was in affliction, went on to say : ‘ Finch, all I predicted at Bismarck Grove in regard to this accursed law has come true.’

“ ‘ Well, what is it ? ’

“ ‘ Why,’ he said, ‘ it is killing Kansas. Germans are leaving the State by hundreds. It is driving men out, and immigration will not come. The State is dead.’

“ I said to him : ‘ You have this consolation : if the prohibitory law has killed your State, if it has driven large numbers out of it, then if Kansas is not to be renowned for the number of its people, it will be re-

nowned for the sobriety, intelligence, and the morality of those who remain.'

" 'Hold on,' said the gentleman ; 'there is more whiskey and beer sold in Kansas to-day than there ever was before. You can get it everywhere.'

" Looking closely at him, I asked : 'For what, then, are those men leaving Kansas?' He saw he was caught, and abandoned the conversation.

" If I pick up a copy of one daily paper published in Chicago, or another from St. Louis, I frequently see an editorial saying, in substance, that 'Kansas is dead ;' 'Immigration to Kansas has stopped ;' 'The prohibitory law has killed Kansas.' Perhaps the very next day I pick up a copy of the same paper, and I see an editorial or an article by an anonymous correspondent, saying : 'Whiskey is being sold in every town in Kansas just as free as water ;' 'There are more drunkards in Kansas than when the law was passed.'

" If men will lie, they should be consistent liars. The liars who are fighting against prohibition lack intelligence, for their lies contradict each other. In Maine they have fought the prohibitory law by the same contradictory lying.

" If the battle had been between the liquor rebels of Kansas and the moral citizens of Kansas, there would not have been an open grog-shop in the State three months after the law passed. No sooner had the law been passed to enforce the amendment, than the combined liquor power of this nation stood behind the outlaws to encourage them and help them to defy the supreme law of that State ; and what is still meaner, men from other States went in to help the outlaws assassinate the morality and the character of Kansas.

" I remember reading in one of the great newspapers of Chicago a long article, saying that in the Southern States the constitutional amendments were defied and the Civil Rights bill was a dead letter. The editor appealed to the solid North to rise *en masse* and at the ballot-box

crush out this rebellion against the Constitution and the laws. It said : ' When an article is in the Constitution, when statutes have been passed to enforce it, men are rebels who defy it.' And yet this same newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*, is down in the mud before the liquor power of this nation, and has become the apologist for and the sympathizer with the liquor rebels of Kansas. It advises them to defy the supreme law of that State and the statutes made to enforce it. Kansas' grand Governor—St. John—it calls every mean name which it can find in the drunkard-maker's vocabulary. Oh, if there is any one thing that would make every drop of blood in my veins grow hot with indignation, it is the way that the opposition meet this issue ! I know John P. St. John, of Kansas. I have seen him with his family, standing, as he does, the grandest Republican Governor of the country. The opposition have not met him like men ; they have called him everything that was vile, attempted to assassinate his character, traduce him, and continue to traduce him ; and men who ought to be in a better business have become tools of the liquor rebels to carry on this dirty work.

" Can the liquor business be stopped ? Men of Iowa, there is no need of asking that question here. When the saloon men stand up and say prohibition will not prohibit, and that the traffic cannot be stopped, I answer : ' I know better.' The idea of five thousand liquor-dealers being able to control this State is absurd. When I hear a man or find a newspaper whimpering and crying, ' It ought to be stopped, but we cannot stop it ; they will sell anyhow,' I get disgusted, especially in this State, settled by old soldiers. Some of you men, a few years ago, left your State, your mothers, wives, and children, and went down to the Southern land, and there, in the face of cannon—and you knew that behind those guns were brave men fighting for what they believed to be right, as you were fighting for what you believed to be right—in face of the sheeted fire and leaden hail, where death was on every breeze, you fought, suffered, and bled. For what ? Just simply to say this Government was able to hold itself together, to enforce its laws, and to live.

“The idea that in this State, filled with men who wear the scars of honorable battle—scars which were obtained in strife that makes them honored throughout the world—the idea of these men getting down to whimper, and say : ‘The State cannot enforce the law !’

“A Union general was riding up to the rear of his forces at the battle of Antietam, when he saw from the front ranks a tall soldier start, and, in double-quick time, make his way to the rear. The general was astonished, and, looking at him for a moment, said : ‘Halt, sir. Go back to your regiment.’

“The fellow stopped, commenced to cry, and said : ‘General, I can’t ; I am a coward, and I told them I was a coward when they drafted me into the army.’

“‘Well,’ said the general, ‘if I was a coward I would not be a great baby. Go back, sir.’

“‘Well, I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that.’

“*Ridiculous !* Yes ; but is it half as ridiculous as for men, who are the commonwealth of Iowa, to go whimpering around, ‘It ought to be stopped, but we cannot stop it ; they will see, anyhow’ ? ‘Mr. Liquor-seller, you are in a mighty mean business—you are ruining homes—you are making criminals—you are filling jails—you are crowding almshouses—you are breaking the Sabbath—you are damning souls ; but we cannot stop you—you will sell anyhow. Please give us five hundred dollars with which to build sidewalks in our cities.’

“Ladies and gentlemen, this Government is greater than any of its vices. When any of its vices become greater in force, the Government will die. When any class of men is able to defy the Government successfully, then it becomes the autocrat. If you grant that the liquor-dealers of this State are greater in power in the State, then you grant that Iowa has ceased to exist as a commonwealth and has become an oligarchy of the liquor traffic. The supreme power of the State is the Government, and if the dram-shops have power greater than it exerts, the State is merely a puppet in the hands of a vital, aggressive, and

active force. The threat of the Iowa brewers, the threat of the Iowa distillers, is an open declaration that the State of Iowa is not able to control them, and that they propose to control the State. The question, as it comes to you, is simply : ‘ Will you be men ; will you assert your power to consider the question on its merits and settle it, or will you be bulldozed—will you be intimidated—will you be corrupted, and sell your birth-right for a mess of pottage ? ’

“ This, ladies and gentlemen, is the case as I wish to present it to you ; take it to your homes ; think over it fairly, fully, honestly ; and when you render your verdict, have these two things in mind : 1st. Your obligations to your own homes—your own families. 2d. Your obligations as citizens of a State, to protect all homes, all families, all citizens.

“ The temperance question was never so dear to me—the cause never seemed so much my own, although I always loved it—as it was after the little bright-eyed boy came into my home. When he comes and climbs on my knee, puts his chubby little arms around my neck, and calls me ‘ papa,’ the thought comes to me, ‘ Will there ever be the time when my boy will reel along the street a drunkard, wear the chains of a criminal, or die in the almshouse, as the result of drink ? ’ And so, if I could vote in your State in June, I should just ask what would be the relation of the grog-shop to that boy of mine.

“ You may say, ‘ I have no boys ; I have girls.’

“ A gentleman, some years ago, came into my office, and said to me : ‘ What are the divorce laws of this State ? ’

“ I said : ‘ I hope you are not going to apply for a divorce. It is an exceedingly disagreeable kind of litigation.’

“ A couple of ladies had come in with him. I saw one was an old lady with gray hair, the other young, with care lines visible in her face, and a look of mental misery and suffering there.

“ ‘ I have one girl,’ the man said, and he introduced me to her, ‘ the light of our home ; and if she is here, I want to say to you she is just as good a girl as God ever gave a father. She was always kind to her

mother. There never was a time when it was necessary to punish her in our home ; if she did wrong, she was ready to come and ask forgiveness. She married a man I thought to be worthy of her. We did not know he drank, but it was so. Five years ago they were married. God has given them one child. The father drank more and more. My daughter did not tell me for a long time ; she would not let us know how she was suffering. One night her husband went home, and in a drunken rage knocked her down with a chair.' The old man stepped forward, raised the hair from her forehead, and showed the scar. 'Struck her,' continued the father, 'struck her like a brute, the man who had sworn to love and honor her. He took her—the light of our home—from our arms, and then abused her like a dog.'

"Gentlemen voters, such may be your story some day. The little girl who will come to you to-night with bright eyes and loving smile, who will run and bring the slippers to papa, may some day return to you with a broken heart, her life ruined by a man who has been wrecked in the saloons, if you vote to continue them. When you make up your verdict, take into consideration your home interests and heart interests.

"There is one thing, however, important as are these interests, that is still higher: the thought of how God would have you act. Dare you go to the polls on June 27th and cast a vote that you cannot ask God to bless? My friends, as you go there and vote, think if you in the silence of your chamber can ask God to bless the vote. If you vote to continue the drunkard factories, of course you are willing to pray God to prosper them, to ask that their customers may increase.

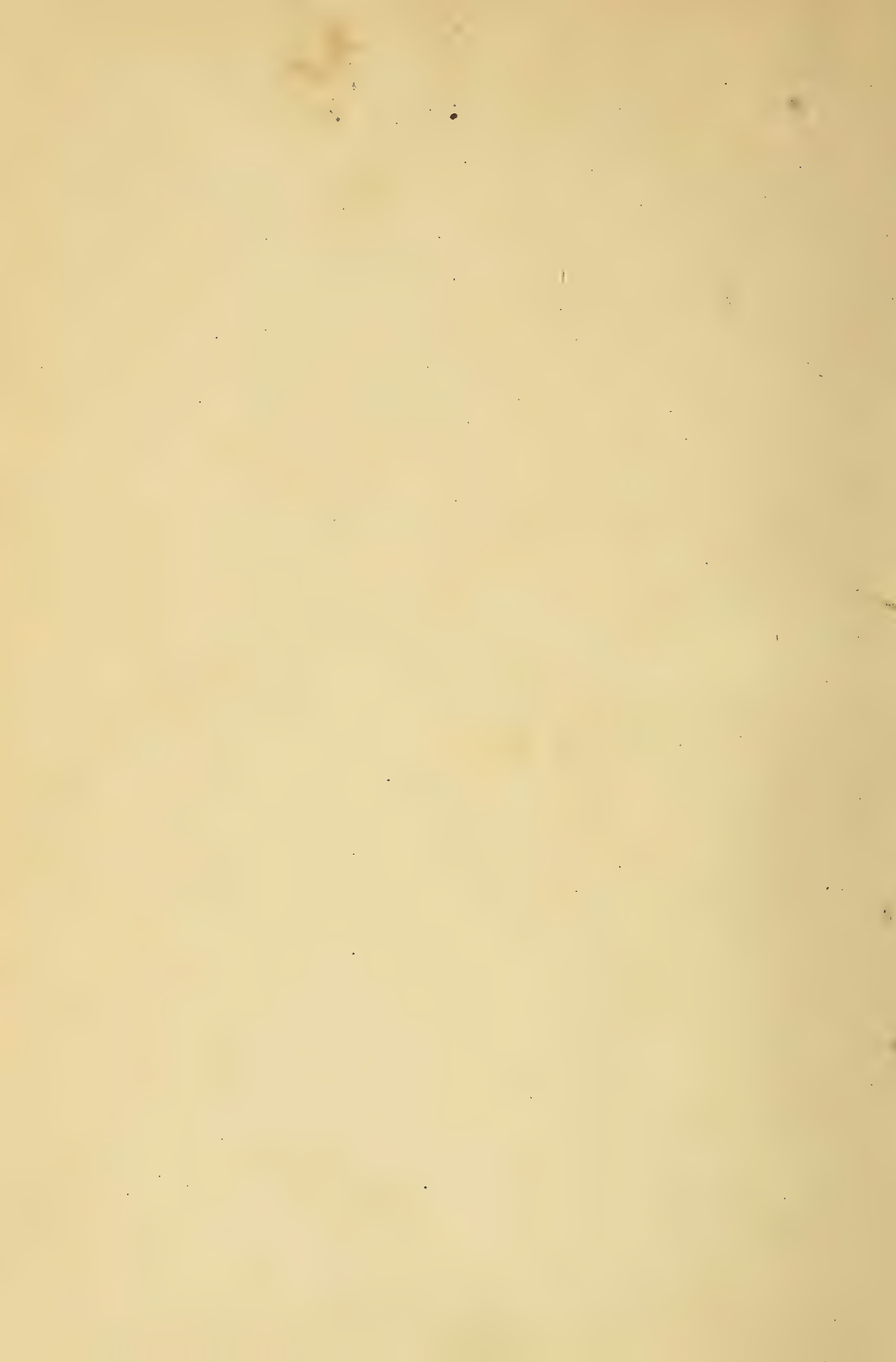
"So, if I were on the jury, I would take into consideration my home interests, the interests of my country, the approval of my God, and then, examining the facts, I would vote either to shut the saloons or to continue them, as my judgment and conscience dictated.

"Gentlemen, when you have written your verdict on June 27th, it will either roll Iowa up to the plane of the civilization of Kansas and Maine, or allow her to remain down in the old darkness of com-

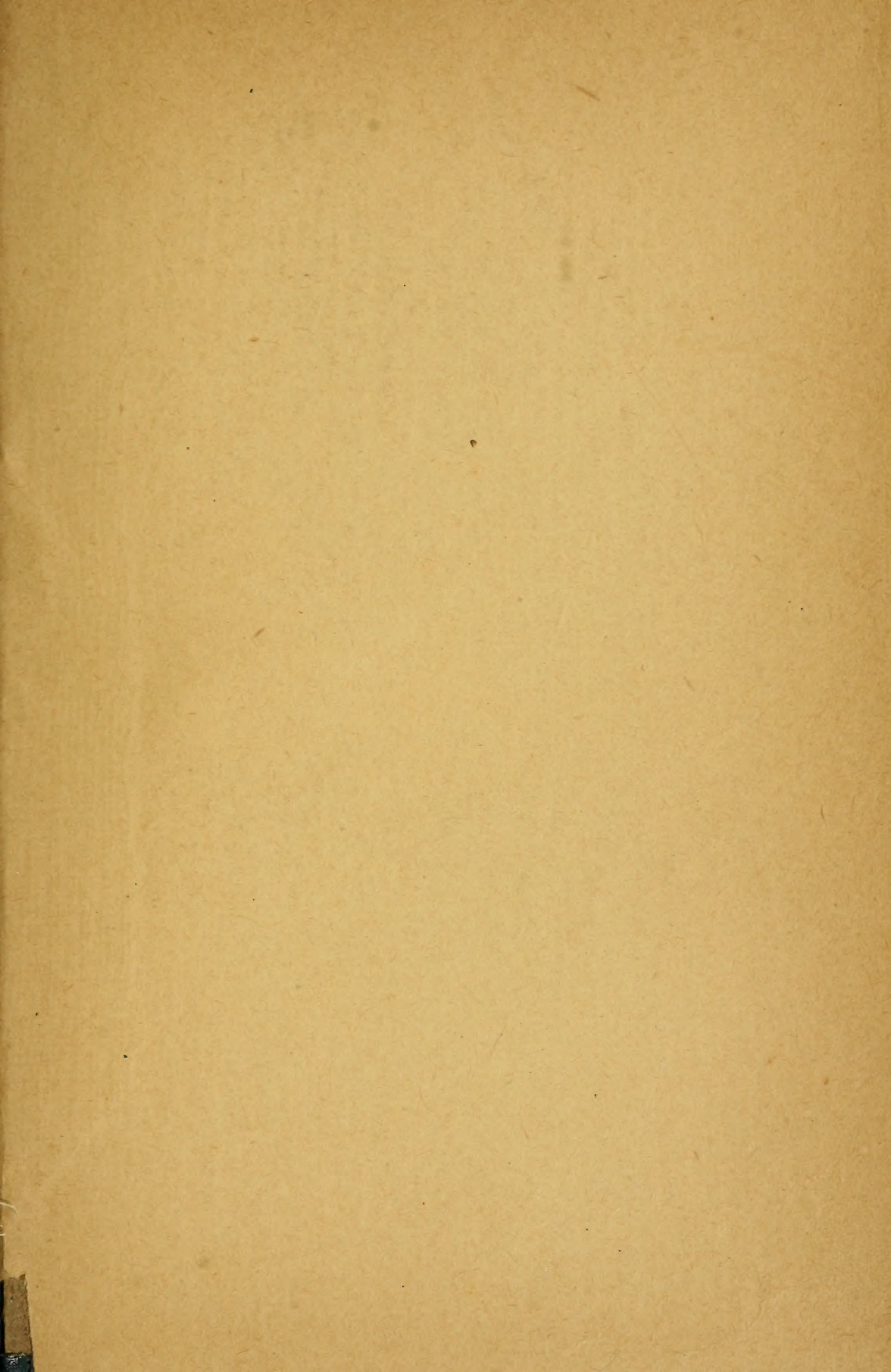
promise and partnership with wrong. God grant that Iowa may lead the way through which my State and the other parts of this Republic may follow, until in all the galaxy of American States there shall not be one that will license a business to ruin its citizens, to debauch its morality, or to break down its institutions.

“ ‘ The crisis is upon us ! face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of questioning, like the Sphinx in Egypt sands,
This day we fashion destiny, the web of life we spin,
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin.
Even now from misty Gerizim, or Ebal’s cloudy crown,
Call we the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down.’ ”









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